The Central Park Jogger Case Now

New Evidence in the Crime That Changed the City **By Chris Smith**

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"I couldn't take the day off to make Play-Doh sculptures. The stock was in the tank. It's not like I was having my nails done."

"*Non-working mother* is an oxymoron. I manage a household. You try raising two kids and staying fit."

HE GROWING CONFLICT IN THE CITY BETWEEN WORKING ND STAY-AT-HOME MOTHERS BY RALPH GARDNER JR.

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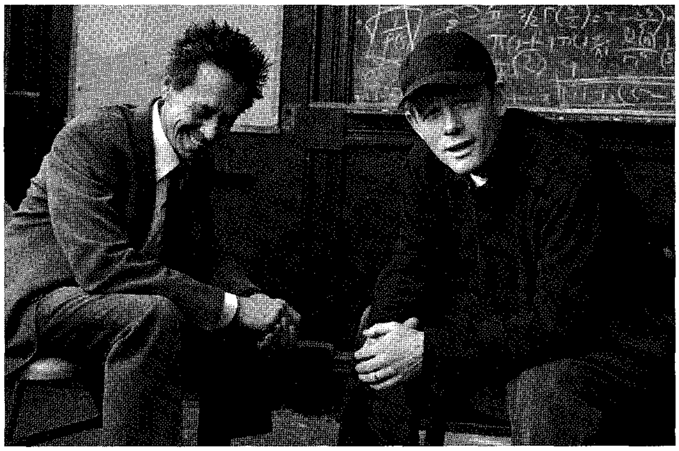

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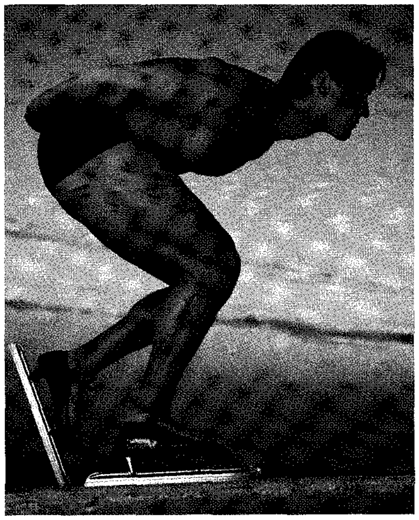

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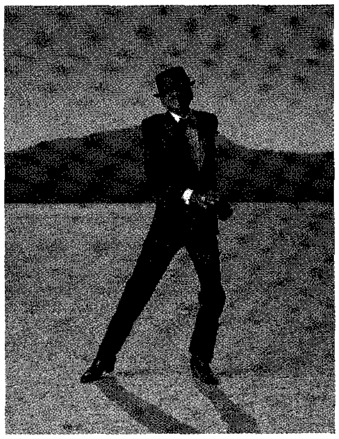

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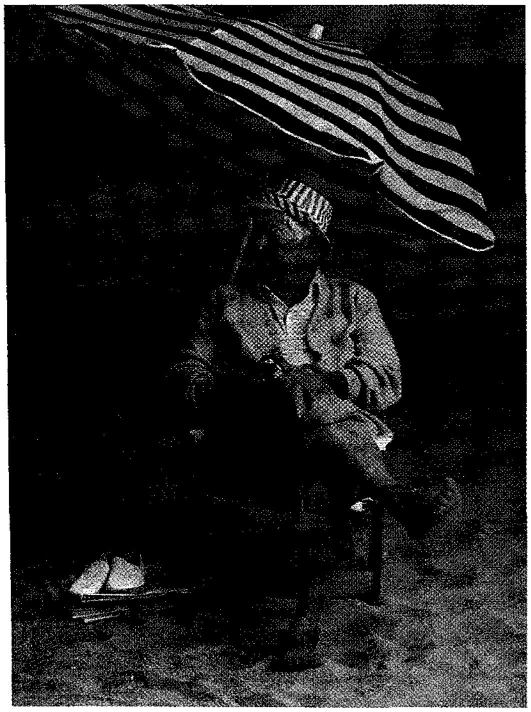

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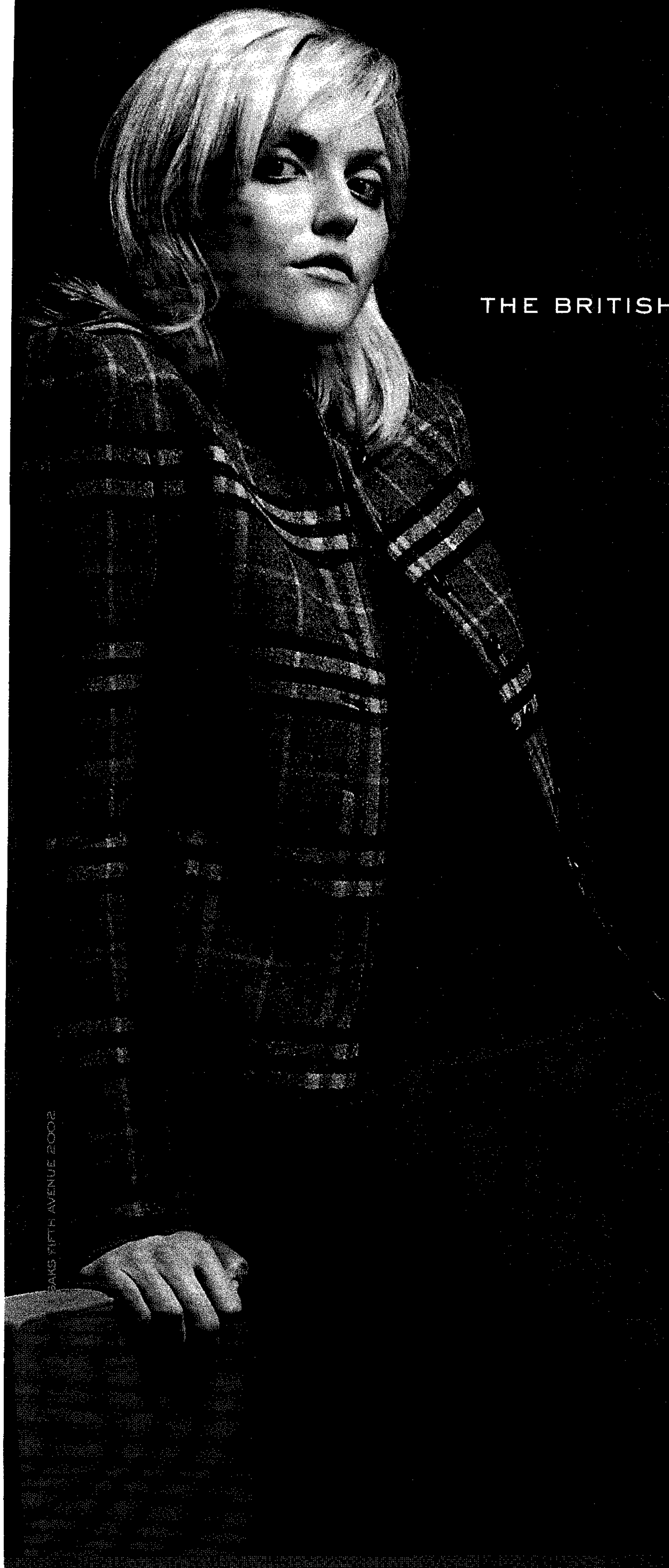THE BRITISH ARE COMING. TO SAKS.

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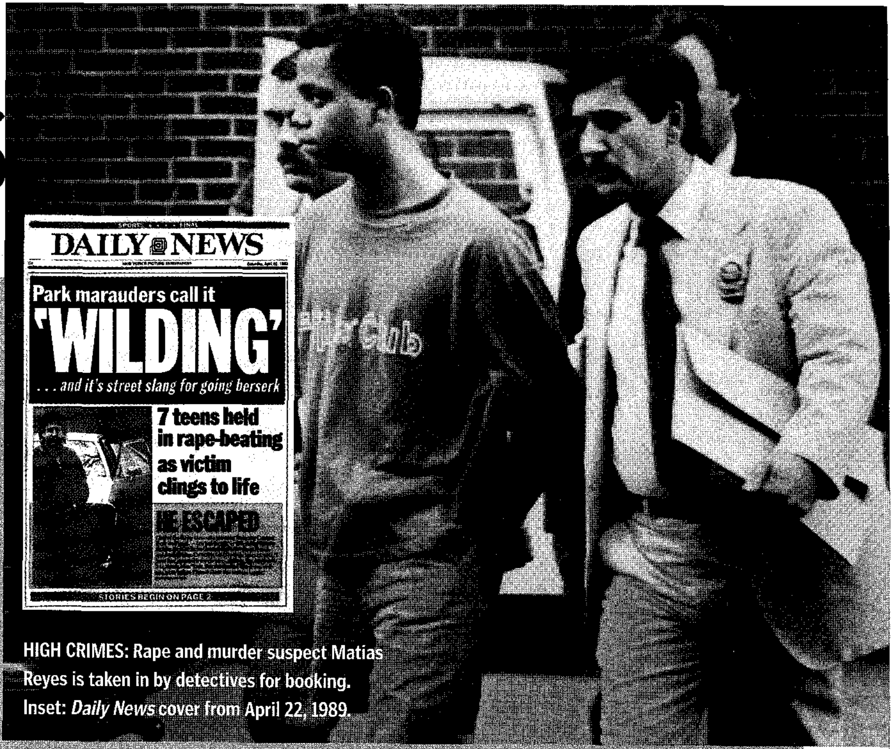

DAILY NEWS

Park marauders call it

'WILDING'

. . . and it's street slang for going berserk

7 teens held in rape-beating as victim clings to life

HE ESCAPED

STORIES BEGIN ON PAGE 2

HIGH CRIMES: Rape and murder suspect Matias Reyes is taken in by detectives for booking. Inset: *Daily News* cover from April 22, 1989.

> "I used to lie awake thinking about cases we had over the years: 'I hope to God we have the right guy.'"
>
> —former detective Mike Sheehan, page 28

FEATURES

20 **Battlefield: Motherhood** By Ralph Gardner Jr.
The battle of the sexes now seems as antique as the Cold War compared with the conflict heating up between working and stay-at-home moms, with those in both camps questioning the others' choices—and worrying about their own. Are they doing enough for their children, for the school bake sale, for their own careers—and, of course, for the perfect Pilates abs?

26 **Oh, L'*Amour*!** By Joanne Kaufman
Like his frequent collaborator Stephen Sondheim, Broadway director James Lapine usually does the brainy stuff. But his new show, with music by French pop legend Michel Legrand, is simplicity itself: Boy meets girl, boy gets girl (okay, so what if he walks through a few walls?).

28 **C.S.I.: Central Park** By Chris Smith
Thirteen years ago, the Central Park jogger case gave a new face and vocabulary—remember *wilding*?—to the city's social breakdown, and the savage beating was a key event in ushering in the Giuliani era. But when rapist and murderer Matias Reyes confessed to the crime—confirmed by a DNA test—it raised a new series of questions. Had the five boys who were tried and convicted been railroaded? A new examination of the case that changed the city.

34 **Natural Talent** By Mark Jacobson
Equal parts inspired draftsman and obsessive nature enthusiast, Walton Ford populates his stunning watercolors with carnivorous birds and randy beasts. Now, with a new book and gallery show, he's unleashing his weird menagerie on an ever-bigger audience.

ON THE COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN BAKER.
Production by Jessica Brown Productions; hair by Warren-Tricomi Salon; makeup by Helene Macaulay/artists by Timothy Priano; styling by Monica Schweiger; prop styling by Monica Willis; location by SplashlightStudio. Little boy's clothing by Ralph Lauren Kids; professional mom's suit by Giorgio Armani at Bergdorf Goodman; shirt by Calvin Klein at Bergdorf Goodman; shoes by Bottega Veneta; jewelry by Tiffany & Co.; briefcase by Giorgio Armani; athletic mom's top and shoes by Adidas; pants by Juicy Couture; jewelry by Tiffany & Co.; little girl's clothing by Old Navy.

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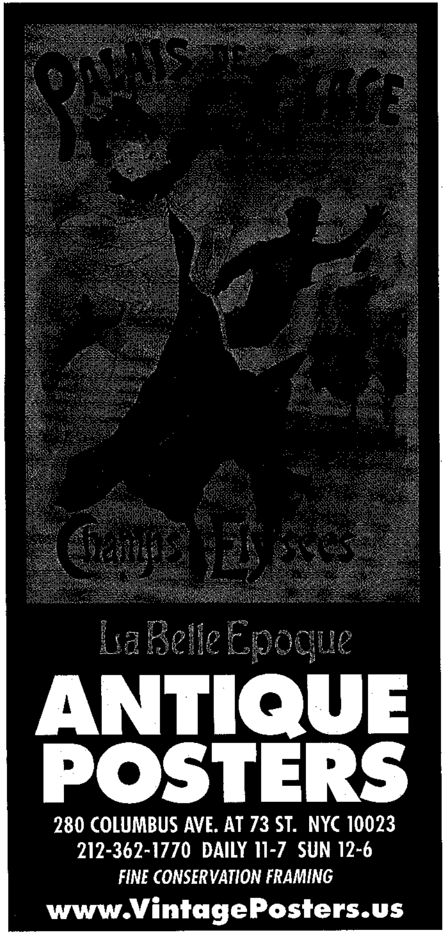

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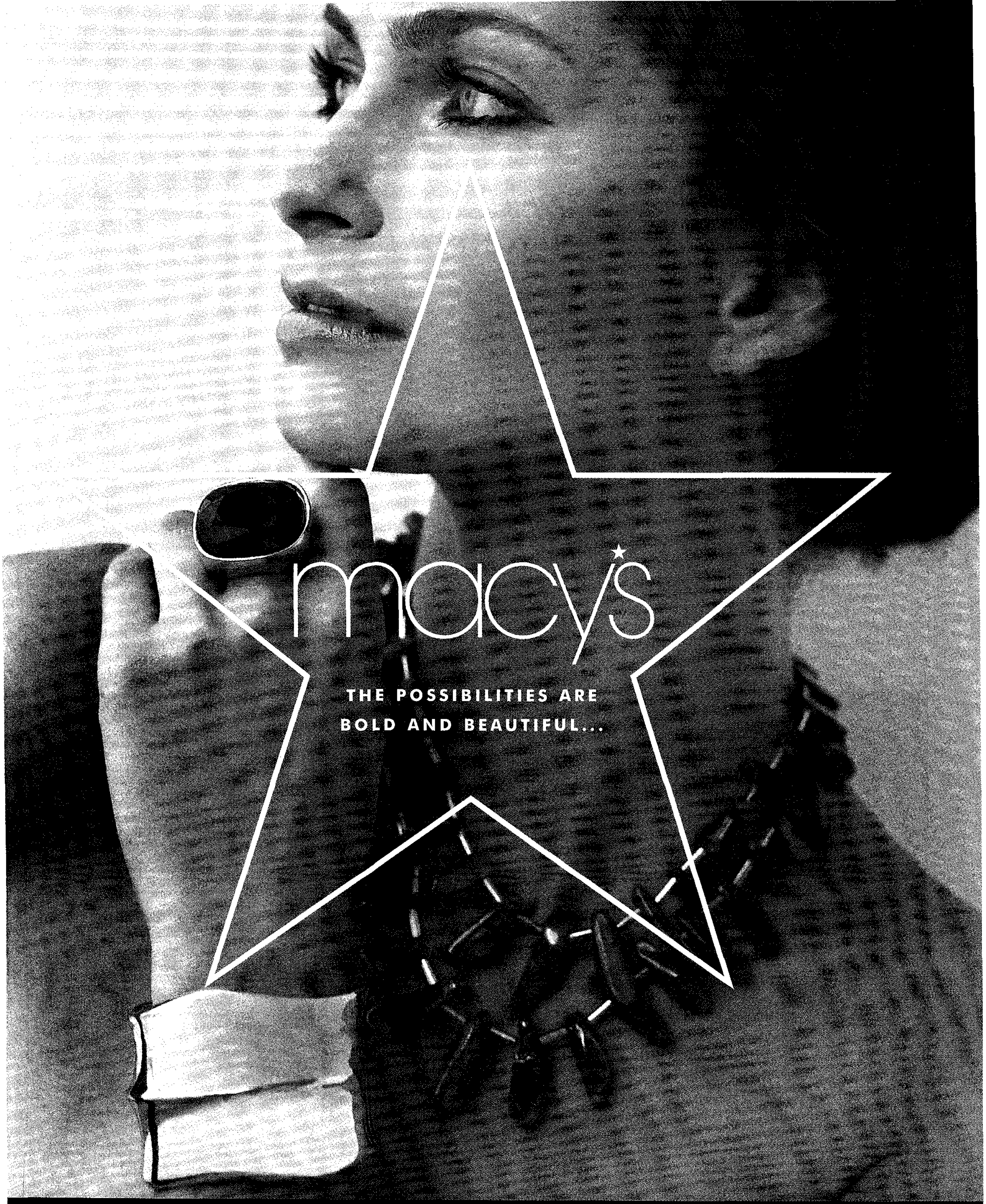
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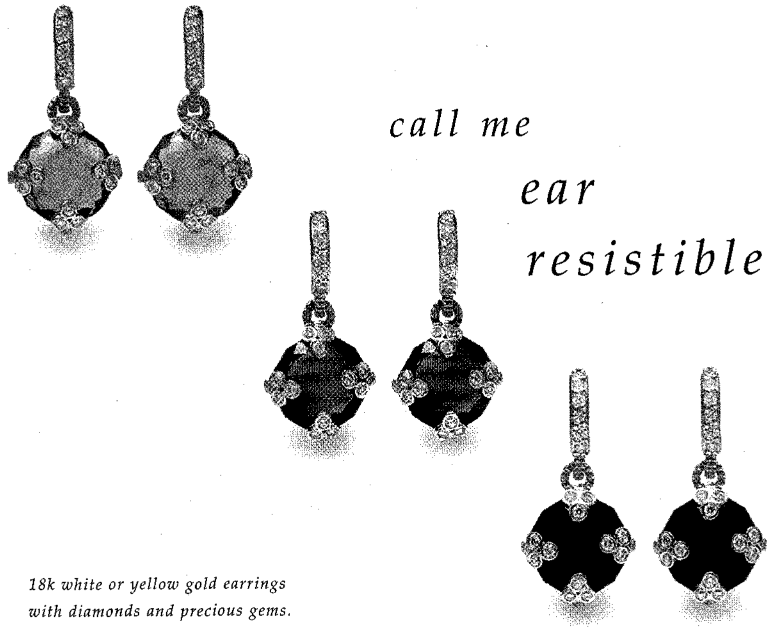

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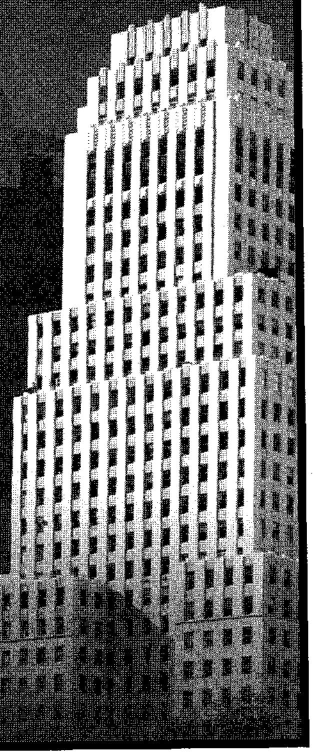

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Letters

> “Williamsburg does not consist entirely of trust-fund kids and unemployed slackers.”
> —Kevin Smith

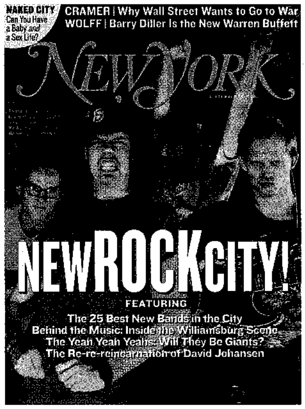
On the Scene

Thanks for your cover story on New York City’s hottest bands [“New Rock City,” September 30], but couldn’t you find any *new* bands to write about? Every act you mentioned was unabashedly retro, and proud of it—and you seemed to praise them for their unoriginality! Isn’t youth supposed to be about rebelling against the past—not aping it?

Peter Etc, MANHATTAN

As a resident of Williamsburg, I can honestly say I wouldn’t want to live anywhere else in the city. However, Derek de Koff’s “Generation W” [September 30] portrayed my beloved neighborhood as more akin to the ninth level of hell than the grassroots creative hub that it is. Mr. De Koff chose to populate his article with artistes intoxicated by half-baked Marxist principles, New Economy refugees, and thirtysomethings glorifying their drug binges as if they were half their age. Contrary to popular belief, Williamsburg does not consist entirely of trust-fund kids and unemployed slackers. I am too old and work too hard to be mistaken for either.

Kevin Smith, BROOKLYN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New York Magazine selecting the best new bands in the city makes as much sense as the women of Hadassah choosing the best Catholic priests. Stick to writing about what you know.

Steve Bernstein, SANDS POINT, N.Y.

Thanks for, like, totally killing our scene, assholes.

Eddie Brannan, CREATIVE DIRECTOR, *THE FADER,* MANHATTAN

Great article on David Johansen [“Doll Face,” by Mark Jacobson, September 30]. Aside from being a great artist, he is truly one of the good guys. For many years, after doing late gigs on a Saturday night, he and his band would be at Central Park for the annual Share-a-Walk. Share is an organization supporting those dealing with breast or ovarian cancer. He would get the walk started with his wonderful music and greet the walkers when they came back. He truly does have “a heart of gold,” and I will always love him for his music and his kindness.

Roberta Nelson, LORDS VALLEY, PA.

When Doves Go Hawk

James Cramer is not the only New Yorker scared, angry, and vengeful about what happened on 9/11. But his September 30 column goes too far [“The Bottom Line: Battle Stations”]. There is no way we can “cash in a little” of our civil liberties without endangering what it means to be American. What sets us apart from a country like Saudi Arabia is that our Constitution and our Bill of Rights protect all of us, even those “Middle Eastern–looking gents” Mr. Cramer would like subjected to additional searches.

Jonathan Sapers, MANHATTAN

I read “Battle Stations” with a sense of increasing shock. Shock that this unrepentant reform-minded Democrat was agreeing wholeheartedly with Mr. Cramer’s war cry.

John Wade, MANHATTAN

“Battle Stations” was a particularly irresponsible piece of journalism. Followed to their logical conclusion, Mr. Cramer’s rantings would bring us to the nightmarish position I’ve occasionally heard expressed: “Nuke the whole region and ask questions later.”

Jeff Vogel, QUEENS

La Vie en Rosie

So many people seem to be champing at the bit to bad-mouth Rosie O’Donnell all of a sudden [“Gotham: She Used to Be So *Nice!*,” September 30]. Why? Were they living in a cave and didn’t know she was gay? Did they never see her nightclub act, and didn’t know she can dish it out with the best of ’em? I’m just an average grandma who enjoyed Rosie’s show, loved her funny child-rearing stories, and will not renew my subscription to *Rosie* magazine. No Rosie, no way. There’s way too many “ladies’ ” magazines as it is. Let’s give the lady a break and target someone more worthy of criticism.

Pat Roberts, OCALA, FLA.

Was America really that naïve all along? Surely Rosie’s crush on Tom Cruise was like Rupert Everett’s crush on Madonna. *Sheesh!* Anyway, great writing.

Natalie Hope McDonald, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

One minor technical point regarding Simon Dumenco’s characterization of Gruner + Jahr’s memo to Ms. O’Donnell as having “all the quivering-upper-lip indignation of a psycho ex-girlfriend.” From my extensive observations on this matter, it is the *lower* lip that quivers in emotionally distraught females.

William E. von Kaenel, FRESNO, CALIF.

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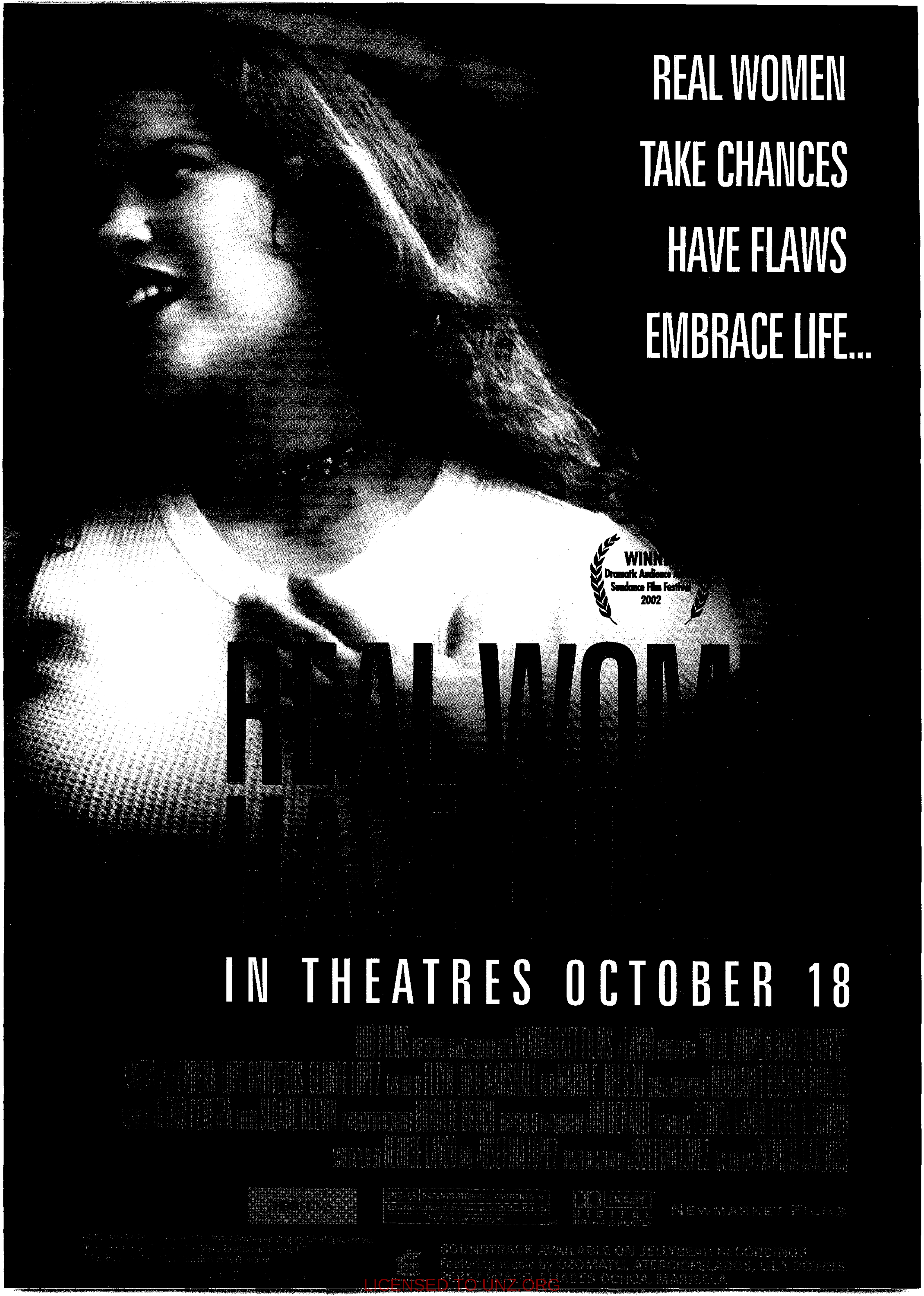
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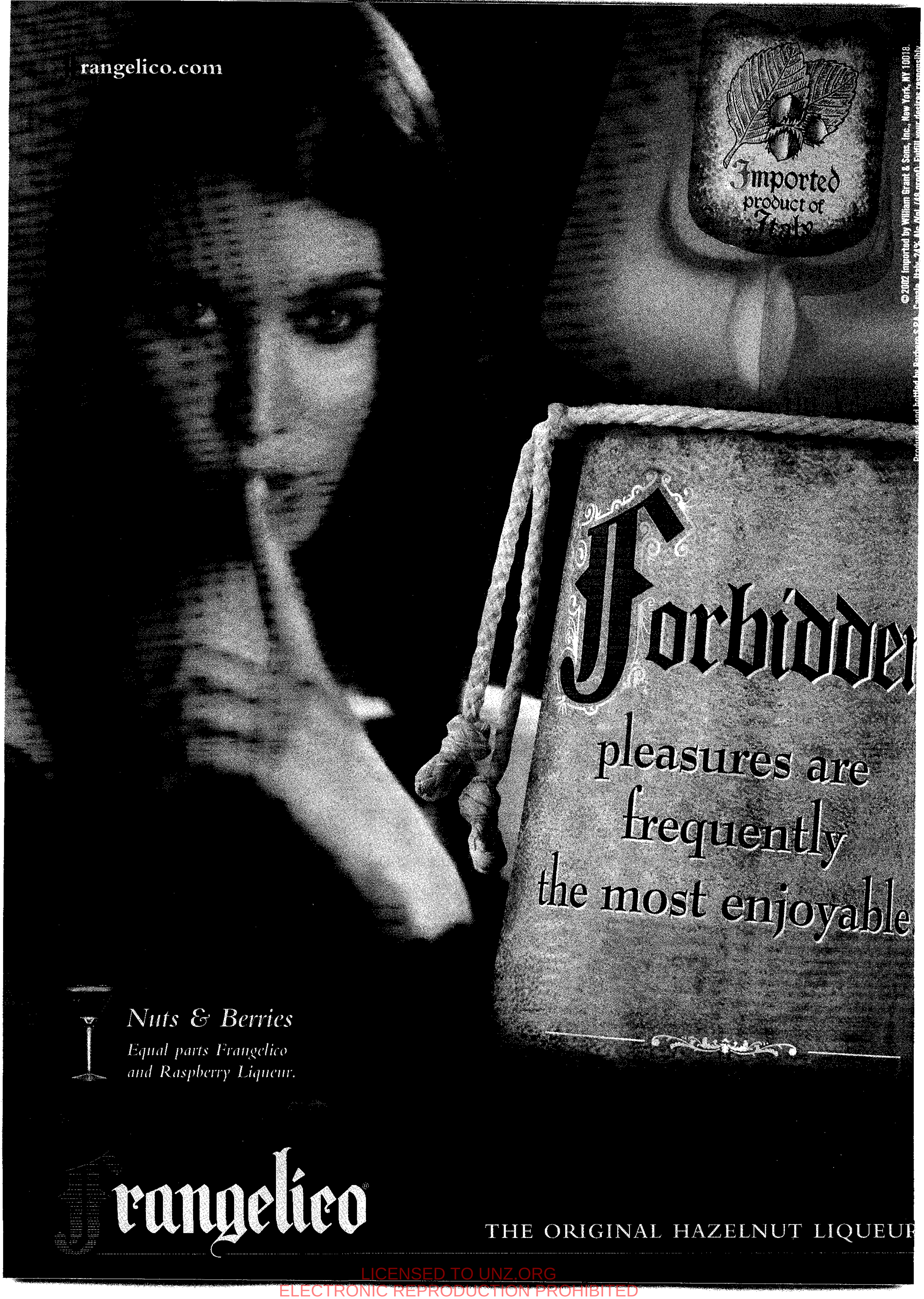
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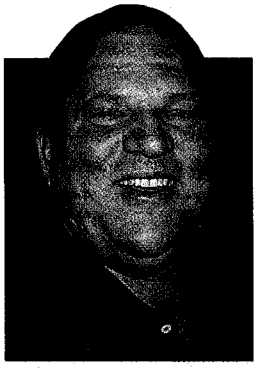
Intelligencer

By Marc S. Malkin



Rudin Sends Weinstein Smoke Signals

Harvey Weinstein's professional relationship with **Scott Rudin**, producer of *The Hours,* is up in smoke. We hear that after *The Hours* was accepted by the Venice Film Festival this summer, Weinstein (left) pulled it from the lineup. Rudin (below) has been telling friends and colleagues that he thinks Weinstein was worried that *The Hours* would overshadow another Miramax festival flick, *Frida,* starring **Salma Hayek.** Weinstein apparently told Rudin that *The Hours,* the film adaptation of **Michael Cunningham**'s Pulitzer Prize–winning book, starring **Nicole Kidman**, **Meryl Streep**, and **Julianne Moore**, wasn't ready to be screened. "Harvey kept saying it needed more work, that the score wasn't done," one insider tells us. Rudin's hands were tied because Miramax holds the international rights. But not long after *Frida*'s premiere, Rudin let Weinstein, a notorious chain-smoker who once kicked the habit for two years, know how he felt by sending a little gift to Weinstein's Tribeca office: a two-foot-by-two-foot box stuffed with packs of cigarettes. Enclosed was a note from Rudin to Weinstein that read, "Thanks for all your help." Weinstein's rep confirmed he got the gift, saying, "We don't know if Santa was being naughty or nice."

Pompidou Overcomes French Resistance

After French consul general **Richard Duque** sent out invites to an October 22 dinner at the consulate for former prime minister **Alain Juppé**, he got a call from the Baroness **Philippine de Rothschild** that she was planning a little $1,000-a-plate soirée at the Guggenheim that same night to benefit the Claude Pompidou Foundation. Duque had already gotten RSVPs from **Bruno Lacoste**, **Michael Bloomberg**, and **Henry Kissinger**, and he refused to cancel. "A few feathers were flying," an insider tells us. "But then **Madame Pompidou** called him personally and he backed down." It probably helped that Rothschild not only invited all 50 of Duque's guests to her party—where she'll auction off bottles of Château Mouton Rothschild worth $10,000—but also offered to pay for their tickets. Of course, this is the same woman who twice last month flew chef **Daniel Boulud** to Paris on the Concorde so she could sample the gala's menu.

Regurgitated Info

The chitchat took an unappetizing turn at *Glamour* editor **Cindi Leive**'s dinner party at JoJo last week to celebrate **Karenna Gore Schiff**'s latest article in the magazine. Schiff informed fellow diners that she keeps a stockpile of airsickness bags handy because her two kids always get carsick. *Vanity Fair* writer **Vicky Ward**, who is expecting twins in March, said she can't stop throwing up in public. "My husband keeps saying, 'Can't you at least hit the gutter and not people's stoops?' " Ward said. **Tipper Gore** joked that Ward should just tell people she "had a really good time last night." The conversation remained free of politics, until Schiff started complaining about the media coverage of her dad. "He never said he invented the Internet," she moaned. "It's just insane. I'm not sure where that even originally came from, but it's just not true and everyone just keeps repeating it."

UMBRELLA PLAN: No, the black umbrellas hanging upside down in the Mercer Kitchen aren't the latest addition to **Christian Liagre**'s minimalist décor. Turns out that the basement restaurant suffers from a leaky ceiling and staffers have been using umbrellas to catch the falling water. It works most of the time, but every so often one fills up, breaks, and douses a diner. A restaurant rep says the leak would be too difficult to fix because its source is the metal-and-glass sidewalk outside, which is landmarked along with the rest of the building.

Mary Boone: Closet Case?

Mary Boone was nice enough to co-host the AIDS Community Research Initiative of America's book party for *Unframed: Artists Respond to AIDS* two weeks ago at her Chelsea gallery, but she wasn't on her best behavior. Early guests were met with the spectacle of Boone (right) at the front desk screaming into her cell phone and had to wait out a ten-minute tirade in the back of the gallery. Some of the organizers of the event—which was co-hosted by writer **Bob Colacello** and gallerist **Charles Cowles** and attended by artists **Ross Bleckner**, **Eric Fischl**, **Karin Davie**, **Hunt Slonem**, **Brice Marden**, and **April Gornick**—put their bags in an empty closet. Boone insisted they keep their belongings, and themselves, away from the walls of her closet. Even though their bags were neatly placed far from the walls, Boone sent a staff member to rearrange them. And when Boone spotted someone entering the closet with a cocktail, she spazzed. "She was like, 'How dare you go in there with a drink!' " one of our tipsters reports. "She was watching the closet like a hawk, but there was nothing in there. It's just a big empty closet." Boone maintains that she wanted to be sure everyone's belongings were looked after. As for her screaming jag, she calmly explained to us that she was having a "heated discussion" with her 15-year-old son. Despite the dramatics, ACRIA ended the night with $25,000 in book sales.

With Catherine Townsend.

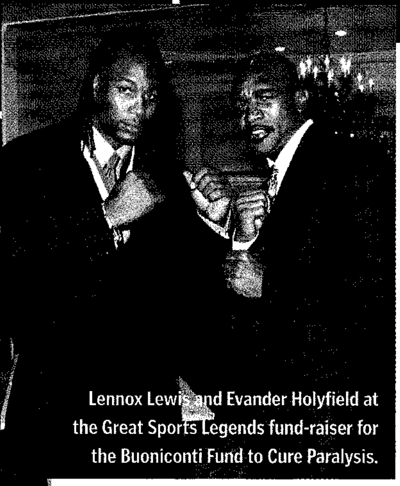
Heard any good gossip lately? E-mail us:
Intelligencer@NewYorkMag.com

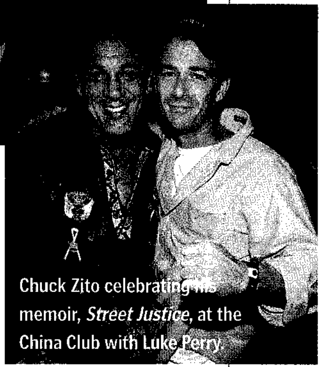
PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM, ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES (2); HENRY MCGEE/GLOBE PHOTOS.

Scene

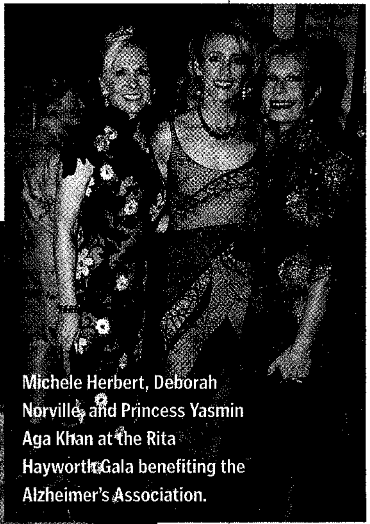
Claire Danes and Parker Posey at Columbia Pictures' screening of *Adaptation.*

Adam Sandler, Julia Roberts, and Paul Thomas Anderson at the *Punch-Drunk Love* premiere at the New York Film Festival.

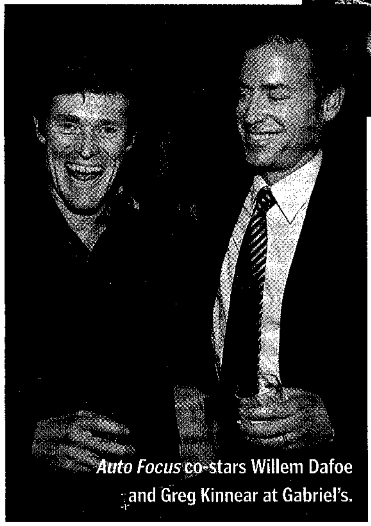

Lennox Lewis and Evander Holyfield at the Great Sports Legends fund-raiser for the Buoniconti Fund to Cure Paralysis.


Chuck Zito celebrating his memoir, *Street Justice*, at the China Club with Luke Perry.

Fabiola Beracasa, Natalie Portman, and Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer at Americans for the Arts' 7th Annual National Arts Awards.


Michele Herbert, Deborah Norville, and Princess Yasmin Aga Khan at the Rita Hayworth Gala benefiting the Alzheimer's Association.

Joan Rivers and Nikki Haskell at the Cancer Research & Treatment Fund's induction of Patrick McMullan into the Cancer Survivors' Hall of Fame.


Auto Focus co-stars Willem Dafoe and Greg Kinnear at Gabriel's.

Damien Loeb and his girlfriend, Zoya Todorovic, at Bottino for the AIDS Community Research Initiative of America's book party for *Unframed: Artists Respond to AIDS.*

For Art's Sake

Mayor **Michael Bloomberg**, **Tina Brown**, **Barry Diller**, **Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer**, and **David Rockefeller** mingled over mimosas during Americans for the Arts' 7th Annual National Arts Awards gala at Cipriani's on October 7. *Sopranos* starlet **Jamie-Lynn Sigler**'s fiancé-manager, **A. J. Discala**, deflected questions ("I have no information—I'm just arm candy") while nearby, a rail-thin **Veronica Hearst** stared longingly at the hors d'oeuvre. "I'd love to, but I can't have carbs," she said, before waving the tray away and patting her stomach. Artist **Jeff Koons** stressed the need for fund-raising events. "In a bad economy, art programs are the first to get cut," Koons said. "We have to support them." CATHERINE TOWNSEND

Pop Star

After months of waging war against the makers of *Auto Focus*, **Scotty Crane** finally managed to see the biopic of his father, sex addict and *Hogan's Heroes* star **Bob Crane**, at the New York Film Festival on October 4. But he didn't get invited to the after-party at Gabriel's. "What would he do here?" asked director **Paul Schrader**. "He doesn't know anybody but people he doesn't like." Meanwhile, Scotty's half-brother and archenemy, **Bobby Crane Jr.**, a consultant on the film, hobnobbed with stars **Willem Dafoe** and **Rita Wilson** while **Greg Kinnear** defended the pop-culture trivia question and posthumous porn star he portrayed. "Bob Crane may not be the Coca-Cola of television," said Kinnear, "but he's certainly Tab." JADA YUAN

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

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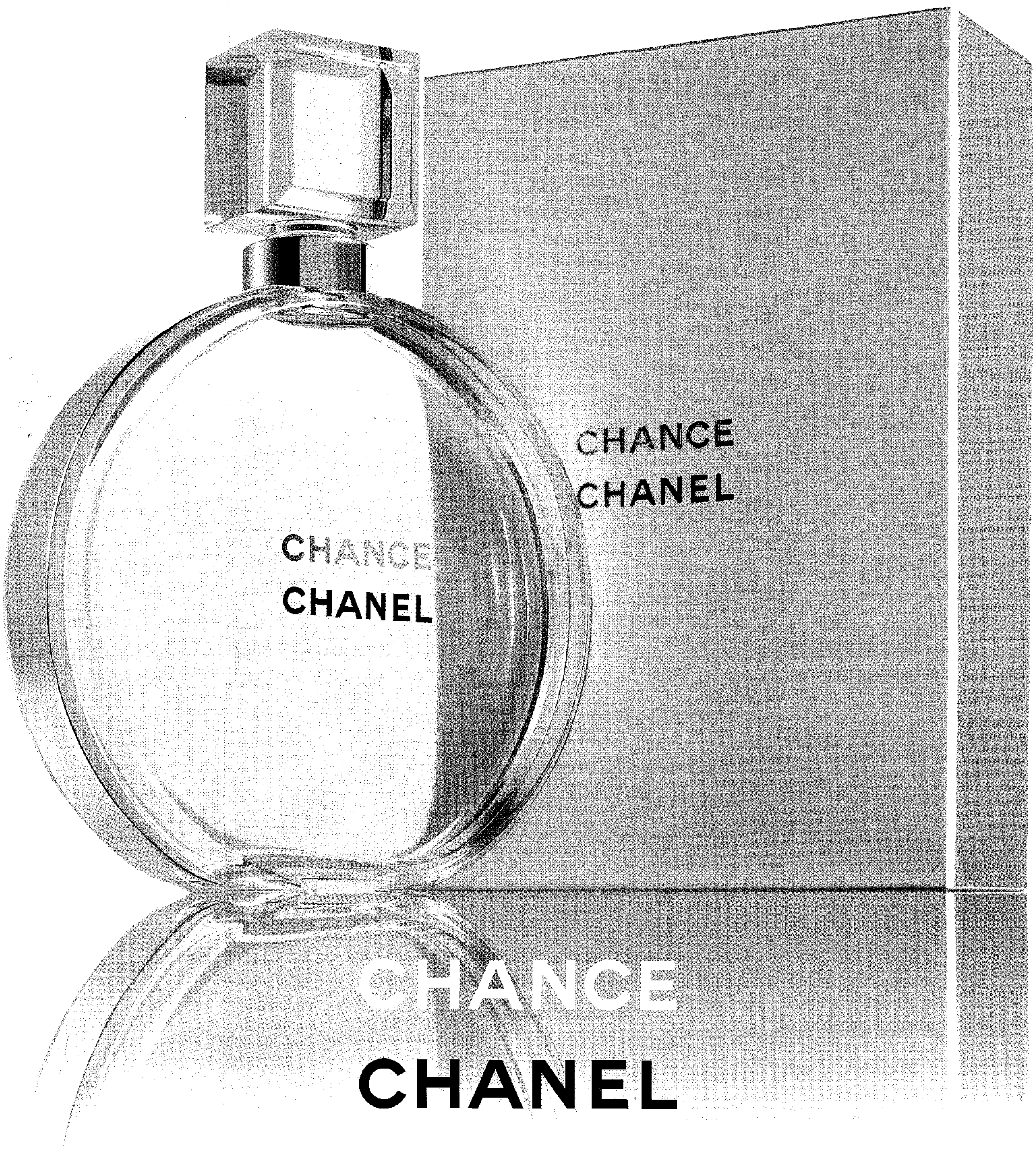
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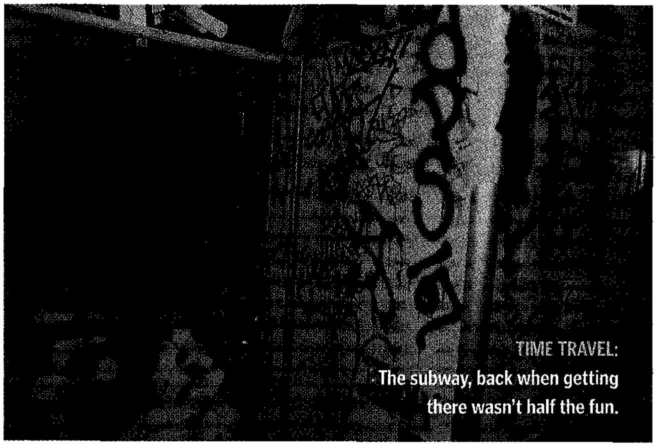
MACY'S

Little has changed in our New York neighborhoods except the faces, the names, and the languages—David Dinkins

GOTHAM

Those Weren't the Days

Even if Mayor Bloomberg slashes the budget to shreds, the seventies—seedy streets, filthy parks, *Oh! Calcutta!*—can't really come back again. Can they? By Michael Tomasky


TIME TRAVEL: The subway, back when getting there wasn't half the fun.

As a general rule, budget cuts affect only the very rich and the very poor. The rich, used to enjoying tax breaks, have to settle for slightly fewer concessions in hard times. The poor, who depend directly on the public sector for a multitude of services, get whacked. The rest of us read about the $50 million pinch here or the $100 million squeeze there, but it might as well be Monopoly money. Somehow, the trains keep coming; ditto the garbage men—except, of course, in the seventies, when they didn't.

Is that about to change? The Bloomberg administration is staring at its second straight $5 billion deficit. This year's budget was finessed through the usual shenanigans, with most of us none the wiser. But now, say the fiscal guardians, the time for paying the piper may actually have arrived.

Images of the seventies fiscal crisis—the arson fires, the shuttered branch libraries, the seedy subways—are called forth. And yet most New Yorkers don't take very seriously the idea that their city could ever look like *that* again. Certain tripwires were set in place during the first crisis to ensure that another one of that proportion couldn't happen. Also, we have a collective sense that if there's one thing Mike Bloomberg knows, it's money; if we *had* to have a crisis, a money one is a good one to have with this mayor in Gracie Mansion (or at least in the neighborhood).

But most of all, it just seems impossibly remote. That was a New York, after all, where porn movies were advertised in the tabloids right next to the real films. Of course *that* New York collapsed; that New York was a besotted Rome. But this New York—revivified and remade, home of the $13 apple martini and the $600,000 one-bedroom? (Uh, come to think of it, maybe we should be careful with talk of decadent empires.) A generation or two now has been raised in or moved to a city that's had its miseries, to be sure, but has become, broadly speaking, alive, and even, by New York standards, inviting. People have, incredibly, moved back to *retire* here. The gamble was that New York was back for good, and after 9/11, the gamble became an article of civic faith: We *will* get through all this.

Which is surely why the Bloomberg administration was so aggressively raising the specter of seventies dysfunction last week to prime middle-class residents for the alternative—higher taxes. It was clever spin: One thing New Yorkers hate is going backward.

Stroke of Genius? The Anti-'It' 'It' Shirt

What: A T-shirt for a fictitious band, the Socialites, and its WHO'S YOUR DADDY world tour (stops include Gstaad and East Hampton)—with a logo that looks suspiciously like the Strokes'.

Raison d'être: The Strokes are *always* being slammed for slumming (they're uptown boys, Julian's dad is John Casablancas, etc.). Now two designers are dissing the upper-crusty rockers: "I went to school with a Stroke, and they're kind of socialites," says Chrissie Miller, who designs the shirts with Shawn Regruto, the man behind 1999's hit shirt MODELS SUCK. "*Everyone* in New York comes from a privileged background," counters Jim Merlis, the Strokes' publicist. "Give it up."

WHO'S YOUR DADDY
The Strokes
The Socialites

Poseur patrol: So-called rock fans also irk Miller: "All these socialite girls at a party were in New York Dolls shirts. I asked one to name, like, one song, and she couldn't!"

Oh, the irony: The shirts, seen on Johnny Knoxville and Drea de Matteo, are $40 at C. Ronson (takes a socialite to know one!), at 269 Elizabeth Street. AMY LAROCCA

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, BRUCE DAVIDSON/MAGNUM PHOTOS; BOTTOM, PETER BERSON.

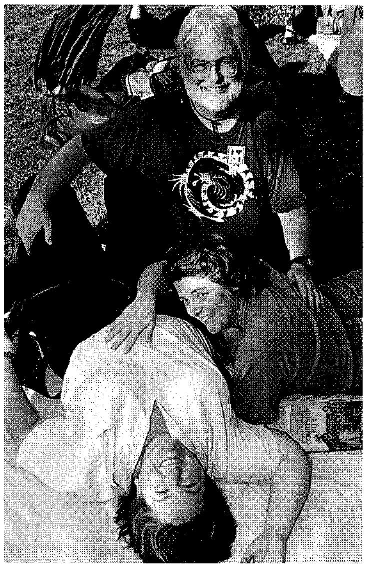
Mes Chéris Amours

No, polyamory isn't about swinging or cheating. It's about people who love people—two, three, four, however many it takes. By Deb Schwartz

It was a beautiful Indian-summer day, the kind made for a picnic in Central Park with your husband, his girlfriend, your two boyfriends, and 150 other like-minded individuals.

It was, in other words, the Second Annual Poly Pride Day. Organizer Justen Michael, a boyish 29-year-old, says the event is meant to "facilitate better understanding of polyamory," which involves "long-term, multiple-partner relationships" and "enduring love rather than just sex."

Do these people live in a land of endless weekends? Phyllis, 51, a historian in a Guatemalan-print shirt, smiles: "Love is infinite; time is not." "It helps if you're a good scheduler," adds Jerry, her 48-year-old beau. The two, together for four years but married to other people, are joined by Joel, who wedges himself into the small patch of blanket. Once, Jerry was scheduled to "marry in" with Joel, but at the last minute Joel's wife balked. "I'm not particularly gay," says Joel, "but I would have been happy to have Jerry as part of the family."



LOVE-IN: Polyamorists in Central Park.

Polyamory is not about orgies or even necessarily threesomes. People usually hook up in twos, an arrangement some in the "mono" world might call cheating. "Polyamory is an *alternative* to affairs," says Ashton Applewhite, a writer. Adds Ken Lipman-Stern, a 54-year-old psychotherapist who's practically sitting in my lap, "Imagine feeling joy in the joy that your intimate person is experiencing with another person."

Next to us is Amy Oldstein, a "life coach" from Westchester. She's "linked up" with John Wise, a lawyer who for 21 years has been married to Nan, a therapist in New Jersey. The Wises—tan, good-looking suburbanites—have teenage children and a man around the house they call a "partner of the heart." "I don't know how two-parent families do it," says John. "We have another adult to drive the kids to school, make snacks, do laundry . . . "

Nan says they became poly "by accident. We met a couple and fell in love. We were Ozzie and Harriet before." Once the kids move out, the Wises, Oldstein, and four or five friends plan on building a house to share.

So, any advice for the poly-curious? "I always tell people, 'Don't try this at home,' " says Nan. "You have to be very mature about it."

Gene in a Bottle: Could DNA Testing Be the Final Frontier in Skin Care?

Mankind is counting on genetics for everything from organ replacement to cancer cures. But what about the ideal skin cream? The company Lab 21 has dispatched lab-coated techies to Bergdorf Goodman to sample DNA (they roll a Q-Tip around the inside of your cheek to collect cells). "We are able to get information so precise about your skin that we can create a product that is dramatically different," declares Lab 21 president Nathaniel L. Benson.

Swabbing, Bergdorf Goodman style.

Five genes are analyzed back at the lab, including your degree of photo aging, rate of collagen breakdown, pollutant tolerance, elasticity, and oxidative stress (i.e., how you cope with free radicals). Then, in ten days, you receive a $250 regenerative anti-aging cream (all 1.7 ounces of it) with your name on the label. According to Benson, there are over 1 million formulas.

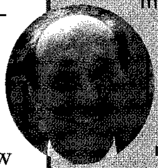
Dermatologists are skeptical: "It's science fiction now," says Dr. Paul Jarrod Frank. "We can't manipulate disease yet. I doubt we can manipulate cosmeceuticals." Lab 21, for its part, is promising confidentiality—so those who'd be *devastated* to have their oxidative-stress levels made public can breathe a sigh of relief.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

THE RUDY AND JUDI SHOW

How would you plan Rudy Giuliani and Judi Nathan's wedding?

CINDY ADAMS, New York *Post* columnist: "There should certainly be his and hers hairdressers. Hers would make sure it doesn't just hang there like it always does. His would bring him some."



WAYNE BARRETT, author of *Rudy! An Investigative Biography of Rudolph Giuliani*: "The first thing they should do is make sure she's not a cousin. You know, he married his second cousin Regina Peruggi the first time, and got it annulled."

MISSTRESS FORMIKA, drag star: "Have it at Starbucks, McDonald's, Old Navy, or maybe Madame Tussaud's. Can you dance there?"

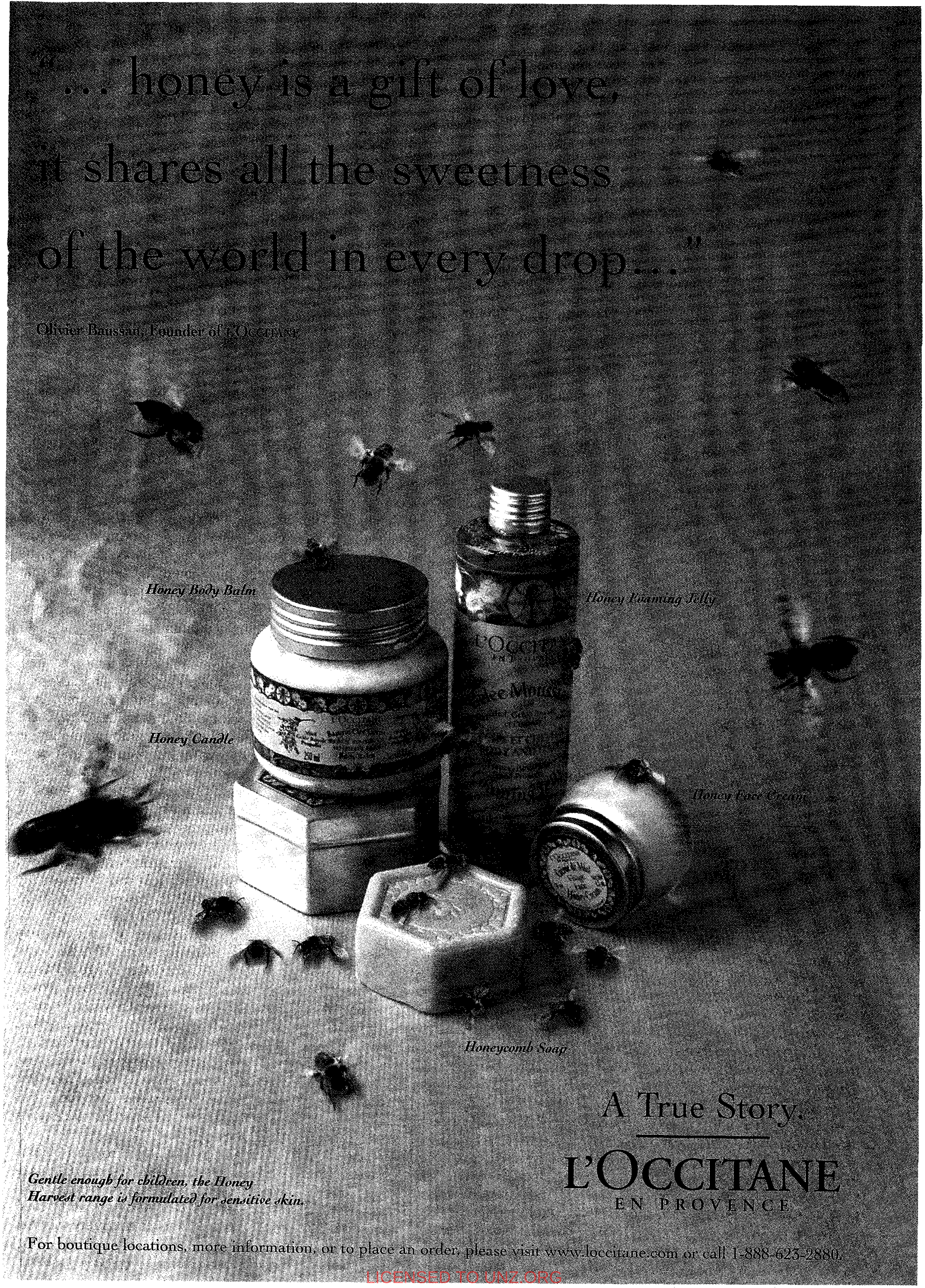
DAVID HERSHKOVITS, co-editor of *Paper*: "For ushers, the New York Mets."

NAN KEMPNER: "I'd whisk that girl off to the Cipriani in Venice with just the family and not all the furbelows." ("Showy ornaments"—we had to look it up, too.)

DEAN JOHNSON, lead singer of the Velvet Mafia: "For their honeymoon, they should spend the night in a homeless shelter."

AILEEN MEHLE, a.k.a. "Suzy," *W* society columnist: "Since Rudy looks so delectable in women's clothes, I suggest a dress by Carolina Herrera or Vera Wang. Nothing white—he's been that route—but something simple in beige satin, worn with a little veiled toque and Manolo Blahniks with five-inch heels. He could bring it off if any man can."

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, NINA ROBERTS; ANDREA RENAULT/GLOBE PHOTOS; ELIZABETH LIPPMAN/GLOBE PHOTOS; HENRY MCGEE/GLOBE PHOTOS (2); MARY JACKSON.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it shares all the sweetness
of the world in every drop...."

Olivier Baussan, Founder of L'Occitane

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Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

I ❤ Martha

If Martha Stewart gets sent away, I'll miss not only her but her genius business model: a media empire built around the idea that Martha could be paid to be Martha.

MARTHA STEWART THE PERSON CANNOT BE saved, but can Martha Stewart the idea?

I'll miss the person. She was nasty and brutish to many people, but never to me. I only ever got the sudden look, the laugh, the glow, the tough-tender aside. She really was quite a dame.

But I'll really miss the business concept—if it gets sent away, too.

I can't begin to count how many times I've heard somebody say "Think of this as the Martha Stewart of . . . " or "The idea is to create the Martha Stewart for . . . " or that he or she could be "the next Martha Stewart." (Or even the sub-variation—I once knew an investment banker who was always touting his wife as a Jewish Martha.) Countless people have undoubtedly thought to themselves, *I could be the Martha Stewart of . . .* (*I* could be the Martha Stewart of media criticism.)

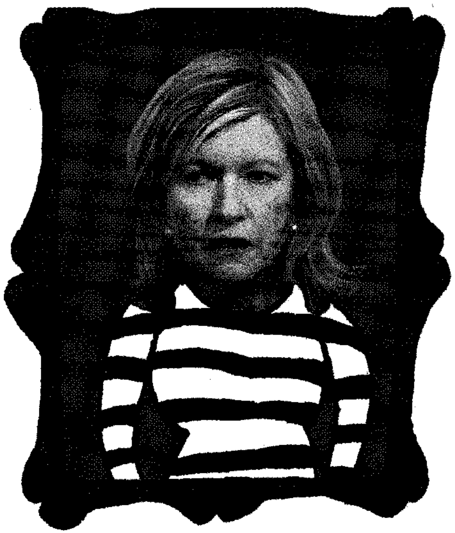
This came to be called, in a catchphrase of the boom (and then in a derogatory sense after the boom), being your own brand. But the Martha concept went well beyond that. The idea was embodiment. Representation. Mimesis. Perfection. *I am my own worth. I am my own value. I am my own definition. I am the perfect articulation. I have become who I am.*

It was about the narrative as business. Martha was marketing the back story. If you were a non-businessperson, a non-counter-of-beans, then Martha represented true commercial hope: You could start a business, a fabulously successful business, that was not about business. Your interior life could become a commercial life. It was the dream of authors everywhere. Except you could be a writer without having to write. You could be your own fiction.

Martha really is an entrepreneur—unlike those business-school wannabes. She is an independent. No organization, except her own, would have tolerated her.

She was tougher than anybody else. Going back twenty years, she started to do little deals, then put bigger deals on top of the little deals—deals everywhere (it was life as a licensing scheme). As a rule, somebody like Martha almost always gets screwed in these sorts of deals—the kid with heart and imagination gets squeezed by deal-makers and lawyers. But Martha paid attention.

She out-detailed everybody in a detail game. She never let go (you know when she got the call that Sam Waksal was selling, she just wasn't going to let herself be screwed like that—her crime, if any, was a *fuck-him* reflex). She gave everybody the shiv before they gave it to her. She did a deal with Time Inc. to start up *Martha Stewart Living*, then got her magazine back from Time because she was too tough, too hard-nosed, too tactical, for even the tough guys at Time (Rosie was tough, too—but tough like a suicide bomber).



FOUNDER

In negotiations and in carriage, we are talking about a most remarkable control. Absolute discipline. On message. Within theme. Never missing a beat.

And then there's the business itself. It's the first postmodern media empire. The Martha business is the ultimate guerrilla-marketing strategy: using the media to promote your media. It was the mirror trick, the infinite-reflection principle. Everything you did promoted everything else you did. In an age in which media could no longer stand on its own, you had to come up with an approach that allowed you to get paid for promoting yourself (the dot-commers were always trying to be Martha, but they didn't understand that Martha always got paid to be Martha). This endless advertisement loop is the Martha monument.

AND NOW IT IS BEING BROUGHT DOWN.

For the prosecutors, she is a special kind of trophy. The Feds are piggybacking on her brand. Martha's sin (she did, after all, grab the money) is not their foremost preoccupation—rather the publicity for prosecuting Martha's sin is what they go to bed at night and wake up in the morning thinking about. Who doubts this?

And then there's the Establishment's disdain. Entrepreneurs, while paid great lip service and occasionally mythologized, are seldom anybody's favorite people. They're always in the process of sucking up to somebody while alienating somebody else (sucking up while alienating down). What's more, they're taking power from somebody else. It's a zero-sum media world: If you're the flavor of the month, somebody else isn't. And so, after twenty years of Martha's striving, you had a very large group of people in the media business who hated Martha's guts (talk to the people at Time Inc.).

As for the rest of America, we enjoy a ritual burning.

But let's look at this through Martha's eyes. She sees this not, I suspect, as a horrifying, Joseph K.-type reversal of fortune but as part and parcel of the never-ending effort of the bastards to get an advantage over you.

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT MENCHIN. PHOTOGRAPH BY EVAN AGOSTINI/IMAGEDIRECT.

This is, of course, denial, a refusal to accept your own innate crookedness, and it's no doubt what the Dennis Kozlowskis of this world think, too. But let's also give truth its due—it's business; people *are* out to get you.

So what do you do to stay in business?

If the overwhelming amount of your equity is built into the goodwill that attaches to the name Martha Stewart, then, by definition, by the time your trials (pre- and post-indictment or -plea bargain) are finished, the idea of Martha Stewart, exquisitely besmirched, will be valueless.

Prosecutors—and other media—are taking Martha's equity in the form of anti-Martha equity. It's black-hole stuff.

Martha in prison: That's the picture—not just a stark one but a broadly comic one (the laughing-at-you-not-with-you thing is very bad in the image business).

This isn't like, say, Steve Madden, the shoe guy, whose name is on the door and the insoles, who has recently gone off to jail for various financial shenanigans. We don't know Steve. He's a pure brand—he's only incidentally a person. (Many designers, after all, continue to design clothes long after they're dead—so why not from a jail cell?)

Martha is more in a Pete Rose bind—she's dirtied something pure. Of course, there's a lot of willing suspension of disbelief here—we don't really believe that Martha or Pete or baseball is pure.

She may be more George Steinbrenner–like. In Steinbrenner, who pleaded to a felony charge in the seventies, you already had a quintessentially moneygrubbing, I-take-what-I-want sumbitch. Steinbrenner the felon is not that different from Steinbrenner the *nonfelon*. He could, therefore, after an appropriate time out, recommence his management of the Yankees.

> For the prosecutors, Martha is a special kind of trophy. **They're piggybacking on her brand.** They're taking Martha's equity in the form of anti-Martha equity.

Martha is, we know, also a moneygrubbing, I-take-what-I-want sumbitch. Susan Magrino, Martha's longtime PR consigliere, should get her head around this. A strategy here might be to jettison the old Martha image and suggest that a felony charge and conviction are a natural part of the Martha story. That being your own brand requires a nastiness and greediness and megalomania that make prosecution always a possible outcome.

The theme is—or should be—My Way. Sinatra is of no small relevance here.

Most of the Sinatra career was under a cloud. At several points, it seemed sure he was headed for indictment. If Johnny Roselli hadn't ended up stuffed in an oil can, who knows what would have happened to Frank.

In part, Frank was tougher than the prosecutors (Martha's tough, but not in a let's-step-outside sort of way). But nobody can really be tougher than the Feds.

You can be more talented, though. Frank sang his way out of trouble.

Can Martha pot or darn or sauté—I'm not sure I can quite get the parallel here—her troubles away?

The point is about talent. The Feds are trying to make Martha out to be Kozlowski—just your average business crook, ever fungible. Who will miss Kozlowski? Will the world be lesser without him? But Martha is, I be-

(continued on page 83)

If you can barely get your dog to roll over, much less your 401(k)...

If you have kids but don't have a will...

If you're ready to make a bigger investment than a pair of Italian heels...

If your vacation house is your parents' house...

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Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

It's a Mad, Mad World

If there's an overall—and underreported—theme to the coming midterm election, it is "Get mad *and* get even." Think Democrats have forgotten Florida? Think again.

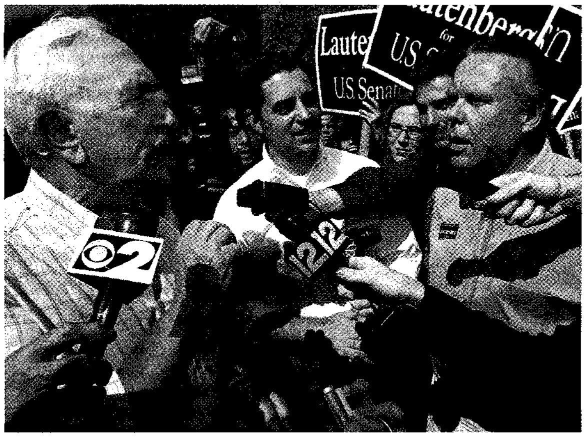
LIKE A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE, I STARTED OUT thinking the Republicans in New Jersey had a point. Why should a party have the right to pull a fourth-quarter switcheroo after noticing that its candidate had about as much chance of winning an election as Ken Lay? Wouldn't I be fuming if the Republicans had tried such a stunt?

Then I remembered: They had! Doug Forrester, the same Doug Forrester seen lately carping about the Democratic change of quarterback, made it onto the primary ballot the same way Frank Lautenberg did—he, too, was a fill-in candidate who missed the filing deadline back in April, and his lawyer relied at the time on precisely the same arguments he fought against two weeks ago. And last week, we were treated to the spectacle of the GOP playing tit-for-tat in Montana, where their Senate candidate withdrew from the race after the deadline. Apparently, he was prepared to lose to Democrat Max Baucus by twenty points, but not if it meant Montanans would think of him for all time as a gay hair-dresser.

But I confess—ultimately, my Jersey change of heart wasn't based on the law. Editorialists have to go through the masquerade of propping up their political opinions on the matchsticks of the pertinent legalisms. The rest of us are free to say openly what everyone knows anyway, and what a certain quintet of Supreme Court justices showed us two years ago: Your interpretation of the law depends on which party you want to see win.

Let's face it: What's at stake in New Jersey is bigger than the legitimacy of more-or-less arbitrary election-law filing deadlines. New Jersey—and to some extent Montana, although Baucus still seems likely to win as of now—is the most intense expression of what this midterm election is really about. It's not terrorism; it's not the economy; it's not the pending war abroad. Rather, it's about the ongoing war here at home, about what sort of country this is. It's the 2000 election, Part B.

It's about anger, basically.



MAD MEN: Senate contenders Frank Lautenberg and Douglas Forrester face off in New Jersey earlier this month.

LIBERALS ARE ANGRY OVER: Florida, still (nope, not over it; have no plans to be). The cocktail of fiscal corruption and incompetence that this White House serves us. The flimsy lies hiding the real motives for going into Iraq (look up a September 29 column by Jay Bookman of the Atlanta *Journal-Constitution*). The sheer gall of virtually everything they do, like the recent misappropriation of John Kennedy (see Fred Kaplan's terrific piece in *Slate*, posted last week).

Conservatives: Bolshie, Darwin-loving socialists. Revenuers and regulators. The Clintons. And, of course, the liberal media (which they denounce via the television network they own that is devoted to retailing their beefs incessantly).

You've been reading a lot about anxiety over the economy and soul-searching on war, but you haven't read much about anger. It doesn't show up in polls, at least directly, because pollsters don't ask questions designed to tap into it. And if it doesn't show up in polls, the media can't be bothered. It gets squeezed out of the narrative by things like the lopsided pro-war vote in the Senate, which is supposed to mean that America is united behind the president and itching to fight. Evidence to the contrary is ignored or relegated to the lower paragraphs. Jim Leach, a moderate Republican congressman who's locked in the race of his life, came out *against* the war resolution, clearly betting that this position would help him at the polls at home. In Iowa.

These days, you have to be an awfully intrepid news-digger to notice these examples of resistance to the consensus. What you get out of Washington, and New York, is a bunch of dishwater clichés about what will play in Peoria. Even those are wrong. Here's the Peoria *Journal-Star*, which endorsed George Bush in 2000, from October 6: "The president must tell the American people why toppling Saddam is worth the sacrifice of their lives and the lives of those they love. He has not said so yet."

America is disunited. And the red and the blue Americans hate pretty much everything the other side stands for. This election is about which side channels it better. Too much can be made of midterm elections. They sometimes turn on a few thousand votes in a handful of congressional districts where voters have paid less attention to Saddam Hussein than to the candidates' bridgework. But on the wings of such minute fluctuations do revolts arrive: The Republicans took the House in 1994 because their base turned out about 3 percent higher than usual, and a small shift in the other direction sent Newt Gingrich to his doom four years later.

The experts, you'll recall, completely muffed that election, in which voters were

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

supposed to "punish" the Democrats because the morals squad couldn't slap the cuffs on Clinton. The opposite happened. I'm not making any predictions, but the more the experts natter about the pickle the Democrats are in over Iraq and Bush's poll ratings, the more it starts to smell like 1998 to me.

JERSEY WILL HELP TELL THE TALE. THERE'S irony here on two counts. First, Lautenberg: While pretty liberal, he has never been a partisan field marshal. He was known for banning smoking on domestic flights. Always popular, but not exactly beloved, he never won his elections by huge margins. But Democratic voters aren't motivated by who he is. "He's more appealing as a symbol of Democrats' desire for revenge than he ever was as plain old Frank Lautenberg," quips the political consultant Philip Friedman.

The second irony is that New Jersey is usually un-partisan. It's Democratic at the presidential level and hasn't had a Republican senator in some time, but the governor's chair changes hands often, and the congressional delegation is split down the middle. Independent voters outnumber Democrats and Republicans combined.

But this election, the usual rules are worthless. Lautenberg is a partisan figure now whether he wants to be or not—as, of course, is Forrester, who is proudly right-wing. And Jersey, suddenly, is a partisan state, whose Senate race is more about the country, or the two countries, than it is about the state.

Democratic voters aren't motivated by who Lautenberg is. "He's more appealing as a symbol of **Democrats' desire for revenge** than he ever was as plain old Frank Lautenberg," quips Philip Friedman.

This is all right. The war, the one at home, should be waged out in the open. Rank-and-file Democrats get this, even if their elected counterparts in Washington, intimidated by shallow poll readings and vice-presidential trash talk, do not.

UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, I WOULD have consulted my friend Jim Chapin in preparing this column. I'm sure he knew who won every Senate and gubernatorial race in New Jersey over the past century, and why. Jim died, unexpectedly and tragically, on September 30 of a heart attack at age 60. It was his fate to be best known as Harry Chapin's brother, which he didn't mind—after Harry was killed in 1981, Jim took over his brother's organization that fought world hunger and ran it for two decades. But his friends cherished his gentle, generous, eccentric personality—"of no known category," as Fred Siegel aptly put it to me at Jim's funeral—and his stunningly encyclopedic knowledge of politics, history, and much else, which he was always eager to share. His widow, Diana, would like those interested to send donations to the Queens Public Library in Jim's name to establish a collection of books on politics and history for young people. ■

E-mail: tomasky@aol.com. Michael Tomasky's columns can be read online at nymetro.com/archive/tomasky.

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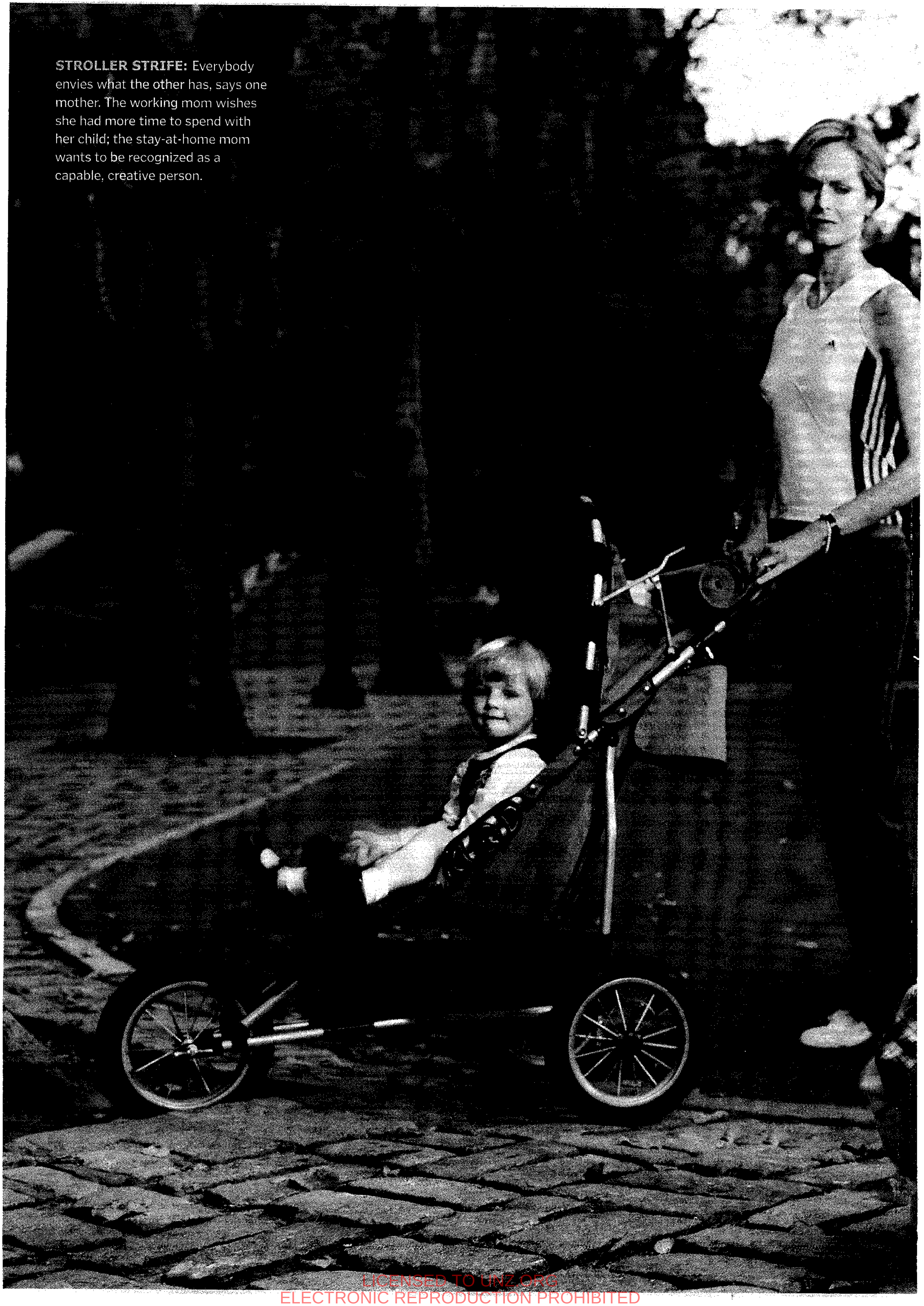
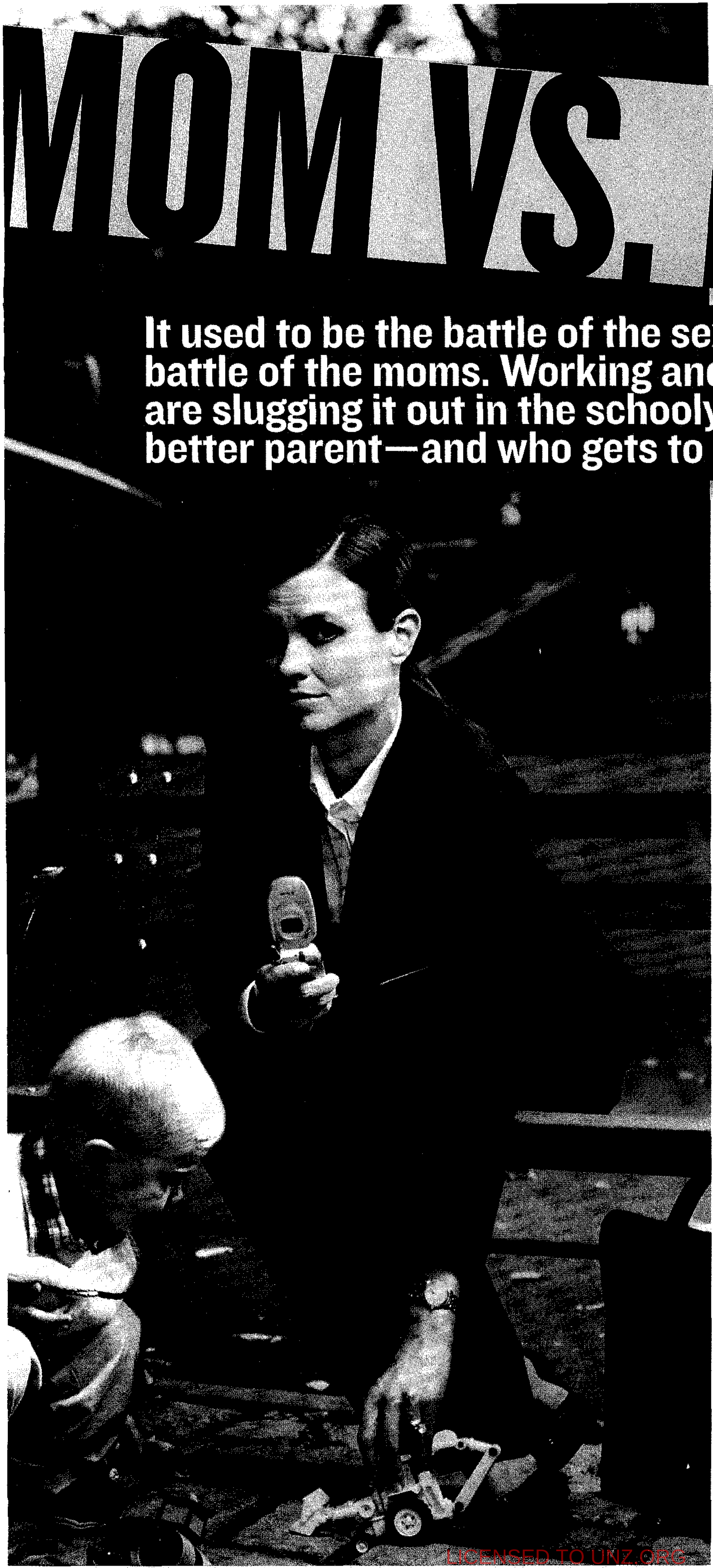


STROLLER STRIFE: Everybody envies what the other has, says one mother. The working mom wishes she had more time to spend with her child; the stay-at-home mom wants to be recognized as a capable, creative person.

MOM VS. MOM

It used to be the battle of the sexes: Now it's the battle of the moms. Working and nonworking mothers are slugging it out in the schoolyard over who's the better parent—and who gets to have a sex life.



BY RALPH GARDNER JR.

ANN APPROACHED ANOTHER MOTHER at a school function recently and happily introduced herself. Not only were their younger kids in kindergarten together, she explained, but their older sons played in the same weekend soccer league.

"She said, 'Oh,' and just walked away," Ann remembers. "That was it. 'Oh.' It was a school event. It wasn't like it was the steam room at Bliss where she was naked."

Ann is certain she knows why her fellow mom dissed her, if in fact she did. It has nothing to do with Ann's confusing on-again-off-again marriage, or the disparity in their net worths. (Ann is middle-class; the other woman is profoundly wealthy.) No, as far as Ann is concerned, the reason the other woman turned tail is that Ann works full-time. Her adversary, on the other hand, is a gloriously full-time stay-at-home mom—with all the attendant benefits that implies not only to her youngsters but also to the life of the school. A stamp licker, an envelope stuffer, an active member of the parents association, a person who can always be counted on to bring not one but two or three dishes to the annual potluck dinner—even if, as Ann suspects, she buys them at E.A.T. and passes them off as her own.

"In the school directory, you can see who has a job and who doesn't," Ann says, imagining the woman taking a black marker and banishing her to oblivion.

With all the world in strife, one might think the moms of New York would cut each another some slack. That our playgrounds, our schools, our schools' class cocktail parties would be a refuge for our

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN BAKER

better angels. That motherhood, in short, would serve as a safe house where civility and mutual respect rule. Think again.

Motherhood, for all its well-documented joys, has become a flash point for envy, resentment, and guilt. "Everybody struggles, and everybody envies what the other has," says the stay-at-home mother of a 9- and a 14-year-old. "The working mom wishes she had more free time to be available to her child, and maybe have coffee after drop-off. And the nonworking woman would maybe like to have something that's a reflection of her as an individual—a label that says she's a capable, creative person who knows about more than just baby formula or after-school programs."

The anxiety seems to fall hardest, or at least most dramatically, on the shoulders of working moms. Two books published this month chronicle, with varying degrees of humor, their pain—*The Bitch in the House*, an anthology of essays about work, motherhood, and marriage, and *I Don't Know How She Does It*, a novel by a British journalist, Allison Pearson—and both are headed for the best-seller list. The working mother's plight is further exacerbated by the fact that they're no longer celebrated as the heroines of feminism they were back in the seventies and the eighties. Who cares about Having It All? Working has become deeply ordinary. "There's status to not working," observes the novelist Dani Shapiro. "In the last generation, there was status to working."

For some working moms, the disenchantment is doubled by the fact that in the current economic downturn, they went back to work not for the excitement or glory but simply for the money. The romance of accessorizing a Calvin Klein business suit and pumps with a T. Anthony briefcase is long gone.

On the other hand, it's not as if nonworking mothers are completely confident of the choices they've made, either. While their own mothers, who serve as their role models (whether positive or negative makes little difference), were hailed for staying home and raising their kids, their daughters were educated to help run the world. Those who have chosen to make a career of motherhood wonder whether the brilliant life that was dangled as their birthright is passing them by. Conversely, many of those who are running the world worry they're sacrificing their families on the altar of their own ambition.

HAVING IT ALL? The romance of accessorizing a Calvin Klein suit with pumps and a T. Anthony briefcase is long gone. Working is now deeply ordinary.

Instead of directing their anger where it belongs—say at corporate America's stingy, unpaid maternity leave and refusal to countenance flex-time—working and nonworking moms are dividing into opposing camps and unleashing their resentment and suspicion on one another.

"If I was in a pinch, I'd only turn to another working mother," confides a journalist who is the mother of two young boys. "I'd never turn to a stay-at-home mom because she'd be able to lord it over me—that I was failing as a mother. I wouldn't want to give any ammunition to the mother who doesn't work."

Shapiro recalls the "glaring resentment" she would encounter from stay-at-home moms as she arrived to pick up her son and his nanny from their local Brooklyn playground at 5 P.M: "A lot of families moved to Park Slope so that the women would not have to work. Lots of those women gave up their careers ambivalently. When I came in a suit and high-heeled boots, I felt I had a billboard over my head that said WORKING MOTHER."

"Nonworking mothers are much more judgmental of working mothers than vice versa," adds a TV executive. "Nonworking mothers assume they're better mothers because they've made the choice to stay home. A friend of mine once criticized our nanny and told me I should spend more time with my child. I didn't say anything, but I was furious; I would never have told her what I thought was wrong with her parenting skills."

"Women have all sorts of subtle ways to express their aggression," explains psychoanalyst Lucy Holmes. "If you were a working mother and called a nonworking mother and asked if your daughter can stay a little bit longer, she'll tell her friends you're a bad mother. It's human nature to

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feel a little envious. That enviousness is expressed by 'Can you believe she asked if her child can stay until seven o'clock?' "

THE ARENA WHERE THESE OPPOSING camps most often tangle is their kids' schools. What especially galls the working moms is their belief, right or wrong, that the schools side with the stay-at-home moms. Those cooperative troupers seem to have endless amounts of time to hit up corporate sponsors for the goody bags at the annual fund-raiser, and they utter not a word of protest over the impracticality of late-morning parent-teacher conferences and helping out in the classroom.

Ann had one confrontation with her son's uncompromising homeroom teacher. "I couldn't take the day off to make Play-Doh sculptures," she recalls. "We were issuing warnings at work because the stock was in the tank. But she said, 'Every parent has to do one project.' I said, 'I'm not saying I won't do it, just not tomorrow.' It's not like I've got to get my nails done."

WORKING MOM **"They were happy to spend two or three hours discussing every nuance of these CHEAP LITTLE PRIZES. I was willing to give it ten minutes."**

"They're really aggressive about you doing safety patrol," says another working mother, "without thinking what your life is like and if you're working. It's almost competitive, as if you're made to feel you're not giving enough to your child.

"Any spare time I have I want to spend with my children," she adds defiantly. "I have a 3-year-old. I don't want to start soliciting donations for the silent auction. I'd rather spend time with my little boy."

Which isn't to say the working moms are shirkers when it comes to pulling their weight. In a spasm of self-abnegation, they also volunteer to be the class rep or to chair the book fair. "I pushed being a supermom past where it should be," admits an investment banker who's the mother of two young children and has chaired her school's auction three years in a row. "I really clung to it in part to stay connected to other moms. It's easy otherwise to feel pretty isolated. You can't have coffee and walk the reservoir and go to yoga class.

"This year, they're trying to find someone else to chair the auction," she adds. "Still, I'm afraid to let it go. I don't want to not have friends at school."

However, when the working moms do enlist in school projects—"If you want to get something done, give it to a busy person" is their mantra—the controversies in which they find themselves embroiled only confirm their suspicions that full-time motherhood causes brain damage.

"There were all these moms who didn't work," says a working mom about a recent class-representative breakfast she attended. "And it was like they were discussing Bosnia when they were discussing which footnoting system their kids should be learning in sixth grade."

A surgeon with a busy practice remembers the marathon meetings that she, in an effort to do her school duty, was forced to attend to choose prizes for the school carnival. "It was a group of ten or fifteen women, and they were happy to spend two or three hours discussing what catalogue they should use and every nuance of these cheap little prizes," she complains. "I was willing to give it ten minutes of my time. After two meetings, I volunteered to run my own booth with my own prizes."

After working mothers at one school complained about the insensitive way the stay-at-home moms would conduct school business over late-morning kaffeeklatsches and elegant little lunches, the school ordered that such meetings should be held promptly after drop-off and no farther away than the coffee shop around the corner.

One might think the stay-at-home moms would have welcomed this effort at broadening their talent base. Not entirely. "A couple of working moms complained they can't make it—which is ridiculous," says one stay-at-home mom. "They can make it. I think sometimes the mother isn't making enough effort with her boss or is afraid she won't look as serious if she asks."

This mother believes her working peers wouldn't have raised any protest a mere four or five years ago, that they've become more vocal and self-assertive as their ranks have swelled. "Schools are much more sensitive to the working-mother syndrome," she sighs. "That's what's changed. The schools have become much more politically correct."

NONE OF THIS WOULD PROBABLY MUCH MATter if the meetings were limited to picking door prizes. But what worries some working mothers is that while they're off in Phoenix or Palo Alto trying to soothe a difficult client, the stay-at-home moms are fixing the system in their kids' favor.

"You're not as connected to the school," the surgeon says. "You're not as familiar with who's the best teacher. Some of these mothers have made it their job to advocate every week for their child. As you get into high school, it can become pressuring teachers over a grade and planting themselves in the college-admissions office, demanding more face time."

An attorney with children in both public and private schools says that one of the things she found so refreshing about P.S. 6 was that it was virtually impossible to lobby the administration for preferential treatment. She recalls fondly when, at a parents assembly, a mother stood and challenged Carmen Farina, P.S. 6's formidable principal at the time, over a matter of Board of Ed policy.

"Carmen said, 'The Board of Ed said no money. This is the number of kids in the class; this is the amount of money. But things won't be changed for your child.' It was like she'd pulled out an Uzi. I liked that. At Dalton, they'd organize a committee to discuss it."

IF THE WORKING MOMS DETECT AN ANnoying level of smugness and a lack of self-examination among some of their nonworking sisters, perhaps it's because most stay-at-home mothers don't think of themselves as unemployed. Many have part-time jobs in careers such as real estate, public relations, and interior decorating. Besides, rare is the New York woman these days who didn't once have a job, and probably a rather stressful, responsible job, before she decided to make motherhood her career. In her mind, she's simply on extended sabbatical from the 9-to-5 world.

"I should be having a six-figure salary based on what I've done," boasts one stay-at-home lawyer who raised half a million dollars for her kid's school last year.

"I worked for twenty years," says a former special-events planner who currently lends her expertise to four high-profile charities in the city and the Hamptons. "All these not-for-profits get all this incredible talent from these women who used to be high-powered executives. That's why these charities are blockbusters. Any one of us could have a special-events company."

OPENING SPREAD: LEFT TO RIGHT, LITTLE GIRL'S CLOTHING BY OLD NAVY; STROLLER BY SILVERCROSS AT ALBEE'S; ATHLETIC MOM'S TOP & SHOES BY ADIDAS; PANTS BY JUICY COUTURE; JEWELRY BY TIFFANY & CO.; BAG BY LOUIS VUITTON; LITTLE BOY'S CLOTHING BY TOMMY HILFIGER KIDS; PROFESSIONAL MOM'S SUIT BY GIORGIO ARMANI AT BERGDORF GOODMAN; SHIRT BY CALVIN KLEIN AT BERGDORF GOODMAN; SHOES BY BOTTEGA VENETA; JEWELRY BY TIFFANY & CO.; BRIEFCASE BY GIORGIO ARMANI; PHONE BY SPRINT PCS AT RADIO SHACK; PALM CASE BY COACH.

The dark side, according to one laid-back nonworking mother, is that some consider their children the cherries atop their careers. “There are mothers who rechannel their ambitions from the workplace onto their children,” she says. “When you have these at-home mothers who are worrying about test scores and start micromanaging their kids’ school careers, it’s a recipe for disaster.”

Part of the pressure on all moms, but especially those forced to juggle family and career, is that it’s no longer considered acceptable to be a laissez-faire parent, as more than a few of our moms and dads were. Today, everyone sweats the details.

“There’s pressure on everybody to be a supermom,” says Shapiro. “You have 1-year-olds going to French lessons and ‘Mommy & Me’ classes before they can crawl. One has to feel one’s getting it right, and it’s impossible to feel you’re getting it right.”

Another mother revealed, as evidence that she’d done the right thing by abandoning her career, that she found a stolen $20 bill in her 8-year-old daughter’s jeans. She exacted a confession and reprimanded her severely. “I thought, *What if somebody else had washed her pants and not noticed?* You’re paying attention to every odd piece of crap that happens in their life.”

STAY-AT-HOME MOM “Now I can swim for an hour or go to the gym.” Since she left the rat race, her sex life has changed. “IT’S DEFINITELY BETTER.”

She does occasionally long for a little more excitement, like that of a fellow mom in her daughter’s class who is half of a glamorous media couple. “She’s got a glitterati life, yet she’s never there for pickup.

“These are things I tell myself to make me feel better,” she adds. “They didn’t realize there was an assembly where the kids were doing their talent show. You can’t get that back.”

KATHY CLAIMS TO BE ONE OF THOSE rare stay-at-home moms who are completely happy. She’s convinced she did the right thing when she gave up her career as a landscape architect—not an especially promising career, to hear her tell it—to raise her son, now 3½. Besides, in her mind she deserved a break. She’s 45 and worked twenty years straight before she had her child.

“I love being home,” she says of her family’s little cottage with its postage-stamp lawn in Pelham. “I’m very intense about playing with my child. I’ll set up the paints or the Play-Doh. Or I’ll carve and peel the apples so all he has to do is throw them in the pie.”

There is, however, a somewhat unsettling cloud on the horizon. Kathy’s husband is a magazine publisher, his industry is in an advertising slump, and his future doesn’t look all that rosy at the moment. He wouldn’t mind if she found a job while he goes apple picking with their son.

“My husband is saying, ‘How about I don’t work and stay with him?’ Why do I feel entitled to this relationship with my child?”

Her response—and it’s hardly the first time it’s been used—is that if she went back to work, she’d make only a fraction of what he’s earning; if they both worked, the cost of a baby-sitter would virtually negate her salary. It’s an argument that resonates, reluctantly, with some husbands.

Ann’s spouse, for example, describes her public-relations career as a “loss leader” by the time you calculate what their baby-sitter is costing them. He fantasizes about firing the nanny, moving to the suburbs (over his wife’s dead body), punting their two private-school tuitions, and having her stay at home while he commutes.

One such Westchester dad, who’s already living that modest dream, admits he’s the last person who thought he’d be happy in an Ozzie-and-Harriet marriage. “The sad thing is, I’m not sure I’d prefer it any other way,” he says. “I feel one of us should be taking care of our kids. The only bad thing about it is, it’s a god-awful job. I’m not man enough to stay home with my kid—I’ve got a very spirited little child, it’s exhausting—so if my wife is willing to take it on . . .”

THE STAY-AT-HOME MOMS WHO MOST INFURIate the mothers who board the No. 6 train five days a week aren’t those doing the heavy lifting with a couple of toddlers. No, it’s the ones with the full-time help who claim to be so busy they can’t see straight. “I know one stay-at-home mom who referred to herself as ‘a full-time mom,’ ” fumes a lawyer who works for the legal department of a media conglomerate. “I thought I was going to vomit. Because, let me tell you, I may work outside the home, but I’m a full-time mom.

“A couple my husband and I know,” she continues, “were having financial difficulties. So we asked him, ‘Have you given any thought to having your wife take some of the pressure off yourself and let her get a job?’ And he said, ‘No, her place is with the children. That’s what they need.’ We thought it was the most preposterous thing we’d ever heard, because this wife doesn’t spend any time with her children. She works out a lot. She shops a lot. She gets her hair and nails done a lot.”

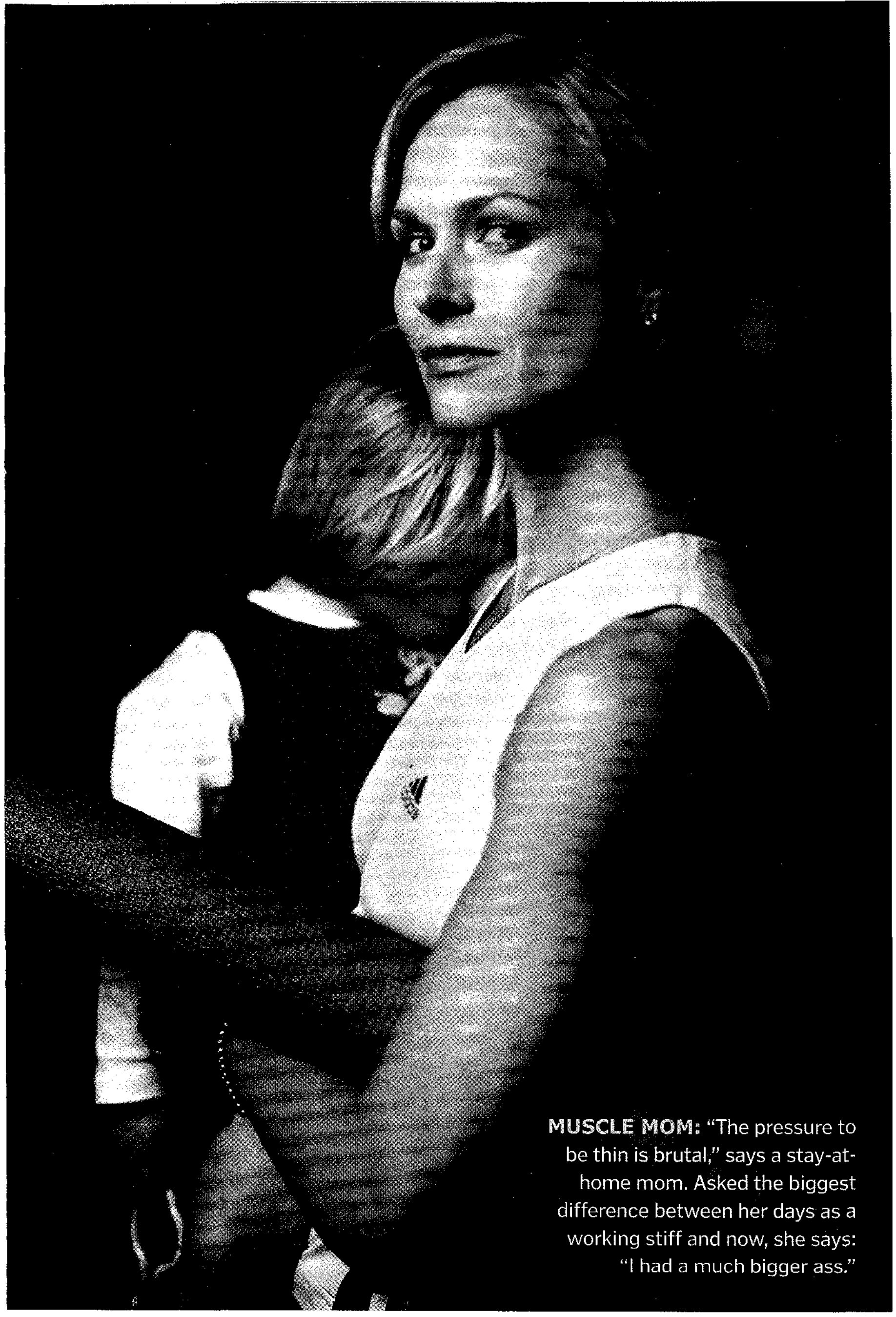
For some husbands, or so it would appear, being able to afford to have wives who spend their days in relentless pursuit of the perfect yoga butt passes as the quintessential status symbol. “They’re all dolled up,” observes a dad of the moms he sees at morning drop-off. “It’s not as if they couldn’t have worn something else. It’s not like they just rolled out of bed. They got out of bed and pulled on some Lycra.”

“*Nonworking mother* is an oxymoron,” counters a stay-at-home mom who takes her workouts seriously. “I raise two children, manage a household, keep my husband going. I’m already full-time occupied with other people’s needs. You try raising two kids and staying fit.”

Ah, staying fit. One simply can’t overestimate the pressure to be svelte. If you wanted to stay thin back in our parents’ era, you smoked a couple of packs a day. And if you had a secret thing for Oreos and ballooned to size 14, you had lots of company at PTA meetings. But these days, moms (particularly those in the 10021, 10028, and 10128 Zip Codes) are expected to look like ex-ABT dancers. “The pressure is intense to be thin; it’s just brutal,” says one Upper East Side mom. Another says that now that she’s not working full-time—she has an interior-design business—she finds herself in greater spiritual alignment with her abs. Asked the biggest difference between her days as a working stiff and today, she doesn’t have to think hard before offering an answer: “I had a much bigger ass.”

She continues: “When I was working outside my home, I was downstairs at 5 A.M. or 5:30 A.M.,” referring to the gym in her Park Avenue building. “I’d be up, dressed, hair dried, makeup on, and then I’d wake my kids up.

“The time I could donate to exercise was 30 minutes maximum. Now I can take one and a half to two hours. I can swim for an hour, or go to the gym, or take



MUSCLE MOM: "The pressure to be thin is brutal," says a stay-at-home mom. Asked the biggest difference between her days as a working stiff and now, she says: "I had a much bigger ass."

a yoga class. If I decide this is a yoga morning, I'm not going to meet a client until 10:30 or eleven o'clock."

Sleep is what suffers most, several working moms report. And romance. "When you exercise at 5:30 A.M., you're comatose by ten o'clock," the interior designer explains. "Are you going to have sex? No. Good night. You never think you're going to be too tired to have sex when you're younger." Since she left the rat race, her sex life has changed: "It's definitely better."

YET EVEN THE MOST BLISSFULLY CONTENT, physically fit, sexually satisfied stay-at-home mom will eventually be compelled to seek employment or come up with a good excuse for failing to do so. If the toppling economy doesn't send them back to the grind, their children, especially their daughters who have been raised on the limitless possibilities of their gender, will start asking unsettling questions.

One working mom who announced she'd be off the workforce for a few months was greeted by delighted whoops from her younger daughter, but an embarrassed frown from her teenager. "Can't you at least write a novel or something?" she grumbled.

"Sophie always says, 'Why can't you go out and get a job even if it's in a store on Madison Avenue for two hours a week?' " says another stay-at-home mother of a teenage daughter. "I'm totally flipped out right now. What am I going to do? Where am I going to go? You give up all these years to be there for them, and they say, 'Mom, why don't you do something? You're so lame. Everybody else's mother does something.' "

She felt her "insuperiority," as she puts it, most acutely on Take Our Daughters to Work Day. "There were so many working moms," she explains. "I realized a lot of my kids' friends' mothers weren't just working but had superior positions, not just a cubicle. My kids came home and shunned me. They said, 'All you're good for is schlepping us around in the Navigator.' "

A 3-year-old even got on her stay-at-home mother's case. "She said, 'Daddy goes to the office. Mommies don't go to the office?' I feel it's not setting a good example," her mother worries. "She says, 'There are no women in daddy's office?' I spent so much time at the office before she was born."

OVER THE LONG TERM, FORCED TOgether by a thousand school picnics and holiday pageants, working and nonworking mothers can eventually make their peace. "There were a couple of cocktail parties at people's homes where I found I had to break into conversations with the nonworking moms," remembers a corporate headhunter of her teenage son's earlier school years. "They seemed to have so much in common. They'd work out together, have late breakfasts with each other. There was always something being said that made me feel out of the know."

She felt more comfortable hanging out with the dads, some of whom she knew professionally. "The path of least resistance was to the men," she says. But after ten years at the same school, she's gotten to know the stay-at-home mothers and finds several of them far more entertaining than most CEOs. On the other hand, some of the full-time working moms become increasingly guarded and chilly as they reach the upper echelons of corporate power.

"At this point in my life," she says, "I just like cool people. I don't give a shit if they work or not." Besides, friendships are often decided by children, not their parents. If your kid loathes a classmate, it's hard to cultivate his parents, no matter how much you'd like to see their apartment.

Believe it or not, Ann and that high-priced mom who allegedly walked away while Ann tried to make nice have even become something resembling friends. "She's very nice to me now," Ann admits. "Because her kid likes my kid."

At a recent school event, they found themselves sitting next to each other. "She said, 'Hi, how are you?' " Ann recalls. "I thought, *Is she really talking to me?* Now she'll call and ask for a play date. She'll call at the office. I have respect for the ones who call me at work, because they know that's where they're going to find me." ■

WHAT HE'S DOING FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE: Above, Broadway's reluctant auteur, writer-director James Lapine: "I love the process of making something, but I don't like sharing it." Right, rehearsing the cast of *Amour*.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY

FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3

Taking a Chance on *Amour*

Director James Lapine is more at home with Sondheimian ambivalence than with pop trifles like *Windmills of Your Mind.* So why did French songsmith Michel Legrand pick him to stage a romantic cream puff about a man who walks through walls to get the girl?

BY JOANNE KAUFMAN

EXCEPT FOR THE OPENING-night bows, you don't often see the director of a Broadway musical onstage. Especially one wearing floppy Bermuda shorts, an olive-drab shirt, and basketball sneakers. But when you have a show about a nebbishy civil servant who suddenly discovers he has the power to walk through walls, and the walls refuse to cooperate in the illusion—in fact, the walls keep tumbling down on the poor fellow—some diplomacy on the part of the director may be just the thing to calm a frustrated audience. So it happens that an early preview of *Amour*—a French import with music by the legendary pop songwriter and composer Michel Legrand—finds James Lapine taking the stage of the Music Box Theatre.

A bittersweet parable that is sung through and runs without intermission, *Amour* is something of a departure for Lapine. It's his first musical in years without composer Stephen Sondheim, his collaborator on *Sunday in the Park With George, Into the Woods,* and *Passion,* and it's his first musical with a classic boy-meets-girl plot. Set in Paris in the fifties, to music by the man who gave the world "What Are You Doing for the Rest of Your Life?," it won the Paris equivalent of the Tony in 1997.

Dressed to be invisible in the back row, Lapine would never be mistaken for a star. A 53-year-old Charlie Brown comes to mind. A chunk of Montmartre had become uncoupled and fallen onto the stage the night before, he explains to the audience, in a peculiarly engaging monotone that is equal parts his native Ohio and the Upper West Side. Now, he says, the set refuses to move altogether, so the stage is nearly bare. "You'll be meeting Sal and Angelo," he says, indicating two stagehands. "They'll be putting a stool at stage left and one at stage right. The stool with the bread will be the bakery and the stool with the jewelry will be the jewelry store. For about five minutes, we'll be doing *Our Town.*"

Lapine is that droll, and his drollery has won the audience over: They're with him. Next problem?

"AT FIRST THE SHOW DIDN'T SING TO ME, AS IT were," Lapine says. "I tend to do steak dinners, and this is kind of a soufflé, and that isn't where I live so much. On the other hand, that became the challenge for me.

"But I don't think this show is *wildly* different from what I've done before," he adds. "It's not like I'm suddenly doing a Robert Wilson piece at BAM—though I would really *love* to do a Robert Wilson piece at BAM."

Amour is also the rare Lapine project to open without the benefit of a tryout at a nonprofit theater, a safety net he lobbied for in vain. "I'm basically a chickenshit," he confides early one morning over scrambled egg whites at an Amsterdam Avenue restaurant near the apartment he shares with his wife, screenwriter Sarah Kernochan, and their 16-year-old daughter. "James Lapine, *chickenshit.*"

Legrand, on the other hand, is not a safety-net kind of guy. He is conspicuously excited, even for a Frenchman. He's excited about working on his first Broadway show after a career spent composing sentimental hits and movie scores (*The Umbrellas of Cherbourg, Brian's Song, Summer of '42, Yentl*). And, having seen the three shows Lapine did with Sondheim, he's really excited about working with the writer-director. "What he does is very different from what I do," Legrand admits, "but everything I have seen that I liked very much was directed by heem. When I dreamed of coming to New York, I had *Jeem* in my dreams."

Jeem doesn't do excited. "When you play tennis, you spin the racket and say 'up or down' to see who serves. And 99 percent of the time James says 'down,' " chortles his close friend, composer Alan Menken (*Little Shop of Horrors, Beauty and the Beast*). "There's a part of him that's always expecting the roof to fall in."

Or the set. "My stomach is very tight," he says by way of greeting one night outside the Music Box. "Come and see our car wreck. Oh, don't write that," he implores. "I've never gotten used to having things I do being publicly considered. I love everything until the audience comes, and then I'm miserable. I love the process of making something, but I don't like sharing it."

"Jim is"—a pause while the speaker searches for the right word—"phlegmatic," says *Amour*'s lead producer, Shubert Organization sultan Gerald Schoenfeld.

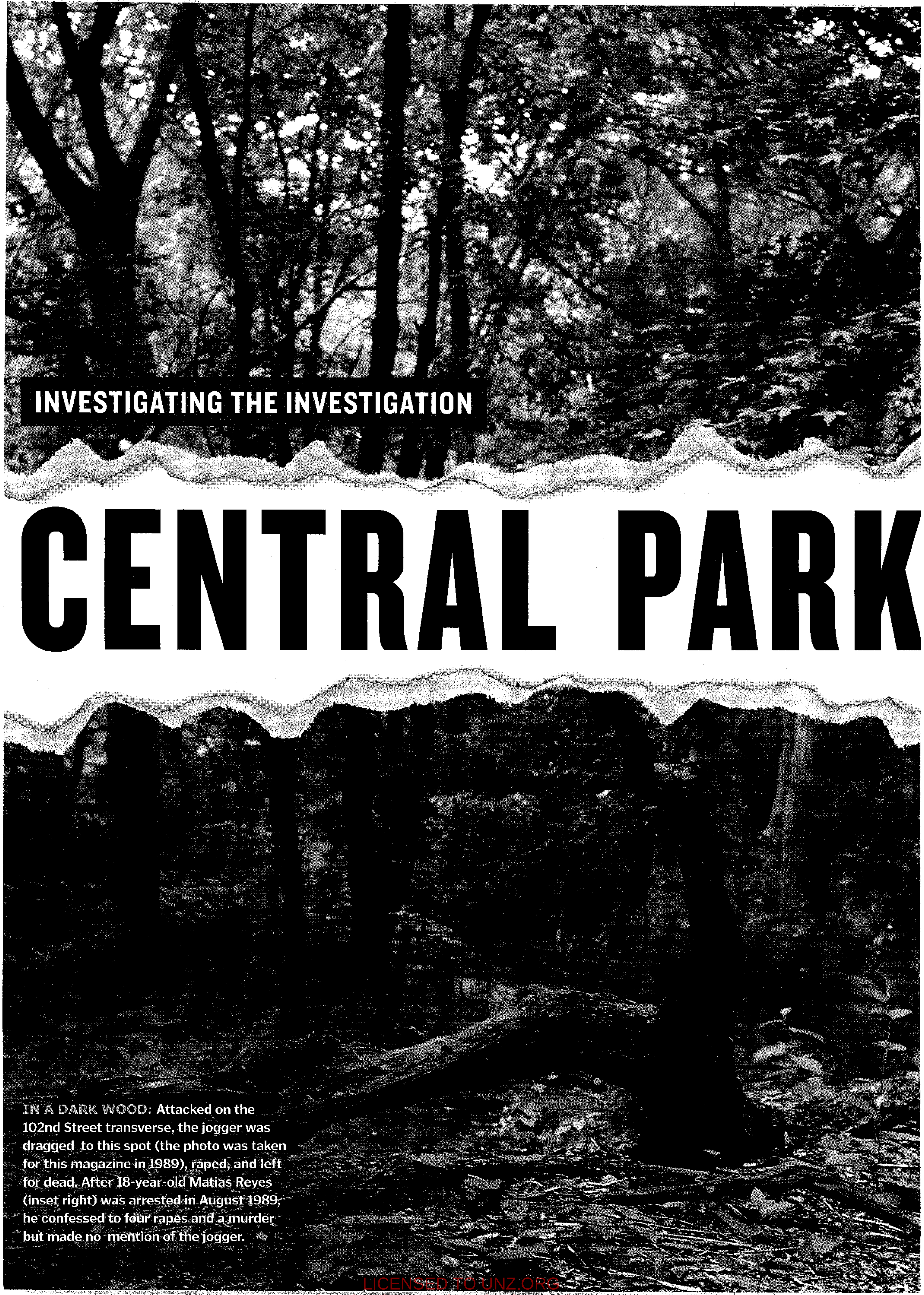
Maybe not all the time. "James is not a *showbiz* guy," says his longtime pal, playwright Wendy Wasserstein. "You get no *ooh, darling* from him. Where you do get exuberance from him is with children. He's wonderful with my

(continued on page 80)

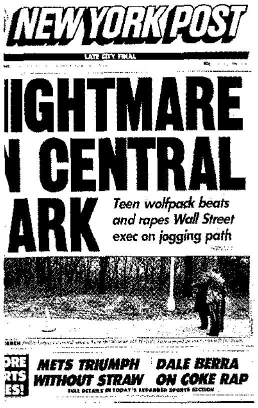
GROOMING BY KELLY QUAN/MARK EDWARD. PHOTOGRAPH (THIS PAGE) BY MARK PETERSON/SABA.

INVESTIGATING THE INVESTIGATION

CENTRAL PARK



IN A DARK WOOD: Attacked on the 102nd Street transverse, the jogger was dragged to this spot (the photo was taken for this magazine in 1989), raped, and left for dead. After 18-year-old Matias Reyes (inset right) was arrested in August 1989, he confessed to four rapes and a murder but made no mention of the jogger.


NEW YORK POST

LATE CITY FINAL

IGHTMARE
CENTRAL
ARK

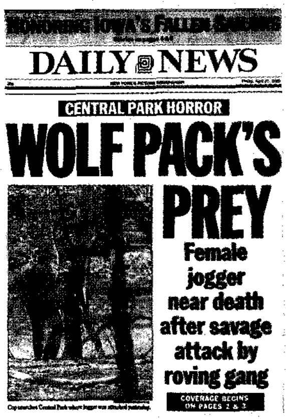
Teen wolfpack beats and rapes Wall Street exec on jogging path

ORE
RTS
ES!

METS TRIUMPH WITHOUT STRAW

DALE BERRA ON COKE RAP

April 21, 1989


DAILY NEWS

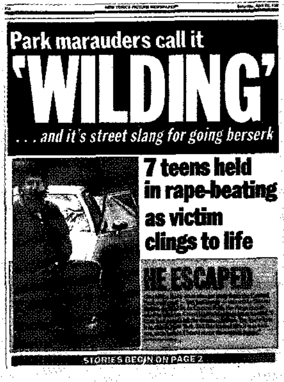
CENTRAL PARK HORROR

WOLF PACK'S PREY

Female jogger near death after savage attack by roving gang

COVERAGE BEGINS ON PAGES 2 & 3

April 21, 1989


SPORTS FINAL

DAILY NEWS

Park marauders call it

'WILDING'

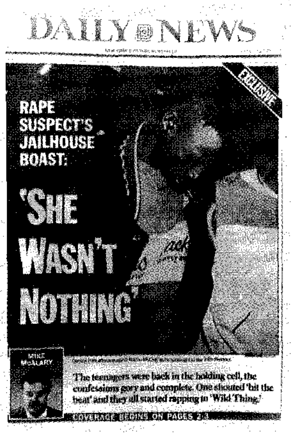
. . . and it's street slang for going berserk

7 teens held in rape-beating as victim clings to life

HE ESCAPED

STORIES BEGIN ON PAGE 2

April 22, 1989


DAILY NEWS

EXCLUSIVE

RAPE SUSPECT'S JAILHOUSE BOAST:

'SHE WASN'T NOTHING'

MIKE McALARY

The teenagers were back in the holding cell, the confessions gory and complete. One shouted 'hit the beat' and they all started rapping to 'Wild Thing.'

COVERAGE BEGINS ON PAGES 2-3

April 23, 1989

THE KICKOFF OF THE DRAF

See Sports

DAILY NEWS

GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKES BOW

BELIEVE IT!

Wolf pack teen declares

'IT WAS FUN

No remorse, and no bai

Stories on page 3

April 24, 1989

REVISITED

Thirteen years ago, the Central Park jogger case gave callous new faces to New York's social breakdown and began to usher in the Giuliani era. Now a new confession has reopened old racial scars and raised questions about how police do their work. BY CHRIS SMITH

HE WIPED HER BLOOD OFF HIS hands and went home. Left behind, in a shallow ravine near Central Park's 102nd Street transverse, was the brutalized body of a 28-year-old woman. Matias Reyes says he had raped and beaten her so viciously that he assumed she would die. The curly-haired 17-year-old boy calmly strolled north, into the night. • Thirteen years later, Reyes returns to the scene of the crime. This time he is in handcuffs, after a six-hour drive from the cell in a state prison near the Canadian border where he's serving 33⅓ to life after pleading guilty, in 1991, to four rapes and the murder of a pregnant woman. For this visit to the 102nd Street transverse, on a spring day in 2002, Reyes is accompanied by investigators from the Manhattan district attorney's office. They want to test the claim that Reyes waited until this year to make: that on the night of April 19, 1989, he and he alone attacked the woman who became known around the world as the Central Park jogger. • His first appearance at this spot triggered events that nearly consumed the city. Now the return of Matias Reyes is roiling dozens of lives all over again. • Five teenagers were convicted of the attack on the Central Park jogger, in two stormy trials. All pleaded not guilty and claimed that their videotaped confessions were concocted by the cops. Antron McCray, Kevin Richardson, Raymond Santana, Yusef Salaam, and Kharey Wise served sentences ranging from five to thirteen years. Wise got out of prison August 12—just months after the only DNA

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT, TED HARDIN; NOAH SHELDON; NEW YORK DAILY NEWS (5).

collected at the crime scene, which was never tied to any of the accused, was matched to Reyes.

In August, lawyers for the five petitioned to have the convictions dismissed, saying that new evidence—Reyes's confession and his DNA—had surfaced that could have substantially altered the original verdicts. The D.A.'s office has been reinvestigating the Central Park case for nine months—but on October 21, Robert Morgenthau's office will be back in State Supreme Court asking for a 30-day extension. Reyes has now been linked to eight rapes in a seven-month period, including one in Central Park on April 17, two days before the infamous jogger attack.

No matter what Judge Charles Tejada ultimately decides, the case has already had multiple, dramatic consequences: most tragically for the jogger, who nearly died. After years of rehabilitation, she still suffers from impaired vision and sketchy balance. Her emotional trauma is unquantifiable. And five anguished families watched their sons disappear into prison.

The case also changed the city itself. Bigger trends—the crack plague, the economic bust and then boom—played dominant roles in the story of the nineties. But the symbolism of the Central Park case altered everything from two mayoral elections to the reaction when a knot of teenage boys appeared on a dimly-lit sidewalk.

McKenna falsely said fingerprints were found. "WE ARE ALLOWED, BY LAW, TO USE GUILE AND RUSE," he says. "But to frame somebody and leave the right son-of-a-bitch out on the street? I'm irate anyone would infer that."

THE CONVICTED: Left to right, Antron McCray, Kevin Richardson, Raymond Santana, Yusef Salaam, and Kharey Wise; tried as an adult, Wise was released from prison in August.

Now the case returns, uncannily, as anxieties about crime, civil rights, and the economy revive—and as part of a revolution sweeping the criminal-justice system, courtesy of DNA testing and a new concern about false confessions.

NEW YORK IN THE SPRING OF 1989 WAS A CITY of jangling nerves and rising fears. Crack was blighting whole families and neighborhoods. Violent-crime rates were rising for the third straight year, and homicides would set a record. On Wall Street, the mergers-and-acquisitions bubble was giving way to corporate scandals. A new buzzword, *underclass*, was emerging as the label for the seemingly intractable urban pathology spawned by poverty.

Race relations framed many of the media's big stories. The Reverend Al Sharpton was still loudly proclaiming that Tawana Brawley told the truth. Three white men convicted of chasing a 23-year-old black man, Michael Griffith, to his death on the Belt Parkway were beginning a contentious appeal.

And 1989 was a mayoral-election year. Ed Koch's shrillness was a central issue in a tight Democratic-primary campaign. His strongest rival, Manhattan borough president David Dinkins, was, not coincidentally, a black man with an anodyne personality. Racial tensions worsened in August, when 16-year-old Yusef Hawkins, a black kid lost in Bensonhurst, was attacked by racist white thugs, shot, and killed.

Beneath these volatile events churned the Central Park jogger case. The victim was white and middle-class and female, a promising young investment banker at Salomon Brothers with a Wellesley-Yale-Phi Beta Kappa pedigree. The suspects were black and Latino and male and much younger, some with dubious school records, some from fractured homes, all from Harlem. That the crime took place in Central Park, mythologized as the city's verdant, democratic refuge, played right into the theme of middle-class violation.

Almost from the moment the jogger was found, the Central Park case has existed as a vehicle for clashing worldviews: that held by the older, white, traditional-family-structure New York and that of the newer, nonwhite, poorer, marginalized New York. The furious reaction to the arrests and the trials illustrated how stark that cultural divide had become. And though the current legal breakthrough in the jogger case comes from the advent of cold, scientific DNA testing, the war for perceptions remains trapped in opposing views of the police: faith or mistrust.

Mike Sheehan, 54, one of the key detectives in the Central Park case, comes out of the city's tradition of street-savvy Irish cops. Michael Warren, 58, the lawyer who is trying to vindicate McCray, Richardson, and Santana, comes out of the sixties tradition of black radicalism. Both men, and the camps they represent, are tenacious in defending their sense of emotional innocence.

"All this stuff about coercion really pisses me off," Sheehan says. "Do you honestly think that we—detectives with more than twenty years in, family men with pensions—would risk all of that so we could put words in the mouth of a 15-year-old kid? Absolutely not."

"Oh, the police are lying," Warren says. "Absolutely. I've spoken to the parents, I've spoken to our clients, and I've seen the effect on them when they begin to tell the story of what was done to them during the interrogations: They break down. So I don't have any question as to their version of what took place."

Unfortunately, for everyone else, the hardest thing to come by in this case has always been absolutes.

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1989, AT about 9 P.M., reports began filtering into the Central Park precinct that a marauding gang of youths was beating up joggers and bicyclists. The initial response was haphazard. Jogger David Good approached an officer on a scooter to say he'd been attacked; the cop rode off in the opposite direction. Patrol cars were dispatched around 9:30, responding to assault and robbery calls. Near 10 P.M., at the northern edge of the reservoir, jogger John Loughlin was bludgeoned in the back of the head, apparently with a pipe. At roughly 10:30, at 100th Street and Central Park West, two cops grabbed five boys, including Richardson and Santana.

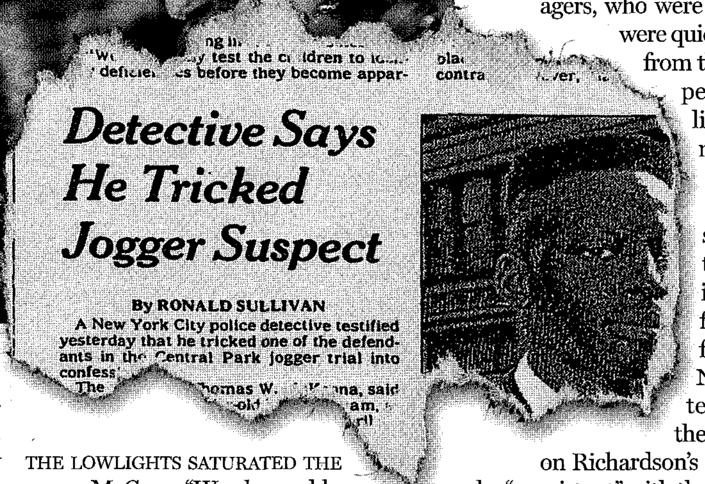
The first interviews were conducted inside the tiny Central Park station house; Santana contributed many of the 33 names on a list of kids said to be in the park that night. It wasn't until 1:30

PHOTOGRAPHS: THIS PAGE, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS (5). HEADLINES: OPPOSITE AND FOLLOWING PAGES, THE NEW YORK TIMES.

JUSTICE ON TRIAL: From left, investigator Earl Rawlins, Councilman Bill Perkins, and lawyers Michael Warren and Roger Wareham are leading the effort to overturn the convictions and obtain redress.

walking through the park after having a couple of beers, heard moaning and discovered a woman writhing in a ravine. The jogger, her skull smashed so badly that nearly 80 percent of her blood seeped onto the ground, had lain helpless for nearly four hours.

Later that morning, Linda Fairstein got a call. The head of the Manhattan D.A.'s Sex Crimes unit learned that her superior, Nancy Ryan, then the assistant district attorney for homicide cases, was taking control of the investigation with Ryan's top aide, Peter Casolaro, because the jogger was thought likely to die. Fairstein went over Ryan's head, to District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, arguing that the jogger was definitely the victim of a sex crime and if she lived would need a compassionate prosecutor. Fairstein won the turf skirmish. Soon, her best prosecutor, Elizabeth Lederer, was preparing to make videotapes.



Detective Says He Tricked Jogger Suspect

By RONALD SULLIVAN

A New York City police detective testified yesterday that he tricked one of the defendants in the Central Park jogger trial into confess

THE LOWLIGHTS SATURATED THE news. McCray: "We charged her. We got her on the ground. Everybody started hitting her and stuff. She was on the ground. Everybody stompin' and everything. Then we got, each—I grabbed one arm, some other kid grabbed one arm, and we grabbed her legs and stuff. The we all took turns getting on her, getting on top of her."

Richardson: "Raymond had her arms, and Steve [Lopez] had her legs. He spread it out. And Antron got on top, took her panties off."

Santana: "He was smackin' her, he was sayin', 'Shut up, bitch!' Just smackin' her . . . I was grabbin' the lady's tits."

Wise: "This is my first rape."

As they confessed, the boys spoke in matter-of-fact cadences. McCray at times seemed embarrassed, Santana defiant, and all of them looked tired—videotaping began on April 21, after most of the suspects had been awake for nearly two days. But none appeared apologetic or upset.

As inflammatory as some of the videotaped statements were, a few off-camera quotes also incited fury. Police officials told reporters that the boys had coined a new term, *wilding*, to describe beating up random victims, and that while in a holding cell the suspects had laughed and sung the rap hit "Wild Thing." Another law-enforcement leak had Salaam explaining why the boys had gone on their spree: "It was fun," Salaam was said to have said.

The tabloids and TV news were predictably sensationalistic. But a presumption of guilt infected coverage everywhere: "A 28-year-old investment banker, jogging through Central Park, was attacked by a group of teenagers. They kicked and beat her in the head with a pipe and raped her. The teenagers, who were from East Harlem, were quickly arrested." That's from the *Times*, and it appeared on May 29, a little more than one month after the five were indicted.

Beyond the initial shocking impact, the confessions grew in importance as forensic evidence failed to materialize. No blood or DNA tests tied the five to the jogger. Hairs found on Richardson's clothes were said to be "consistent" with those of the jogger, but it was precious little residue considering that five people were accused of beating and raping a woman in a muddy ravine.

The videotapes also showed rampant inconsistencies in the boys' accounts of the evening in the park. During deliberations, jurors, especially those who discounted the confessions, tried to fill in the troubling lack of physical evidence. In the second trial, juror Ivette Naftal picked up Kevin Richardson's underpants and showed the other jurors what she said were grass and mud stains—therefore, Richardson must have pulled his pants down and raped the jogger. Incredibly, the prosecutors had never tested the stains, so their origin remains a mystery. But Naftal's argument swayed enough jurors to convict Richardson of sexual assault.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL LAVINE

to convict Richardson of sexual assault.

In the two trials, Lederer, the prosecutor, did a skillful job of weaving the jogger attack into the series of random acts of violence committed by packs of 30 to 40 youths that night. Yet that broader picture—which prosecution sources still emphasize is crucial to the guilt of the five in the jogger attack—has a large flaw. None of the seven other joggers and bicyclists who testified about other incidents was ever able to identify McCray, Richardson, Salaam, Santana, or Wise.

The majority of jurors, however, kept coming back to what they saw as a common-sense analysis: How could four of the five teens, with adult relatives by their sides, give richly detailed statements incriminating themselves in a horrific act that they simply didn't commit? (Wise, 16, was unaccompanied; Salaam wasn't videotaped.) And the majority of jurors eventually won the debate—though not completely through the weight of logic. Tim Sullivan, who had extensive access to the Central Park jurors for his book *Unequal Verdicts*, quotes one juror as disregarding the legal instructions of trial judge Thomas Galligan. "There's always that danger, that jurors will try to come up with something, because at some point they feel like prisoners," says Sullivan, now a producer at Court TV. "If a jury is in there for ten or twelve days, as these were, people start looking for a way to get out."

Meanwhile, on August 5, 1989, a rape victim managed to run out her apartment door screaming when her attacker went into the kitchen searching for a knife with which to blind her. When the rapist ran down to the lobby in pursuit, the building super whacked Matias Reyes with a mop and held him until police arrived.

Why didn't they look harder for a DNA match? "IT'S MORE THAN LAZINESS," says attorney Michael Warren. "They had a nice clean ribbon they had tied around all five boys. They didn't want to interfere with that."

THE DETECTIVE WHO TOOK REYES'S statement inside the 20th Precinct that day was Mike Sheehan. "In 25 years on the job, I took over 1,000 confessions, in 3,000 homicides," Sheehan says now. "Out of all the bad guys I've talked to across the table, this is one of the top five lunatics. This guy was a frightening guy. He was capable of doing anything. He's very manipulative."

Sheehan, who became famous during the Robert Chambers case and is now a reporter for Fox-5, grew up in East Harlem when it had a sizable Italian and Irish population. Even Sheehan's lunch is old-school: Today at Bill's Gay Nineties in midtown, he orders a burger with a slice of raw onion and Worcestershire sauce, and washes it down with two beers.

In the summer of 1989, a serial rapist was terrorizing women on the Upper East Side; connecting the assaults were the rapist's attempts to stab out the eyes of his victims so he couldn't be identified. Sheehan, a legendary detective with Manhattan North Homicide, got involved in June after the second victim, Lourdes Gonzalez, 24, was stabbed to death—while her three young children watched. Detectives from the Sex Crimes unit took down Reyes's confession to three rapes, but he denied having anything to do with the rape and murder of Lourdes Gonzalez.

Sheehan spent six hours getting to know Reyes. The detective described how they shared roots in East Harlem. Pretty soon, Reyes was calling him Mikey. Sheehan further bonded with Reyes over an unhappy similarity. "Nobody does rape for the sex," Sheehan says. "It's a crime of violence. They're lashing out. A lot because they were victims of some kind of sexual abuse. I said to Reyes, 'We're all guys in this room. Nobody is gonna embarrass anybody. I guarantee you that something really bad happened to you as a kid.' He starts looking down. I say, 'I know, because something really bad happened to me as a kid.' 'To you?' he says. I tell him, 'I wasn't always this size, I wasn't always a detective. A lot of crazy stuff happens in this city. I'll tell you what happened—and I'll even go first, and then you tell me what happened to you. Is that fair? Something did happen to you, right?' He says, 'Maybe.' "

Sheehan, a master empathizer, told Reyes how, at the age of 12, he needed to use a subway bathroom and was cornered by a pervert. "All of a sudden," Sheehan says, "Reyes's whole face is getting red, he's squinting, he's digging his fingers into the table." When it came time for Reyes to describe his own shame, Sheehan reassured him and at the same time cracked Reyes's resistance. "I said, 'I'm not gonna run out on the street and tell people Matias Reyes got raped. Maybe it was even a relative.' The guy went wild, cursing. Now he's totally discombobulated." From there, it was a short trip to Reyes's admission that he killed Lourdes Gonzalez.

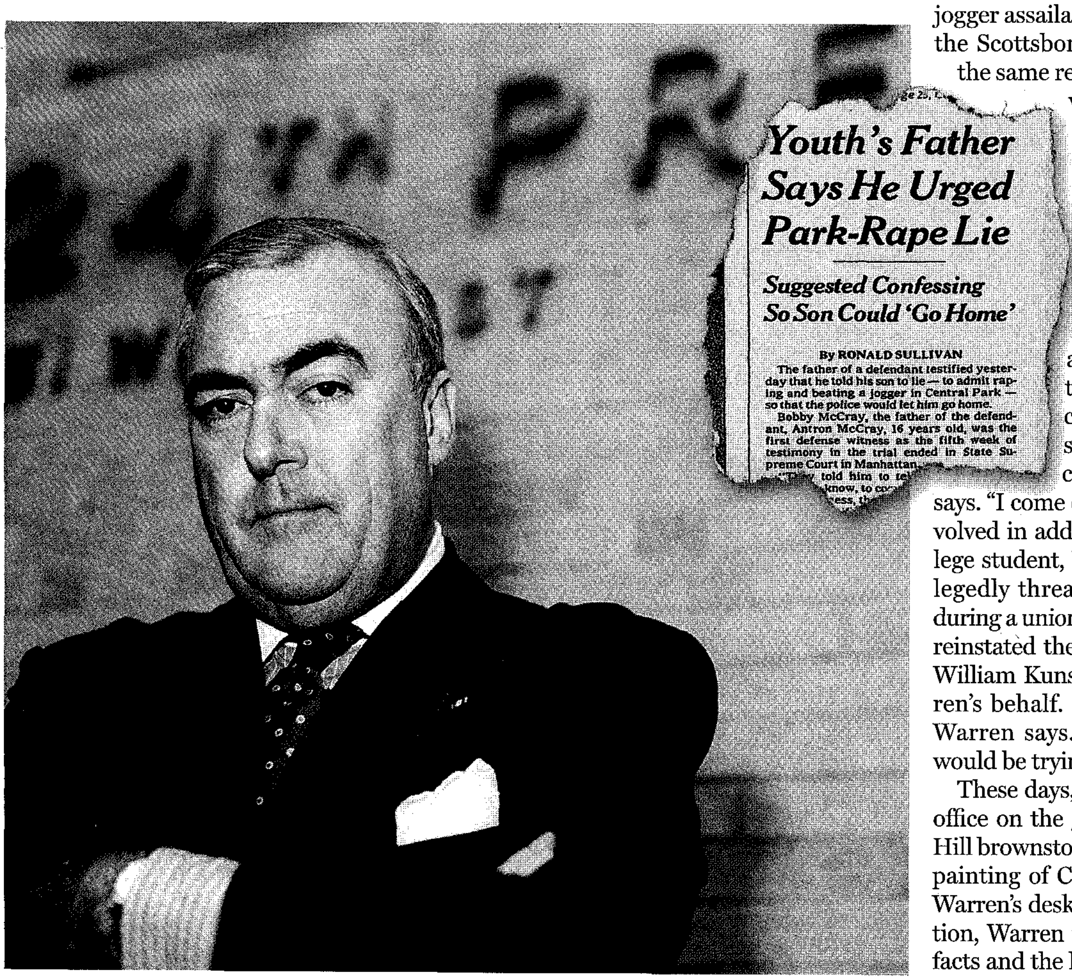
Reyes gave no hint he had anything to do with the Central Park jogger attack. "This was not a guy to have sex as part of a group of people," Sheehan says, trying to explain why he didn't think to ask Reyes about the Central Park jogger. "Totally different M.O. This guy was a hostage taker. He wanted total control, by himself. And as he told me, describing what he did with Lourdes Gonzalez, 'We made love.' Not like 'I fucked her.' It was 'I made love. In the sleeping room.' The park was not his thing. Obviously, now we know he was there. But there was no reason to suspect him in that case at all."

In Sheehan's account of the Central Park interrogations, the police officers never raised their voices, let alone their fists. The detectives were so concerned with proper procedure, Sheehan says, that they moved the suspects from the 20th to the 24th Precinct so that they would be videotaped according to regulations, in a designated "youth room." Coercion? Just the opposite, Sheehan says: When Santana spontaneously started describing the attack on the jogger, Sheehan says he told the boy to wait until Raymond Santana Sr. arrived.

Detective Tom McKenna was more active. The 21-year veteran falsely told Yusef Salaam that fingerprints had been found on the jogger's clothes. "Salaam looks at me and says, 'I was there, but I didn't rape her,' " McKenna recalls. "We are allowed, by law, to use guile and ruse, and we do. People only give things up when you tell 'em you got 'em. But to frame somebody and leave the right son-of-a-bitch out in the street? I'm irate anyone would infer that."

Nor has Sheehan lost any sleep over the convictions. "I used to lie awake at night thinking about cases we had over the years: *I hope to God we have the right guy*," he says. "That's your biggest fear: You never want to put an innocent person in jail. Mother of God! I didn't worry much on this one. Because they're telling us where they were. *They* are telling *us*—the sequence may be off, but they're essentially telling us the same stuff. They remember a guy they beat and took his food, they remember hitting this guy running around the reservoir. They went through all of these things, each kid. And they also tell you about the jogger. And they place people, so you have a mental picture of where they were around this woman's body. And their parents are with them, not only in the interviews but in the videotape, for the

THREE OF THE CENTRAL PARK DEFENDANTS lived in Schomburg Plaza, an apartment complex at 110th Street and Fifth Avenue. Bill Perkins was president of the Schomburg tenants' association then, and since 1997 he's been a city councilman. Perkins has remained close to the families, and when he read of Reyes's confession in June—Reyes says a religious awakening prompted him to come forward; the statute of limitations on the jogger case had expired—Perkins consulted with the families, then called his old friend Michael Warren. Warren enlisted as co-counsel Roger Wareham, 53, a leader in the slavery-reparations movement.



Youth's Father Says He Urged Park-Rape Lie

Suggested Confessing So Son Could 'Go Home'

By RONALD SULLIVAN

The father of a defendant testified yesterday that he told his son to lie — to admit raping and beating a jogger in Central Park — so that the police would let him go home.

Bobby McCray, the father of the defendant, Antron McCray, 16 years old, was the first defense witness as the fifth week of testimony in the trial ended in State Supreme Court in Manhattan.

WATCHING THE DETECTIVE: Former detective Mike Sheehan elicited a series of rape confessions and a murder confession from Matias by bonding over abuse.

This summer, Warren and Wareham sent a private investigator, Earl Rawlins, upstate to interview Reyes. Rawlins returned with detailed written and audiotaped revelations that form the backbone of the motion to dismiss the Central Park convictions (Yusef Salaam and Kharey Wise are represented by two other attorneys who've filed parallel actions). But Warren isn't resting on Reyes's confession. He knows that the D.A.'s office could argue that it has acknowledged all along that some of the jogger's attackers escaped, and that finding Reyes's semen on the jogger's sock doesn't invalidate the videotaped confessions. So Warren is reviving the old doubts about the validity of the confessions. "To the extent that the parents were present at that time, it's really insignificant in terms of trying to assert that the parents voluntarily knew what was going on and agreed to it," Warren says. "That's just not the case. And the videotaping is the last stage of this process. At that point, the children will say whatever they've been scripted to say."

He's also trying to punch new holes in the original police investigations. "We know that Mike Sheehan had to be aware that there was an unidentified DNA sample," Warren says. "And we know that he, along with a couple of other detectives, suggested or requested that Reyes's DNA be compared to four cases that Reyes admitted to. And there was a match. All these things should have triggered his concern that 'hey, maybe we should attempt to try to get a match on this specimen in the Central Park case.' He didn't do it. It's more than laziness. They had a nice clean ribbon that they had tied around all five boys. And they didn't want to interfere with that."

SHEEHAN SAYS HE KNEW NOTHING OF THE Central Park DNA until the first trial, in June 1990. Even if he did, why would Sheehan avoid implicating a possible sixth jogger assailant? "Why didn't they do it in the Scottsboro case?" Warren says. "For the same reason: Convicting these boys was the easiest route to take."

Warren's other clients have included Amadou Diallo's family; Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman; El Sayyid Nosair, the assassin of Jewish extremist Meir Kahane; and Tupac Shakur, when he was charged with sexual abuse. "The thread is injustice, whether it be in the criminal sphere or the civil sphere, involving wrongful conduct by the police," he says. "I come out of a movement that's involved in addressing injustices." As a college student, Warren was expelled for allegedly threatening a college president during a union-organizing rally, but he was reinstated the following spring thanks to William Kunstler, who filed suit on Warren's behalf. "We molded a friendship," Warren says. "Little did I know that I would be trying cases with Bill later on."

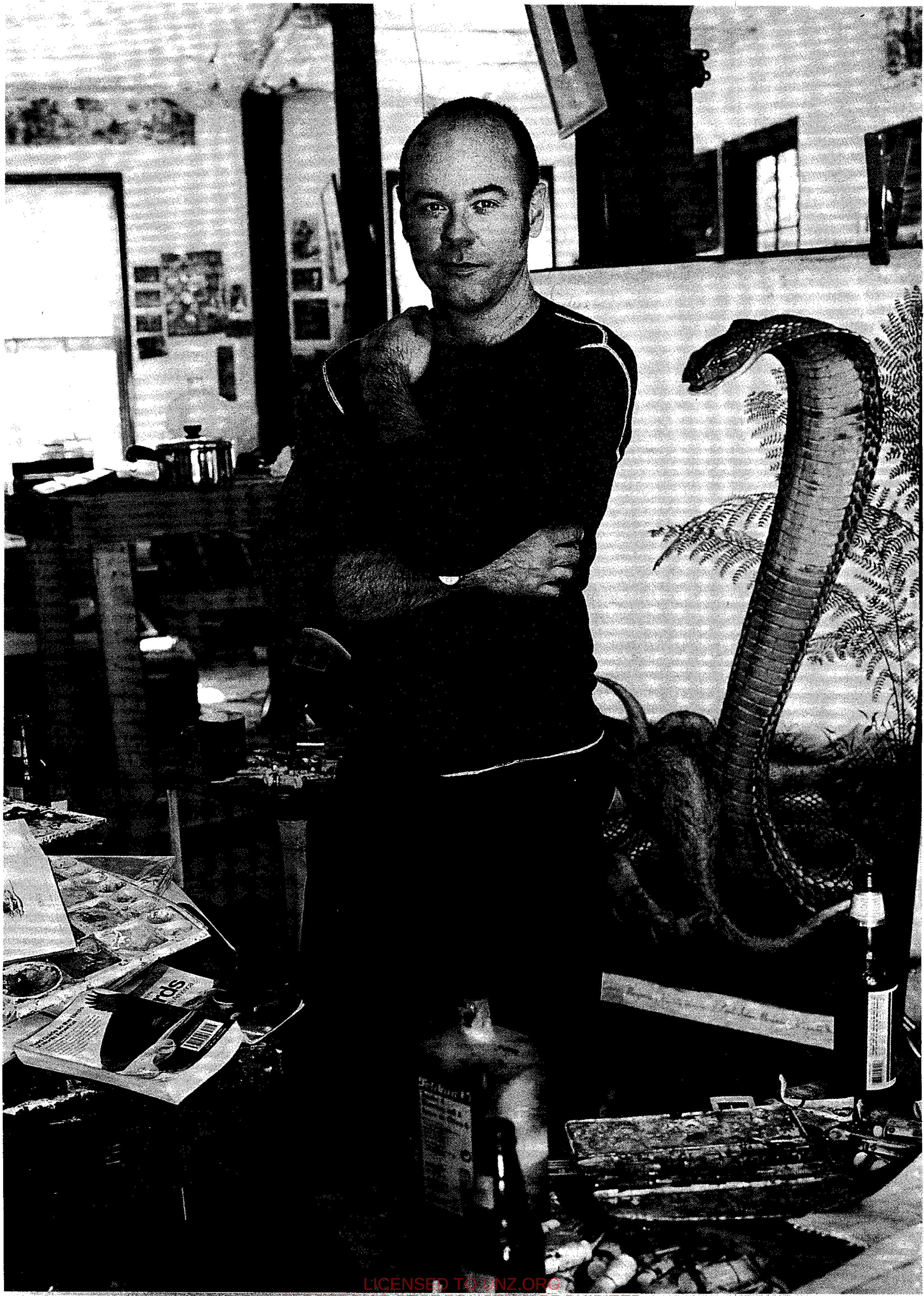
These days, Warren works out of a tidy office on the ground floor of the Clinton Hill brownstone he shares with his wife. A painting of Che Guevara looks down on Warren's desk. In the current reinvestigation, Warren is confident that he has the facts and the law on his side. The internal politics of the D.A.'s office could also work in his clients' favor: Nancy Ryan and Peter Casolaro, who were elbowed aside by Linda Fairstein thirteen years ago, are supervising the review.

Even if his clients are exonerated, though, the story won't be over. "Oh, no," Warren says, flashing a smile. "People were put through pain, and there's got to be a payment. What's important to us now is to alleviate the present pain they're going through, to some extent. Where we go from there, we haven't spent much time talking about that. But we're quite aware that there are other remedies."

IN A PERFECT WORLD, THE D.A.'S OFFICE WOULD have tested Reyes's and every other rapist's DNA against that found on the Central Park jogger's sock. But beyond the practical problems—no DNA data bank existed in 1989; detectives

(continued on page 84)

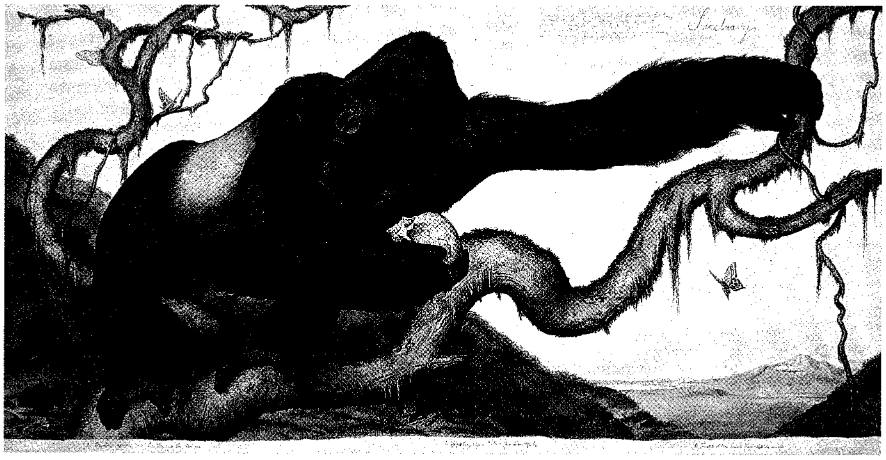
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL LAVINE



WALTON FORD's fabulously detailed, Audubon-on-Viagra watercolors have been flying off gallery walls—even if most of his audience is baffled by the peculiar birds and beasts that populate his paintings, and the darkly funny (and disturbing) stuff they're up to. The artist, as it turns out, is just as unconventional as his work.

BY MARK JACOBSON

NATURE BOY



I always knew the gorilla had a secret. For the better part of 50 years, first with my parents, then with Cub Scouts, sixth-grade classes, and girlfriends, some of whom understood and some of whom didn't, I came to see the gorilla, frozen in mid-chest beat in his glass case at the Akeley Hall of African Mammals at the American Museum of Natural History. So much like us, yet not us, the secret was in the silverback's eyes, tender and knowing, harboring some vast, hidden narrative of hurt. I always wanted the gorilla to tell me his story, but how could he, stuck inside a diorama on Central Park West for the past 70 years? But things change. Secrets are revealed, or at least versions of them. Such was the case a few days ago when I visited the gorilla along with the artist Walton Ford.

FORD, EXPLORER: Opposite, Walton Ford in his Great Barrington studio; he left New York six years ago, when a member of the Spin Doctors moved into his building. Above, *Sanctuary*, a 1988 watercolor featuring the silverback ape and Carl Akeley's skull.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGEL PARRY

Walton (as everyone calls him), who grew up a bit nerdy in the Hudson Valley capturing black snakes in his mother's pillow cases and surreptitiously stashing them in his closet, and who this month will display his most recent flock of fabulously ornate, exquisitely precise, wildly idiosyncratic watercolors depicting the state of the natural world at the Paul Kasmin Gallery, has also spent a lifetime visiting the gorilla. Years ago, before he began painting his often ironic, often hair-raising menagerie of possessed black leopards stalked by ignorant villagers, stumbling quaggas with giant dangling dicks, peacocks with their tails on fire, and tree branches breaking under the weight of so many soon-to-be-extinct passenger pigeons that, as he puts it, “the fecundity is almost disgusting,” Walton, now 42, made ends meet as a wood refinisher at some of the classier uptown apartment houses, including the Dakota. It was cool to work in the same building where John Lennon both lived and died. But for Walton, the best part was the proximity to his beloved museum, where he went, in his typically obsessive fashion, every lunch hour. It was then that the artist learned the gorilla's secret.

“Well, he's dead,” Walton says as we stand in front of the mutually admired simian. “People don't get that. These animals are dead. That they're not just these *remarkably lifelike likenesses.* They're dead, as in they used to be alive until they were killed.”

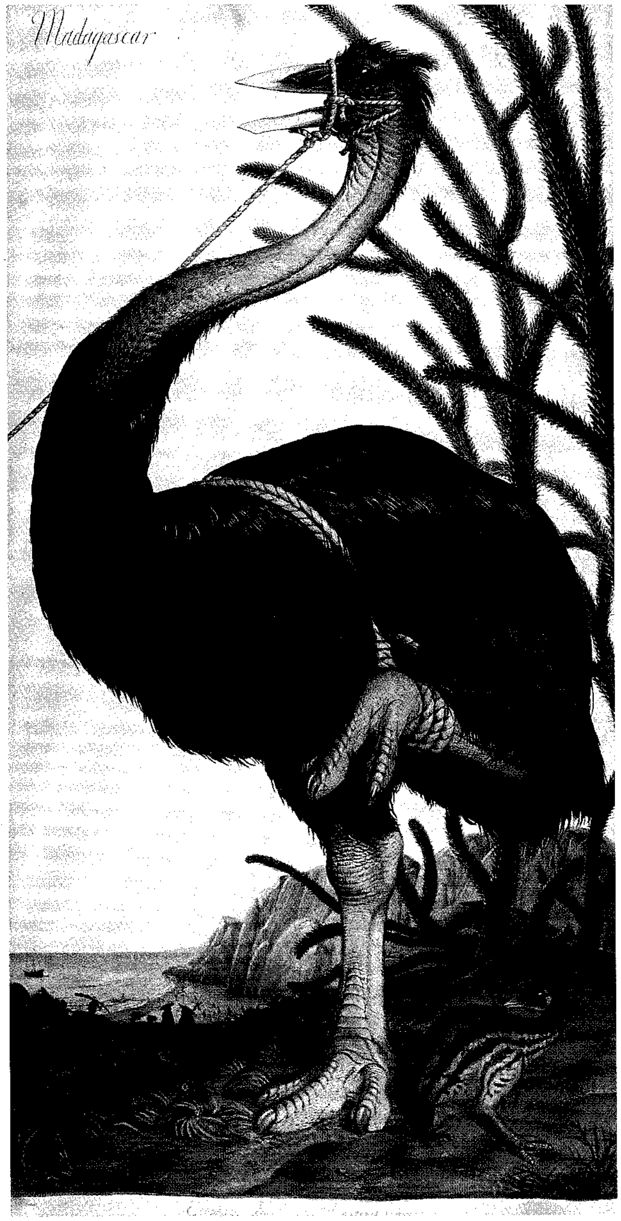
With that, Walton, who rarely needs an invitation to do all the talking—“If I'm wearing you out, just tell me”—tells the story of Carl Akeley, who died in 1926. Explorer, hunter, conservationist, sculptor, photographer, and known as the “father of modern taxidermy,” Akeley was one of several nineteenth-century-style colonial adventurer–robber baron–gentleman naturalists such as Sir Richard Burton, who had 40 monkeys sit at his dinner table so he might learn their language, and John Audubon, with whom Walton Ford maintains an undying love-hate relationship.

“Akeley was the museum's great white hunter,” Walton relates. “His safari expeditions brought in most of these animals. His taxidermy technique was revolutionary. Before, they'd just stuff the animals like pillows. But Akeley was a genius. He'd shoot the animals and skin them. Then he'd incorporate their skeletons into these perfect sculptures. With the skin back on, they really looked alive. He's the inventor of these dioramas, which are the most beautiful in the world. Nothing comes close. The vegetation and lighting is great, just great. You will not find any landscape painting in New York better than these backgrounds.

“Somewhere along the line, Akeley decided to become a conservationist. He started the first gorilla preserve in the world in the Virunga range near Rwanda. Except when he went back, he got dysentery and died. How good is that? I mean, there's this famous picture of him with a leopard he killed with his bare hands. Then he decides he wants to be a good nonviolent guy, returns to the scene of the crime so to speak, and dies of the shits.

“He was buried in the same area as this gorilla diorama. Years later, Dian Fossey found Akeley's grave, and it had been robbed. It had been dug up. Human bones were around.”

NATURAL SELECTION: The subject of Ford's *Elephant Bird* (2002), stood over ten feet tall and died out in the seventeenth century—“one of those things *never seen by a white man,*” as Ford puts it.



These are the sort of stories Walton likes, the kind that inform the often sly environmental passion plays at work in his pictures. Indeed, in the 1998 watercolor *Sanctuary,* which is included in the new book of his work, *Tigers of Wrath, Horses of Instruction* (Harry N. Abrams), there is our old friend the silverback, liberated at last from his glassed-in tomb. His face impassive, eyes not quite so melancholy, the gorilla perches on a sinuous branch, cradling a human skull, a skull which in the Walton Ford version once belonged to Carl Akeley.

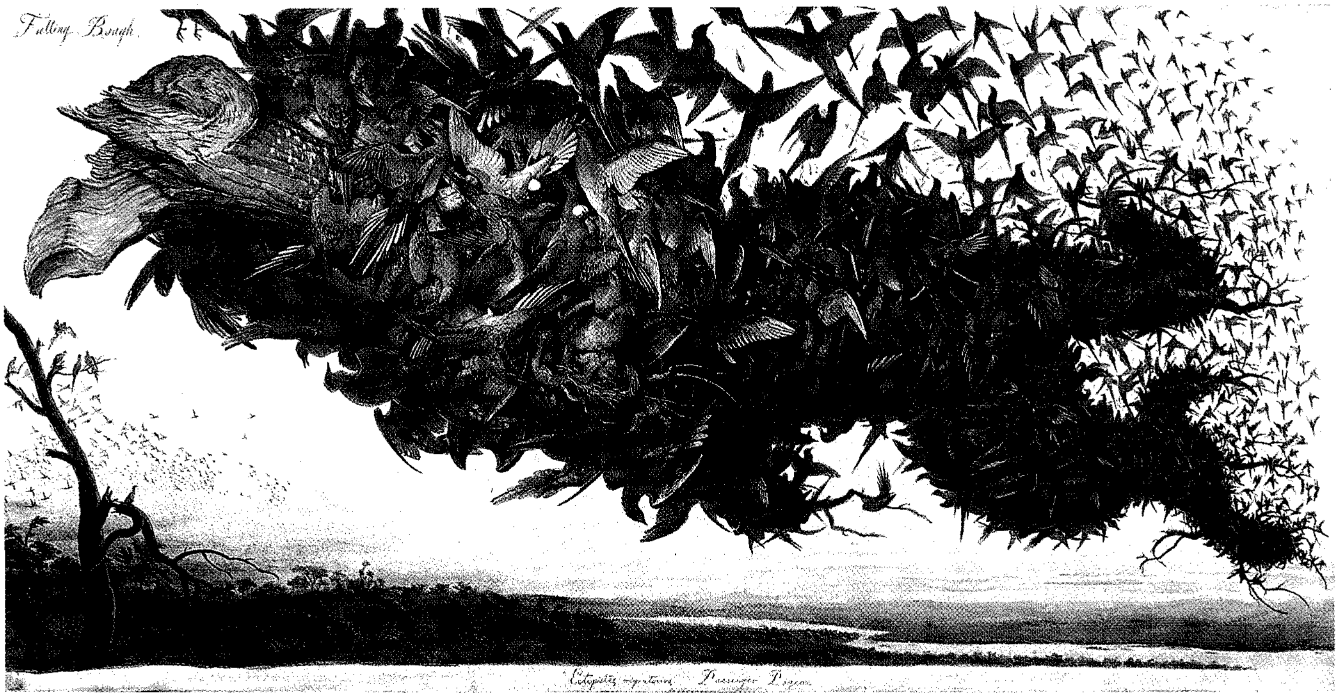
“You know,” the painter says, gleefully delivering the punch line. “It's like, he collected them, and they collected him.”

Amid Ford's lush kill-and-be-killed channeling of natural selection, the story of Akeley's gorilla rates pretty much as a happy ending. Bleaker scenarios abound, black comedy aspects notwithstanding. In Walton's world, all tempting fruits are attached to unseen snares, tigers are bedeviled by bees, and great auks march like lemmings into flames, never knowing (or maybe they do) that they are about to be hunted into oblivion. But this doesn't mean that Walton Ford would be happy to be taken as a PETA member, or a snooty George Page–narrated World Wildlife Fund moralist.

“No, man,” he says when asked if he is a vegetarian. “If it flies, it dies. I'm not a Ted Nugent red-meat guy, but I'm in there chomping.” More interested in “the representation” of animals than in the actual animals themselves (he doesn't visit the Bronx Zoo because “they're always sleeping—I can't do anything with that”), Walton rates the museum as his major inspiration. But he can't relate to the whale hanging from the ceiling.

“Blue whales are a drag.

ALL PAINTINGS (THIS SPREAD AND PREVIOUS PAGE) COURTESY OF PAUL KASMIN GALLERY AND THE ARTIST.



AUDUBON'S SOCIETY: *Falling Bough* (2002), a passenger-pigeon-filled watercolor, will be part of Ford's upcoming gallery show.

They're big but boring," the artist says dismissively. "What do they eat, krill? I cannot paint a krill eater. The thing doesn't have any fucking teeth. I like things that bite. A sperm whale, Moby-Dick, that's my kind of subject. A bad-ass."

Such bravado aside, Ford, who will happily rail against the global economy and cultural imperialism (one of his best *Animal Farm* allegory pictures, *N.G.O. Wallahs,* inspired by a six-month trip to India, shows a European starling handing out Hershey kisses to the local aviary while a carrion-eating marabou stork looks on in horror and disgust), thinks current environmental concerns, while unavoidable, are wrecking places like the Museum of Natural History.

"These kinds of museums are really nineteenth-century trophy rooms, displays of conquest. You know, this is what your tax dollars have brought back, the Rosetta Stone and these gorillas. You can't have that now, it's too horrible. But these new plastic biodiversity exhibits, there's no drama in them. They run counter to the idea on which the museum was founded."

"BLUE WHALES ARE A DRAG," says Ford, dismissively. "What do they eat, krill? I cannot paint a krill eater. **I LIKE THINGS THAT BITE.** A sperm whale, Moby-Dick, that's my kind of subject. A bad-ass."

Today, though, the museum is a side trip for Walton, who really came to town to deliver his elephant-bird painting for his Kasmin Gallery show. The largest single bird ever to walk the earth, the *Aepyornis maximus,* or elephant bird, a flightless native of Madagascar, was thought to have stood at least ten feet tall, weighed more than 1,000 pounds, and been capable of producing an egg containing two gallons of liquid. Walton has painted his elephant bird to scale, making it a bitch to get inside his Subaru station wagon to drive down from Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where he relocated six years ago after a member of the Spin Doctors moved into his Chambers Street loft building, which Ford, more the Captain Beefheart type, figured was a death blow to the coolness of the neighborhood.

The elephant bird took Walton, who will spend a week on a lion's mane or an elephant foot, three months, "pretty fast, for me." Not that there is much chance any avian morphologist will question Walton's deployment of the bird's tertial feathers. Ample fossil evidence exists, but the animal is thought to have become extinct in the seventeenth century. "It is one of those things *never seen by a white man,"* says Walton, who doesn't mind watching *King Kong* over and over again. Despite all his mania for verisimilitude, Walton is also well aware of the elasticity extinction adds to the canvas. Since the animal has rarely been pictured, *his* elephant bird is likely to become *the* elephant bird.

At the Kasmin Gallery, Walton unfurls the elephant bird, which has been rolled up like kitchen linoleum. And there it is, this massive, brown-breasted ostrich thing standing on a hillside, with the flinty diffidence of being the last of its breed. Below, on the beach, in a typical Ford addenda, pirates haul away the stolen riches of the island, never guessing they are being watched by such fabulous booty.

It is a stunning picture, and Paul Kasmin, a seemingly unflappable Britisher who first began drumming up the Walton Ford market five years ago, is enthused. Ford, however, seems a little troubled. Walton loves the bird—mad-scientist-style, he loves *all* of his creatures—but he thinks something is missing. Then it comes to him. "You know, it is one of the great bummers of natural selection that birds evolved to have no penises . . . Imagine the one I could have stuck on this guy."

"I'VE ALWAYS HAD THIS SICK TURN OF MIND, in parts," Walton Ford says a few days later, sitting in his remarkably messy but suitably rustic studio on the second floor of an old lumberyard building on the other side of the railroad tracks from most of Great Barrington's

(Continued on page 64)

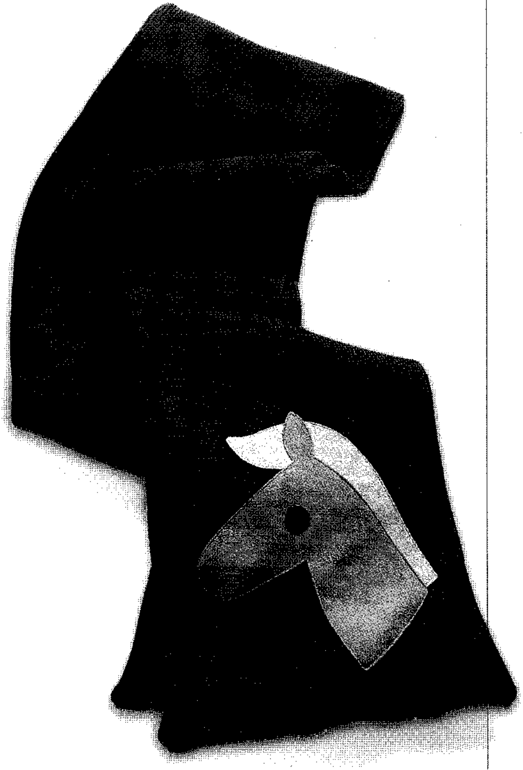
Best Bets

RIMA SUQI

It's a Cinch

With belts making a big comeback this season, everyone will be watching their waists. Jazz yours up with one of these unusual numbers from Nic Norman ($75), featuring illustrations of hotels, hot rods, and groovy people on a choice of leathers (including distressed).

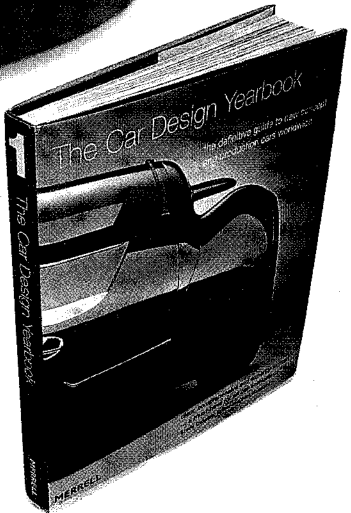
- ► **VERVE**
  353 Bleecker Street/212-691-6516
- ► **SOULFIRE**
  96 Orchard Street/212-982-5334
- ► **NICNORMAN.COM**



Horsing Around

Remember those wacky seventies fabrics with larger-than-life mushrooms or equestrian themes? The guys from Patch NYC stumbled onto a stash of them, and a collection was born. Look for thermal cotton scarves with either an Ultrasuede horse head or mushroom ($79), T-shirts ($88), and wrap skirts ($173).

- ► **PATCH NYC**
  17 Eighth Avenue/212-807-1060
  patchnyc.com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The Car Design Yearbook
The definitive guide to new concept and production cars worldwide
MERRELL

Wheel World

Car fanatics take note: Here comes the first *Car Design Yearbook* in what will be an annual series featuring every new car unveiled (but not necessarily produced) during the year. An overview of trends is followed by an A-to-Z listing of about 130 new automobiles from all over the world, including concept drawings and all specs ($39.95).

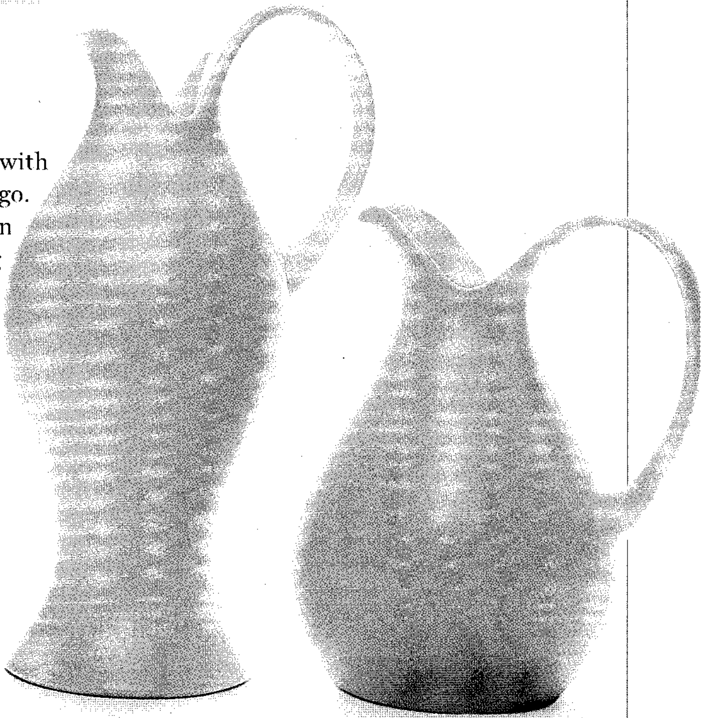
- ► **BORDERS BOOKS MUSIC & CAFE**
  461 Park Avenue, at 57th Street/212-980-6785
- ► **BARNES & NOBLE**
  See bn.com for locations

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NEDJELJKO MATURA

Bogie Nights

The words *golf fashion* used to be an oxymoron, but not anymore. Just check out Bally's new golf shoes. With hardly any white, these are as worthy of the street as of the fairway (more traditional styles are available, too). There are eight styles for men and women; each comes with three pairs of interchangeable insoles ($250–$300).

► **NY GOLF CENTER**
131 West 35th Street/212-564-2255
or 800-437-2526 for stores nationwide



All About Eva

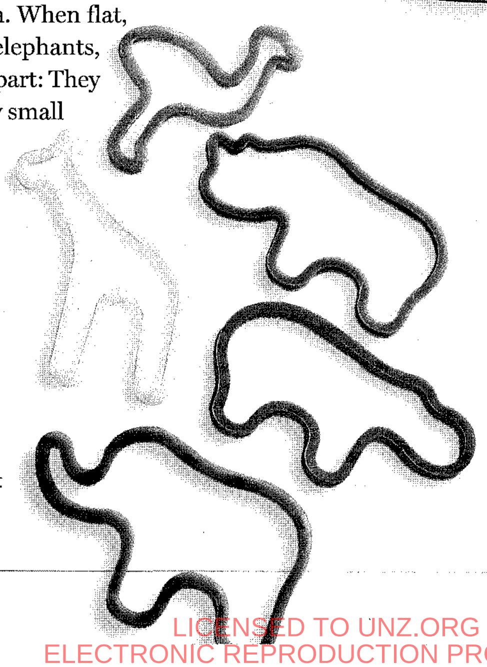
Eva Zeisel, the legendary 95-year-old ceramicist, teamed up with Brooklyn-based pair James Klein and David Reid three years ago. She designs pieces, and they produce them (as well as their own line, KleinReid). Zeisel's latest offering is a pair of very yin-yang nesting pitchers, handcrafted of porcelain with an ivory satin matte glaze ($285).

► **COOPER HEWITT MUSEUM SHOP**
2 East 91st Street
212-849-8355

► **SPACIAL ETC.**
199 Bedford Avenue,
Brooklyn/718-599-7962

Battle of the Bands

Flicking plain old-fashioned rubber bands just doesn't do it for today's pint-size sharpshooters. For them, we've found these hip little bands in animal shapes. In flight, they're just as effective as their more ordinary brethren. When flat, they are shaped like ostriches, elephants, hippos, kangaroos, etc. The best part: They can be worn as bracelets on very small wrists ($4.50 for 6, $7 for 24).

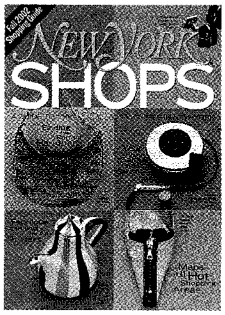


► **RANDOM ACCESSORIES**
169 Thompson Street
212-358-9079

► **THE MOMA DESIGN STORE**
44 West 53rd Street
212-767-1050

► **DAILY 235**
235 Elizabeth Street
212-334-9728

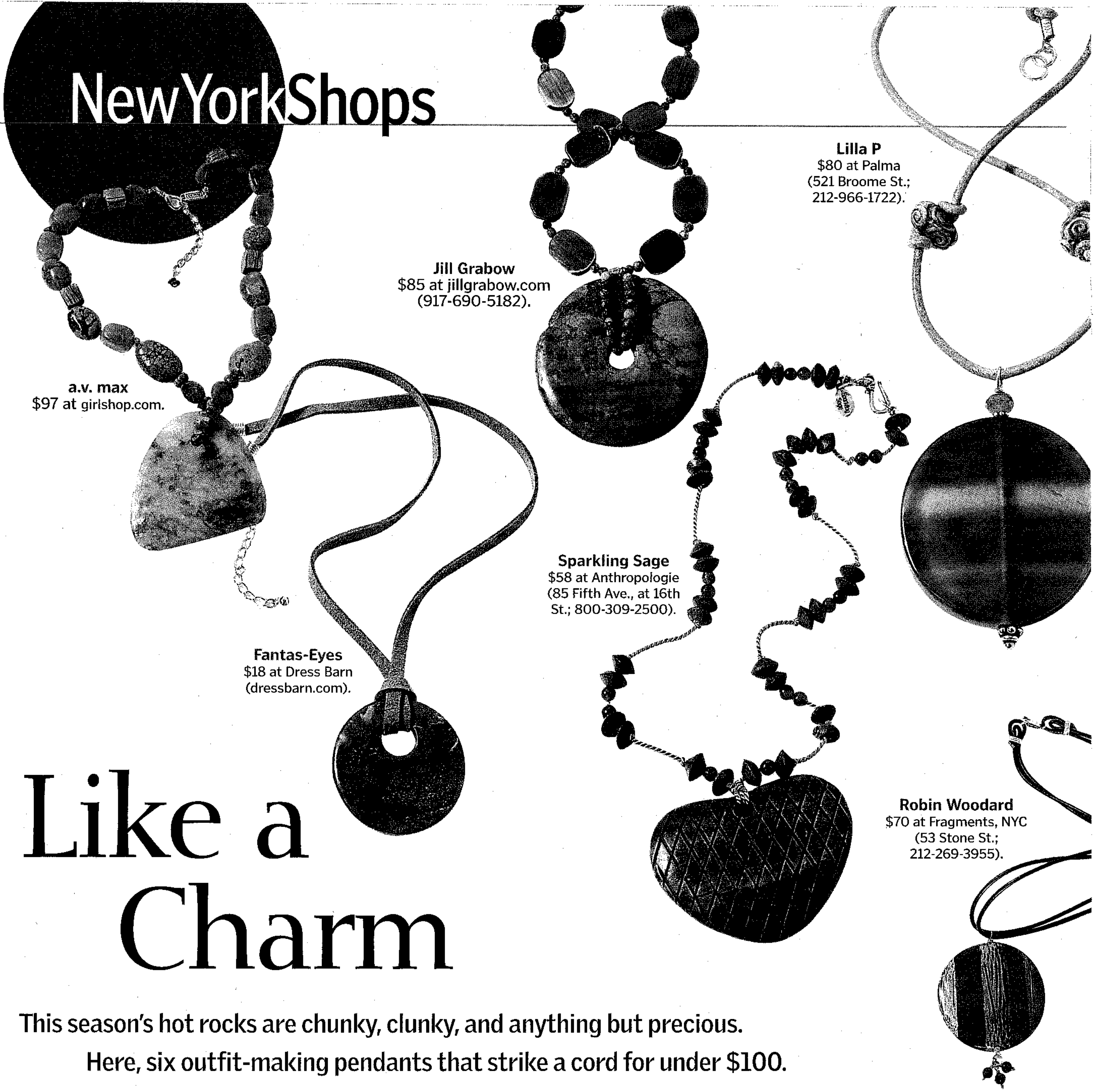
► **TAKASHIMAYA**
693 Fifth Avenue, near 54th Street
212-350-0100



Check out the fall 2002 issue of **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including a six-month roundup of "Best Bets." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

Like a Charm

This season's hot rocks are chunky, clunky, and anything but precious. Here, six outfit-making pendants that strike a cord for under $100.



a.v. max
$97 at girlshop.com.

Jill Grabow
$85 at jillgrabow.com
(917-690-5182).

Lilla P
$80 at Palma
(521 Broome St.;
212-966-1722).

Sparkling Sage
$58 at Anthropologie
(85 Fifth Ave., at 16th
St.; 800-309-2500).

Fantas-Eyes
$18 at Dress Barn
(dressbarn.com).

Robin Woodard
$70 at Fragments, NYC
(53 Stone St.;
212-269-3955).

October 16-22, 2002

Sales & Bargains

David Saity is taking up to 35 percent off turquoise jewelry; a turquoise-and-coral choker is $748. 450 Park Ave., near 56th St. (212-223-8125); A.E., M.C., V.; through 10/31 (Mon.-Sat. 11-5).

Nine West, Enzo Angiolini, Bandolino, and **Easy Spirit** footwear is on sale. Boots are from $35. 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St., second fl. (718-747-1656); A.E., M.C., V.; 10/21-10/25 (9-6:30).

Tardini has reduced the prices on all its classic, ultra-swank men's and women's leather accessories; exotic skin bags are $150 to $450. 142 Wooster St. (212-253-7692); A.E., M.C., V.; through 10/31 (Tues.-Sun. noon-6).

Robert Marc's stylish eyewear usually runs from $295; now it's 50 to 90 percent off. 782 Madison Ave., near 67th St. (212-737-6000), and 190 Columbus Ave., near 68th St. (212-799-4600); A.E., M.C., V.; 10/16-10/18 (10-8).

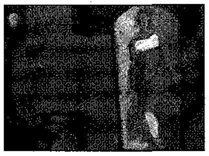
Kalinka has cute jackets, pleated skirts, evening dresses, and more for up to 50 percent off. 333 W. 39th St., fifteenth floor (212-564-7112); checks accepted; 10/19-10/26 (9-8).

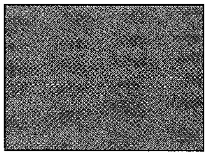
CoverKnits' sweet hand-knit wool dog sweaters are half off (from $40). 381 Park Ave. So., near 26th St., Ste. 823 (212-777-2401); cash only; 10/19 and 10/20 (noon-5). ■

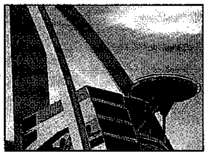
Check out the fall 2002 issue of **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including a year's worth of "Sales & Bargains." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

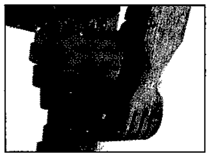
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOE SCAFURO.

GREAT museums









NEW YORK'S EXHILARATING FALL ART SEASON opens with magnificent exhibits that span the globe and the centuries. Experience 20th-century photographic portraits, contemporary Danish ceramics or hotels as architecture, interior design and cultural phenomenon. Discover a great ruler's artistic legacy, the splendor of Japanese art over five centuries, 17th-century French drawings and a rare Michelangelo. And don't forget a powerful Philadelphia exhibit devoted to American art. This season's extraordinary exhibitions may have you returning time and again.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

From powerful 20th-century portraits to lush 19th-century paintings, from one society's fashion influence to one great ruler's artistic legacy, the Metropolitan Museum offers visual delights for every visitor.

"Richard Avedon: Portraits" (through Jan. 5, 2003) features 180 portraits of key artistic, intellectual and political figures of our time—Roy Lichtenstein, Dorothy Parker, the Chicago Seven and others—created by the internationally acclaimed photographer.

Unfamiliar to modern audiences, his style fused linear precision with

GREAT museums

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From the Kilns of Denmark: Contemporary Danish Ceramics
97 Masterworks by 30 Artists Working Today

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9-11: Artists Respond

October 1–January 5, 2003

American Craft Museum
40 West 53rd Street
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212-956-3535
www.americancraftmuseum.org

Museum and Store hours:
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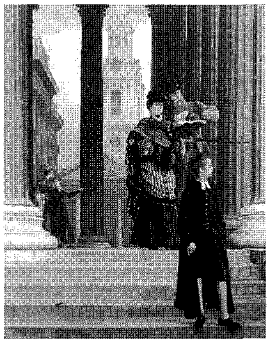

James Tissot
London Visitors
1874
oil on canvas
Toledo Museum of Art

Masterpieces of European Painting from the Toledo Museum of Art

October 29, 2002, through January 5, 2003

A stunning sampling of this American collection is offered through a special loan of twelve paintings that span from the early Italian Renaissance through late 19th-century France. Made possible through a generous grant from The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation.

THE FRICK COLLECTION
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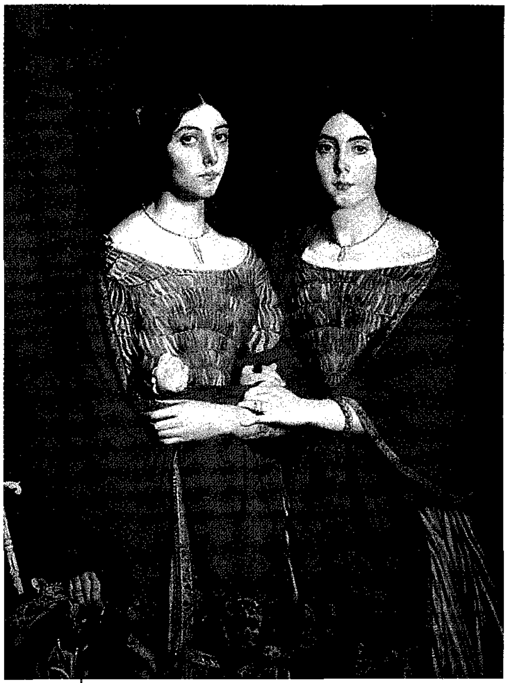
Orientalist exoticism. His brief life and work are explored in "Théodore Chassériau (1819-1856): The Unknown Romantic," opening Oct. 22.

French couturiers made exquisite clothes for the women who shaped fashion in the years immediately preceding World War II. "Blithe Spirit: The Windsor Set" (opening Nov. 1) captures the beauty and craftsmanship of their creations.

"The Legacy of Genghis Khan: Courtly Art and Culture in Western Asia, 1256-1353" traces the convergence of cultures from China to Iran and the resulting bold new aesthetic in more than 200 examples of rare textiles, jewelry, ceramics, metalwork and outstanding illuminated manuscripts (opening Nov. 5).



Théodore Chassériau (1819-1856): The Unknown Romantic; *The Artist's Sisters*, 1843
Musée du Louvre, Paris

Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, Hours: Friday & Saturday: 9:30 a.m.-9 p.m., Sunday, Tuesday–Thursday: 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m., closed Monday. (212) 535-7710 www.metmuseum.org.

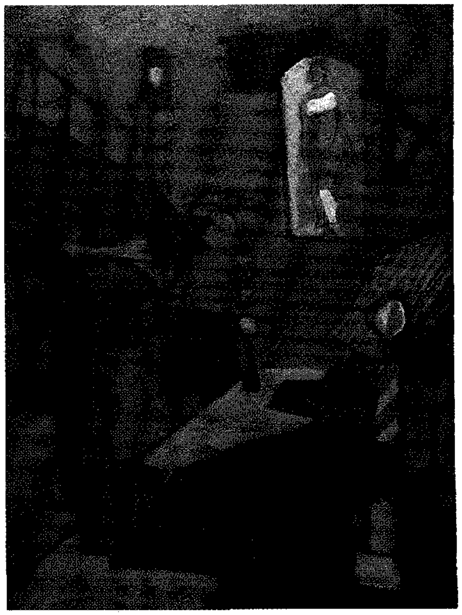
PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS:

USARTISTS: AMERICAN FINE ART SHOW

"USArtists: American Fine Art Show," the largest show of its kind to offer exclusively American art will celebrate its 11th year of success at the 33rd Street Armory in Philadelphia, Friday, Oct. 18 to Sunday, Oct. 20. This extensive exposition and sale of paintings, drawings and sculptures features impressive works by well-known masters of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries, alongside the latest works by today's emerging artists. USArtists is presented by the Women's Board, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and benefits the Academy and its students. Presenting Sponsor Scudder Private Investment Counsel/Deutsche Bank has generously underwritten the event and will sponsor the Preview Gala, Thursday evening, Oct. 17.

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts
Broad and Cherry streets, Philadelphia, PA
Hours: Tuesday–Saturday: 10 a.m.-5 p.m.,

Joseph Solman, b. 1909, *Venus of 23rd Street*, 1937
oil on canvas, 29" x 23", signed lower right

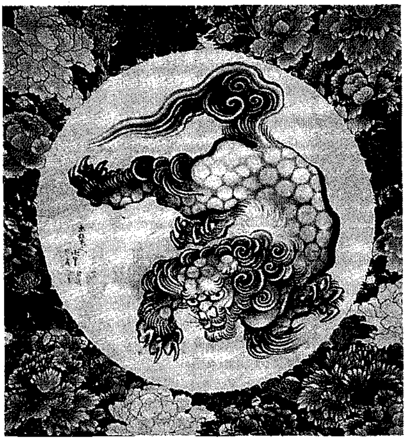


Sunday: 11 a.m.-5 p.m., closed Monday
(215) 972-7600; www.pafa.org

USArtists: American Fine Art Show
33rd Street Armory, btwn. 32nd and 33rd streets, north of Market Street, Philadelphia, PA; Hours: Oct. 18–19: 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Oct. 20: 11 a.m.-8 p.m.
800-455-8312; www.usartists.org

JAPAN SOCIETY

Japan Society and The British Museum feature masterworks from the finest collections of Japanese art in an exhibition introducing innovative scholarship on Japanese design culture. "Kazari: Decoration and Display in Japan, 15th – 19th Centuries," examines the dynamic development of Japanese art over five centuries, focusing on particular periods of high cultural achievement. The show revises commonly held notions of Japanese art by demonstrating its diversity, exuberance and conceptual complexity. This gathering of superb art includes works by Korin, Kenzan, Jakuchu, Ninsei and Hokusai from private and public collections worldwide. The exhibition is on view from Oct. 17 – Dec. 31.



with permission. ©2002 Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Mythological Chinese Lion, Katsushika Hokusai (1760-1849), Edo period, 1844. Painted wrapping cloth (*fukusa*); ink and colors on silk crêpe

333 E. 47th St., between First and Second avenues, Hours: Tuesday–Friday: 11 a.m.-6 p.m., Saturday & Sunday: 11 a.m.-5 p.m.
(212) 832-1155; www.japansociety.org

KODAK SAFETY FILM

RICHARD AVEDON
PORTRAITS

Marilyn Monroe, actress, New York City, May 6, 1957 © Richard Avedon. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gift of the artist, 2002. TM 2002 Marilyn Monroe LLC by CMG Worldwide Inc. www.MarilynMonroe.com

Now through January 5, 2003

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

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"Capsule Hotel," 2002. Courtesy: [illegible]

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OCTOBER 29, 2002 – MARCH 2, 2003

Cooper-Hewitt
National Design Museum

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AMERICAN ANTHEM

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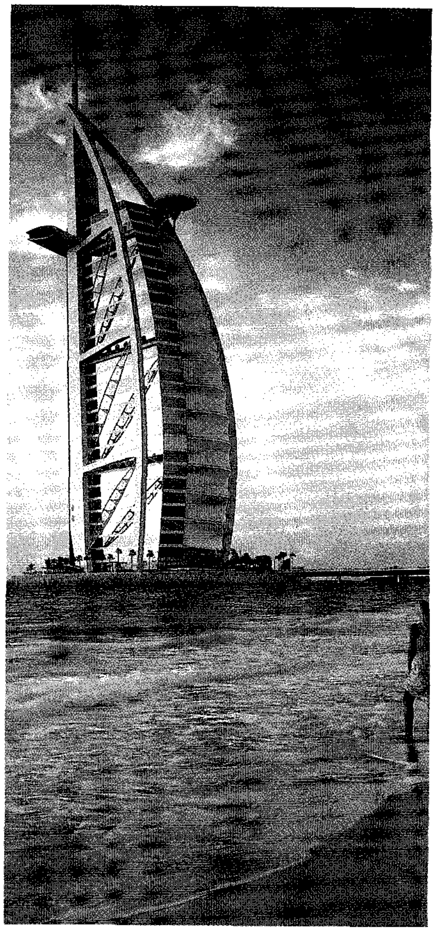


Photo: Robert P

Burj al-Arab, 1999, W.S. Atkins.
Sail-shaped tower is the tallest hotel in the world.
Dubai, United Arab Emirates

COOPER-HEWITT, NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

This fall, Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum presents the first major exhibition to explore the hotel as architecture, interior design and cultural phenomenon. "New Hotels for Global Nomads," on view Oct. 28 through March 2, 2003, brings together an international selection of architects and designers who have created contemporary hotel culture and the artists who have interpreted it. The exhibition demonstrates how hotel experiences advance the way people live in cities, travel around the world,

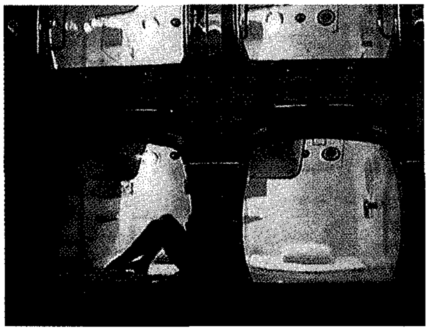


Photo: Jeff Gompertz

Capsule Hotel, 2002, Jeff Gompertz, fakeshop
Video by Gompertz of Japanese capsule hotel unit.

commune with nature and even construct their fantasy lives.

Cooper-Hewitt stunned the art world this summer with the announcement that a rare, unsigned drawing by Italian Renaissance artist Michelangelo had been discovered within its collection. The work, one of only three design drawings in existence, will make its debut in a limited New York viewing titled "Michelangelo Unveiled," Oct. 29 through Nov. 3 in the museum's Great Hall.

At the conclusion of this special viewing, the drawing travels to the Art Institute of Chicago, where it will take its rightful place in the critically acclaimed exhibition, "The Medici, Michelangelo and the Art of Late Renaissance Florence."

2 East 91st St. and Fifth Avenue, Hours: Tuesday: 10 a.m.-9 p.m., Wednesday to Saturday: 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday: Noon-5 p.m., closed Monday and Federal Holidays. (212) 849-8400; www.si.edu/ndm

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM

This season, Oct. 1 to Jan. 5, 2003, the museum features "From the Kilns of Denmark: Contemporary Danish Ceramics," the first such exhibition in the United States in two decades, celebrating 97 masterworks by 30 of Denmark's distinguished living artists. "Elegant Fantasy: The Jewelry of Arline Fisch" traces four decades of dazzling, innovative works by this pioneering artist. Sixty artists from 26 states make powerful, poetic and emotional statements about the terrorist attacks in "9-11: Artists Respond."

40 W. 53rd St., between Fifth and Sixth avenues, Hours: Open seven days: 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Thursdays open until 8 p.m. (212) 956-3535 www.americancraftmuseum.org

Arline Fisch, *Egyptian Dream*, collar, 1996
Fine and sterling silver

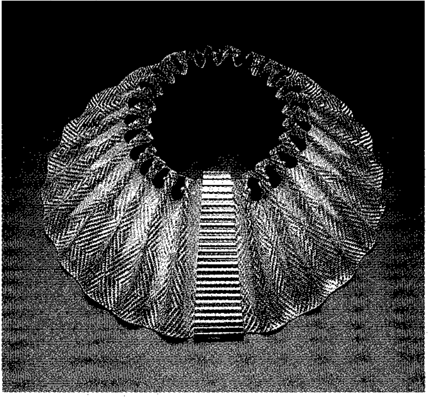
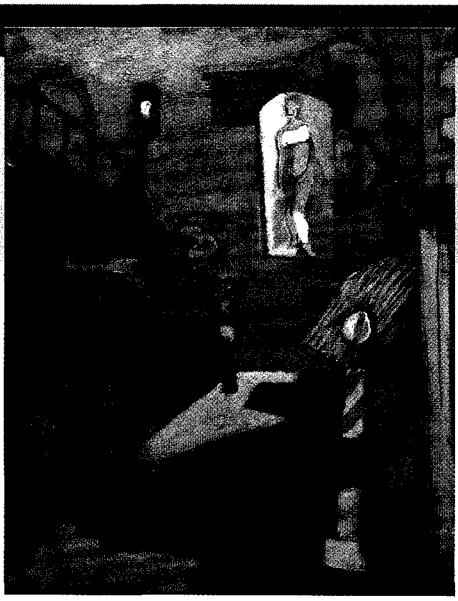


Photo: William Gullette

CELEBRATING OUR 11TH ANNUAL SHOW!



Joseph Solman, *Venus of 23rd Street*, Mercury Gallery

US Artists
American Fine Art Show

OCTOBER 18, 19 & 20, 2002
Friday & Saturday, 11 am–8 pm
Sunday, 11 am–5 pm

33RD STREET ARMORY
North of Market Street
Philadelphia

Photo ID required for entrance

A benefit presented by the
Women's Board of the
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Reginald Marsh, *Chorus Girls (detail)*, Debra Force Fine Art

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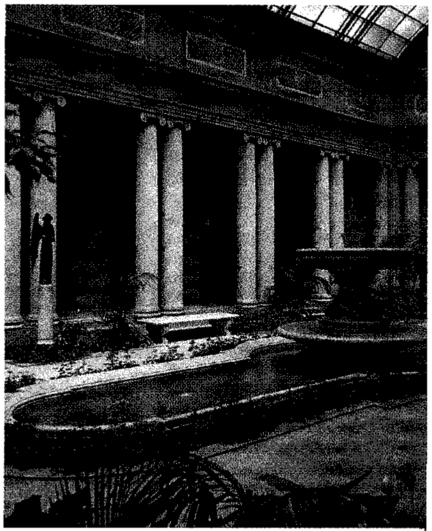

Photo: Richard di Liberto

Interior View: the Garden Court
The Frick Collection, New York City
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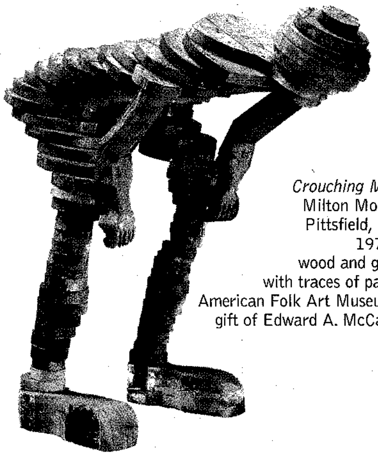
THE FRICK COLLECTION

Experience a beautiful mansion filled with outstanding works by artists such as El Greco, Ingres, Rembrandt, Renoir, Velázquez, Vermeer and Whistler at The Frick Collection. Now open until 9 p.m. each Friday, the Frick is a wonderful place to begin the weekend.

One of two exhibitions on view this fall, "Poussin, Claude and Their World: 17th-century French Drawings from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris," is the first in-depth survey of drawings from this prestigious art academy to focus on the period to which French classicism traces its origins. Through Dec. 1, visitors will see more than 70 works by Nicholas Poussin, Claude Lorrain and lesser-known artists such as Charles Le Brun and Simon Vouet. Many featured drawings are displayed in the United States for the first time.

1 E. 70th St. at Fifth Avenue, Hours:
Tuesday–Thursday and Saturday:
10 a.m.-6 p.m., Friday: 10 a.m.-9 p.m.
Sunday: 1-6 p.m., closed Monday.
(212) 288-7700; www.frick.org.
Children under 10 not admitted.

Claude Gellée, called Claude Lorrain (c. 1604/5-1682)
The Disembarkation of Aeneas and his Companions in Latium, 1640-1650; Pen and brown ink and brown wash with white pink highlights on brown paper, 185 mm x 258 mm; Paris, École Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, EBA 937



Crouching Man
Milton Moore
Pittsfield, NY
1970s
wood and glue
with traces of paint
American Folk Art Museum,
gift of Edward A. McCabe

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM

Named "Best New Building in the World for 2001," the American Folk Art Museum is home to one of the most distinguished 18th- 19th- and 20th-century collections. Currently on view, "American Anthem: Masterworks from the Collection" celebrates the best of American folk art from the colonial period to the present. Explore America's cultural heritage while enjoying a wide range of lectures, films, workshops and family programs. Look for the imaginative world of creative genius Adolf Wölfli in February.

45 W. 53rd St., Hours:
Tuesday–Sunday: 10 a.m.-6 p.m.
Friday: 10 a.m.-8 p.m., closed
Monday. (212) 265-1040
www.folkartmuseum.org

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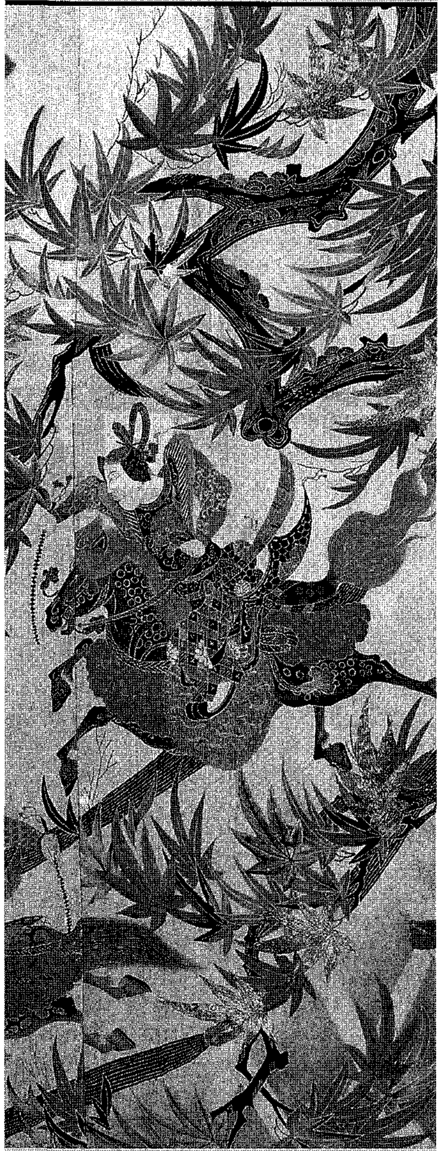

A new view of the dazzling splendor of Japanese art

KAZARI
Decoration and Display in Japan 15th – 19th Centuries
October 17 – December 31

The exhibition is made possible by Fidelity Investments through the Fidelity Foundation

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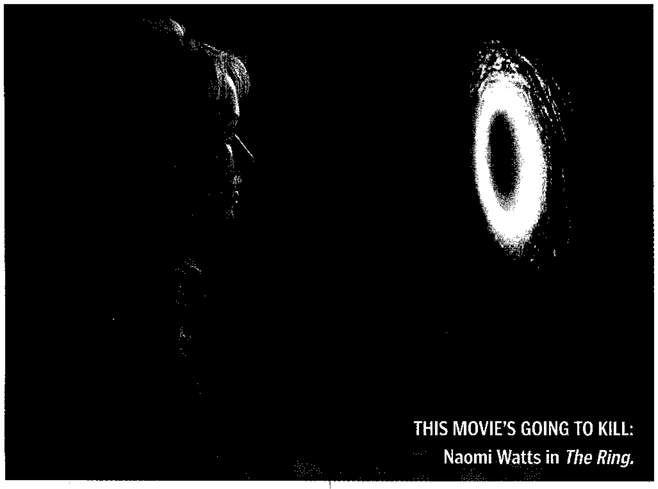
A WEEKLY GUIDE TO CULTURE AND UPCOMING EVENTS • Edited by Christopher Bonanos


THIS MOVIE'S GOING TO KILL: Naomi Watts in *The Ring.*

MOVIES

The Ring

Can Naomi Watts do it all? She broke out as the corn-fed blonde with a sort-of-double life in David Lynch's emphatically weird *Mulholland Drive;* this time, she's directed by the highly commercial Gore Verbinski, who made *The Mexican* with Brad Pitt and Julia Roberts. **(Opens October 18; see interview, page 60.)**

THEATER

Amour

James Lapine brings the prize-winning French musical to the Music Box Theatre. **(In previews for an October 20 opening; see feature story, page 26, and listing, page 67.)**

NIGHTLIFE

David Bowie at the Beacon Theater

How come Mick Jagger looks like a piece of beef jerky and David Bowie barely exhibits a wrinkle? Suss out the Thin White Duke's secrets for yourself on October 20, when he finishes off his five-borough concert tour in Manhattan. (Or beat the crowds and see him Wednesday in Queens or Friday in the Bronx.) **(October 16 through 20; see listing, page 82.)**

Best of the Week

DANCE

ABT's Tribute to George Harrison

Choreographers Ann Reinking, David Parsons, Natalie Weir, and Stanton Welch premiere their dances to music by the late Beatle. *Something in the way they move . . .* **(October 18 through 27; see listing, page 81.)**

BOOKS

Empire City

A huge—but quite readable—collection of nearly 400 years of writing about New York, put together by Kenneth T. Jackson (who also did the best-selling *Encyclopedia of New York City*) and David S. Dunbar. **(Columbia University Press, $39.95; in bookstores now.)**

RESTAURANTS

A Taste of Grand Central

Proof that a food court can offer far more than French fries: Ten bucks gets you two days' worth of world-class nibbles from Cipriani Dolci, Zócalo, Custard Beach, and most of the restaurants on the concourse level. **(Grand Central Terminal, October 19 and 20.)**

ART

Aperture at 50

The magazine and gallery reach the half-century mark, and celebrate with shows at 50 exhibit spaces. **(See page 71 for our editors' picks.)**

OPERA

Il Pirata

What's Italian for "Shiver me timbers"? The opera that launched Vincenzo Bellini's career comes to the Metropolitan Opera for the first time, with Renée Fleming in her bel canto Met debut. **(Premieres October 21; see listing, page 81.)**

BRIDAL PARTY: Sandy Skoglund's *The Wedding,* at Barneys for Aperture's birthday.

TOP five

Offbeat Street Eats

Forget Sabrett hot dogs and those "meat"-over-rice combos. New York's best sidewalk cuisine is flavored by nearly every nation on earth.

1. Ruben's Empanadas

Four carts dispensing half-moons of pastry filled with everything from spinach to Argentine sausage ($3.25). Don't miss the fresh, garlicky gazpacho ($3.25). **(Broadway and 39th Street; Lexington Avenue and 53rd Street; Liberty and William Streets; Water and Wall Streets; 212-334-3351.)**

2. N.Y. Dosas

Thiru Kumar serves up the rice-flour-and-lentil crêpes of South India, including the special Pondicherry masala dosa (at $5, the costliest item here), filled with curried potatoes and a crunchy dice of onions, peppers, and tomatoes. **(West 4th Street near Sullivan Street; 917-710-2092.)**

3. Sun Dou Dumpling Shop

A real lunch for a buck. Do you hear us? *One dollar.* Grab two hot pork buns (50 cents) on a cold day, and watch them steam as you gobble them right there. **(214-216 Grand Street; 212-965-9663.)**

4. The Mudtruck

With a Starbucks at each end of Astor Place, what's a coffee lover to do? Head for the bright-orange van outside the 6-train station for a mild but rich shot of espresso ($1.50) and a pain au chocolat ($2.25). No Frappuccinos—and we love them for it. **(Fourth Avenue at 8th Street; 212-529-8766; themudtruck.com.)**

5. Hallo Berlin

If you must lunch on a hot dog, at least do it in style. The sausages here—knockwurst, bratwurst, weisswurst, and currywurst, to name just a few—come with cabbage, onions, and the awesome house mustard on a crusty roll. **(Fifth Avenue and 54th Street; 212-541-6248.)** MATT GROSS

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, MERRICK MORTON; © SANDY SKOGLAND.

PETER RAINER

Candid Camera

Bob Crane was many things—small-screen star, sex junkie, autoerotic auteur, murder victim—but in *Auto Focus,* he serves mainly to advance director Paul Schrader's moral lesson.

AMATEUR NIGHT: Willem Dafoe, as John Carpenter, and Greg Kinnear, as Bob Crane, in Auto Focus. It was Carpenter who first introduced the Hogan's Heroes star to the brave new world of home moviemaking.

BOB CRANE, THE STAR OF *Hogan's Heroes*, who was murdered in 1978, is an unlikely candidate for a biopic. At best, he was a minor celebrity even during the hit TV show's seven-year run, which ended in 1971; his subsequent career consisted mostly of guest spots and dinner theater. But Crane's unsolved murder—he was found bludgeoned in a Scottsdale, Arizona, motel room—has given his life a tabloid glow. So has the revelation, which was an open secret in Hollywood, that he was a sex addict. Surely it was this luridness that compelled Paul Schrader to direct **Auto Focus**, from a script by Michael Gerbosi. Two of the film's producers are Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski, who wrote *Ed Wood, The People vs. Larry Flynt*, and the Andy Kaufman biopic *Man on the Moon.* Luridness plus obsessiveness set against a small-time Hollywood backdrop—what a siren's song for these filmmakers! But lost in all this, perhaps intentionally, is Crane himself. Played with an affable opacity by Greg Kinnear, he's the star of the movie, and yet he's strangely marginal to it. Schrader really isn't interested in Crane except as the straw man for his moral lessons about sin and sexuality and the nature of celebrity. *Auto Focus* is the perfect capper to Crane's career: Even in a movie about himself, he remains minor.

Crane says at one point in the film that he "dreams of finding someone who gets me as I am." But who is he? The movie presents him as a smiley, likable blank who is largely unaware of his own descent into sleaze. Crane began his showbiz career in Los Angeles as a top-rated radio host before scoring with *Hogan's Heroes,* and Schrader makes a point of showing us how clean-cut Crane's origins were: the high-school-sweetheart wife (Rita Wilson) and suburban home and adorable kids. He doesn't drink anything stronger than grapefruit juice until he starts his slide, and as for the stash of nudie magazines his wife uncovers, well, this is, after all, the *Playboy* generation.

The real culprit in Crane's nosedive, according to the movie, is John Carpenter (Willem Dafoe, all too perfectly cast), the video technician who introduces Crane to the brave new world of home videos. Carpenter encourages Crane to film himself having swinging sex with a parade of women, and Carpenter gets in on the action, too. Their relationship, in its emotional intimacies and difficulties, is far closer to a marriage than Crane's real ones ever were. (Crane's second wife, played by Maria Bello, tries to understand his swinging but is cast off.) Carpenter, who may have been bisexual, is the perfect companion until Crane, having hit bottom, rebuffs him in pursuit of a cleaner life. (The movie implies that Carpenter killed him in retaliation.) In the film's most ghastly-comic scene, the two men casually masturbate while watching one of their home-cooked pornos.

Auto Focus has its murky fascinations, but it suggests the rather sunny notion that if Carpenter had never met Crane, the actor might have entered his dotage still sipping grapefruit juice and sneaking peeks at centerfolds. This is a simplistic psychological profile that only reinforces Crane's thinness as a character. If we could have perceived from the beginning the seeds of what would take root later, then Crane might have become something more for us than a cog in Schrader's machinery of drear. Schrader has a not-so-veiled disdain for Crane, which is apparent not only in the marginal way in which he is presented but also in the way Schrader doesn't even give Crane's obsessiveness its due. (Nor does he give the family and friends hurt by Crane's narcissism their due; they're mostly stick-figure sufferers.) It's as if Schrader were disclaiming Crane as a prerequisite for making a movie about him. It's hard to imagine a film featuring sex addiction that has less dazzle. I realize Schrader, who pulled a similar stunt

Auto Focus
Directed by Paul Schrader; starring Greg Kinnear and Willem Dafoe.
See Movies listings for details.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK MASI/SONY PICTURES CLASSICS.

in *American Gigolo* and *Hardcore*, was going for a dank sordidness, but shouldn't there be at least a tingle of pleasure to show why these guys were turned on? Schrader is a scourge with an agenda: One must not show the allure of sin.

Apparently, one must not show the allure of celebrity, either—not even minor celebrity. Even at his career peak, Crane is depicted as completely outside the glittery loop. (His lack of stardom points up for us what stardom can truly be.) *Auto Focus* approaches the corrupting nature of celebrity sideways, in the same way as, say, *Star 80*, another movie that tried to cast a giant shadow on the sexual ethos of the Hef era. Schrader is saying that our fascination with movie and TV personalities is a symbiotic sickness, that we feed off them as they feed off us. The pathogen that infects us is best observed in its sorriest state, which is why Bob Crane, and not some big star, is the subject of this movie. Crane is sacrificed so that we might be cured. The question is, who appointed Schrader the doctor?

In brief: IT'S OFFICIAL—MADONNA IS NOT A movie star. **Swept Away**, a remake of the Lina Wertmüller Marxist yowlfest, is directed by the singer's husband, Guy Ritchie, but if you were expecting him to discover something in her that no one else has, something like, say, acting talent, forget it. She plays a rich bitch on a cruise who ends up shipwrecked with the uppity first mate (Adriano Giannini). She begins by telling him, "I'd rather fuck a pig than kiss you, monkey boy," and ends up cleaning an octopus for him. True love. Her big confession: "I was a bitch because I wasn't happy." Right. . . . Bertrand Tavernier's **Safe Conduct** is a spacious, headlong entertainment about a little-known aspect of the French Occupation during World War II. Under cover of working for the German-run Continental Films in Paris, several of its employees were active, in varying degrees, in the Resistance. The film's unlikely heroes are the womanizing screenwriter Jean Aurenche (Denis Podalydes) and assistant director Jean Devaivre (Jacques Gamblin), who figures in perhaps the funniest interrogation scene in film history, as the British torture him with endless cups of tea. . . . The documentary **Comedian** is about Jerry Seinfeld's return to stand-up, and at its best, it's a lively on-the-road chronicle of how to put an act together from scratch. Young comics take note. ■

Before you head for the theater, find out what **Peter Rainer** recommends at newyorkmetro.com/movies/rainer.

Wilde About You

Roger Rees plays a bus driver in the musical version of *A Man of No Importance,* but the show is more earnest than Oscar.

A Man of No Importance IS an intimate musical adapted from a small, mediocre movie. Though it makes quite a few changes, Terrence McNally's book stays staunchly faithful to the mediocrity. This is the story of Alfie Byrne, a Dublin bus conductor obsessed with Oscar Wilde, trying to stage his idol's *Salome* in a church hall with a raggle-taggle cast of his daily bus riders, to whom he likes to recite Wilde's poetry.

It seems that in 1964 Dublin, neither the responsible priest of St. Imelda's Church nor members of a related sodality's governing board—and certainly not the cast—had any idea of what Wilde and *Salome* were all about. Nor does Alfie's sister, Lily (or anyone else), know what Alfie is repressedly up to, or what fantasies he acts out in his carefully locked room. For Alfie is secretly enamored of his handsome, heterosexual driver, who won't perform in his productions; whereas poor, misguided Lily is trying to make a match between Alfie and Adele, a pretty young woman who is a newcomer on his route, illegitimately pregnant by an unloving boyfriend, and a rather awkward Salome.

A Man of No Importance
New musical based on the Albert Finney film; book by Terrence McNally, score by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty; staged by Joe Mantello, starring Roger Rees.

Medea
Staged by Deborah Warner, starring Fiona Shaw, for the BAM Next Wave festival.

Our Lady of 121st Street
New play by Stephen Adly Guirgis, staged by Philip Seymour Hoffman.

See Theater listings for details.

No need to know more of the story, except that it abounds in bittersweet wistfulness while also trying to be a lusty comedy. This rivenness is also evident in the nondescript music of Stephen Flaherty, which tries both to jig toward Ireland and zag toward Broadway, and in Lynn Ahrens's similarly conflicted lyrics. Under Joe Mantello's direction, the cast does competently, although the gifted Roger Rees is too elegant and cerebral an actor for Alfie, whom Albert Finney captured with greater blowsy fidelity in the movie. Faith

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? Sally Murphy as Adele and Roger Rees as the bus driver, Alfie, in *A Man of No Importance.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL KOLNIK.

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Prince, too, is somewhat miscast as Lily. But in a winning performance in a small part not in Barry Devlin's film script, Jessica Molaskey proves how overdue a juicy Broadway lead is for her manifest talent.

WHAT IS THE POINT OF GREEK TRAGEDY reduced to early, immature Tennessee Williams? That is what Deborah Warner and her leading lady, Fiona Shaw, have given us in the visiting Abbey Theatre production of **Medea.** Now, Euripides was an irreverent outsider and the most "modern" of Greek dramatists. Bernard Knox calls him "the poet of the crackup . . . ejected by the majority, passionately admired by a few, but liked by no one. No society welcomes the prophet of its own disintegration."

Quite so. But even at its most radical, Greek drama, by its very structure, stylization, and poetry, cries out for a certain gravitas. That is what justifies its seeming remoteness, its formal difference from the idiom of our times. Turn it into *Orpheus Descending*, bring it purportedly closer to us, and it reeks of gimmickry. So this production is accessible to the point of chattiness in its Kenneth McLeish–Frederic Raphael translation, and made spectacular by showy direction and acting, as well as by its contemporary set and costumes. But spectacle, however dear to hoi polloi, is not the same as poetic drama.

Take the ending of this foreshortened version of the play (now barely 90 minutes): no dragon-drawn chariot for Medea's triumphant escape—how could you make today's audiences swallow that? Instead, alone with a cringingly squatting Jason and a dementedly distraught Chorus, a defeated Medea is left standing in the middle of a wading pool and dejectedly listing to her left. Child murder, we are reminded, is not to be countenanced. Or take the Chorus of Corinthian women. They have been transmogrified into five motley, moth-eaten females, their lines divided among them, so as to make each a realistic, ordinary individual with her own scenario. They act just as hysterically as the principals (hence no contrast) and make one wonder who they are and how they got there. They certainly aren't the flawed but unified voice of a crass community.

Medea is a complex and contradictory character, and Shaw gets this amply and intensely across. But do we need her to act up everything from Saint Vitus's dance to rigor mortis? From exaggerated mannishness to excruciating kittenishness (it doesn't help that, even when she needlessly strips to her undies, she has zero sex appeal), Shaw never for a second stops Acting. This is impressive in its way, but also self-serving, exhibitionistic, and ultimately stultifying. Jonathan Cake's handsome Jason is similarly hyperactive; the younggirlish Nurse, young-boyish Tutor, and youthful Aegeus, a seeming refugee from a college production of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, only make matters worse. Like a contemporary Athenian to his dry cleaner, we can say to Warner and Shaw "You rippèd these," but it's useless to add "You men(e)d these!" Their unidiomatic *Medea* is not just modern; it is, with a vengeance, modish.

THE LATTERLY MUCH-PRAISED STEPHEN Adly Guirgis, author of Jesus Hopped the 'A' Train, returns to his playground, the Labyrinth Theater Company, with **Our Lady of 121st Street.** An actor himself, he doesn't write plays so much as actors' exercises: violently angry confrontations, absurdly bizarre vignettes, and abject deflations good for practicing sotto voce underacting.

The scenes of this disjointed, shapeless enterprise connect only by a desperate stretch of the second-rate imagination and are mostly rabid shouting matches or slow-motion unravelings. Instead of a dramatic arc, we get something resembling a graph of our fluctuating stock market. Instead of being mounted in theaters (I hear that the piece, on the strength of a rave in the *Times*, is transferring to a commercial theater), *Our Lady* should be promptly faxed to all needy provincial drama schools.

The with-it-ness of the dialogue, said to be the triumph of an unerring ear, consists of things like a flaming queen inquiring "Do I seem very gay?" only to be told "I wouldn't say that you seem 'very' gay . . . you seem 'quite' gay." A policeman father says about his baby's thrashings, "My boy was trying to catch the wind," which I, seated in the front row, actually did.

In the opening scene, the body of a dead nun has been stolen from its coffin, along with the pants off a sleeping mourner. Half of the nun is later recovered, and all of the pants. If the play could explain, or at least pursue, these interesting disappearances, it might have something, but both prove to be shaggy dogs. The undistinguished cast of Labyrinth Company actors, under the direction of Philip Seymour Hoffman, the co-artistic director, cannot redeem the irredeemable. ■

John Simon's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/simon.

BOOKS JOHN HOMANS

Road Show

Dave Eggers sends two slackers staggering off to save the world by giving money to strangers. Genius? No. Shrewdly observed, multileveled, highly funny? Definitely.

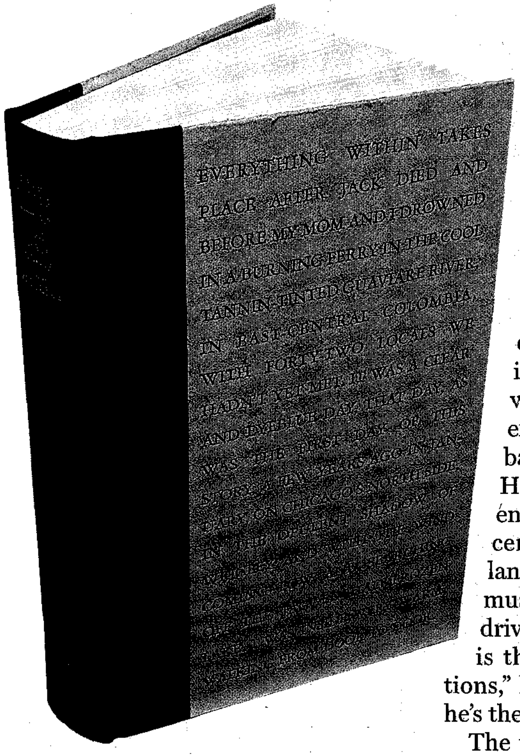
As interesting as the work of Dave Eggers has been (and his *Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius,* for all its overbearing artifice, is a great book on a lot of levels), the person may be more so. This drives him nuts. Because Eggers—how to say this without making him mad?—has a thing about control. Where Jonathan Franzen let slip the slightest of grimaces when Oprah embraced him, Eggers has flipped the bird at the entire publishing Establishment, putting out his new book, **You Shall Know Our Velocity,** on his own McSweeney's imprint and distributing it to independent bookstores.

When fortress Eggers is attacked, as when David Kirkpatrick of the New York *Times* had the temerity to analyze his marketing efforts, or when journalists tried to pry into the suicide of his sister, Beth, last year (who was, yes, a private person, but also a major character in a best-selling memoir), the Eggers faithful are mobilized, ambushes are laid, fierce countermeasures planned. Eggers has deep contempt for the empty center of the culture, but he also has contempt for that contempt (and he has contempt for those who have contempt for his contempt), and it's that tight knot of conflict, these forces tugging at each other, that makes him so compelling (and exasperating).

Eggers's audacity—and pugnacity—recalls that of Norman Mailer, but where Mailer forced himself into the front ranks at a few marches, Eggers is a bona fide leader, the president—actually, the dictator, if not the cult leader—of an alternative republic of his own devising. When *he* runs for mayor, he'll win.

You Shall Know Our Velocity
By Dave Eggers.
McSweeney's Publishing;
376 pages; $22.

You Shall Know Our Velocity is ostentatious in its humility, its covers of aggressively unprocessed oatmeal-colored cardboard, the title embossed on its black cloth binding, with the text beginning on the front cover. Master marketer that he is, Eggers has written a story that can be described in a sentence: Two young Americans, Will and Hand, travel around the world in a week, giving away to random strangers $32,000 Will had received because his image had been used in an ad. But the promise (he keeps it, pretty much) of Hollywood hilarity—ugly Americans abroad—is anchored by an impacted architecture of guilt and grief. Reading it, you keep thinking of MTV's *Jackass,* as scripted by Samuel Beckett.


EVERYTHING WITHIN TAKES
PLACE AFTER JACK DIED AND
BEFORE MY MOM AND I DROWNED
IN A BURNING FERRY IN THE COOL
TANNIN-TINTED GUAVIARE RIVER
IN EAST-CENTRAL COLOMBIA
WITH FORTY-TWO LOCALS WE
HADN'T YET MET. IT WAS A CLEAR
AND BLUE DAY. THAT DAY, AS
WAS THE FIRST DAY OF THIS

VANITY PRESS: Dave Eggers's self-published, self-distributed, self-publicized new tome.

Laconic, brooding Will, the novel's first-person narrator, is literally an ugly American. His face is covered with scabs, the result of a beating incurred in a storage locker where he and Hand had gone to pick up the effects of their childhood friend Jack, who'd been killed in a gruesome, pointless car wreck (an obsessively careful driver, his car was caught from behind and run over by a speeding semi). The events charge Will with guilt and rage (added to the guilt he feels over being a bully in high school). He wants to make amends, to find a way to move forward.

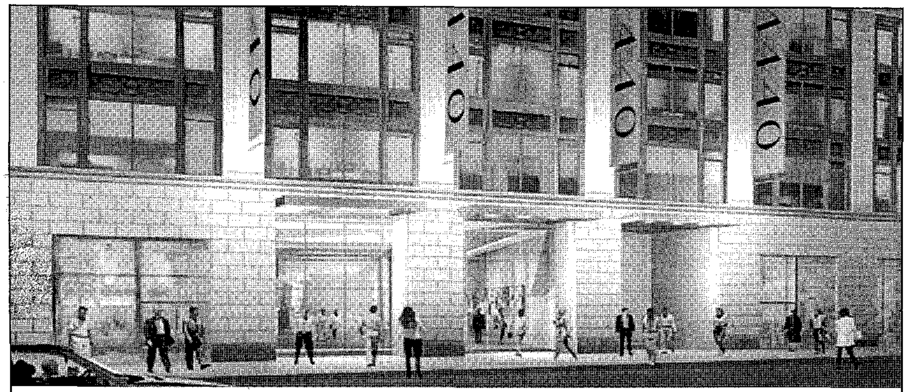
Hand *is* a jackass, a happy-go-lucky Ed Norton (of *The Honeymooners*) figure with the finest education the Internet can provide. Nothing that comes out of his mouth—and much does—is adequately sourced. He's an unwitting folklorist, a collector and expounder of hipster philosophy, barroom trivia, and pseudoscience. He loves to confuse the people they encounter, making fun of their accents in his English-as-a-second-language. "Here is the location of the music that is live?" he tells one cabdriver. "I always am thinking Estonia is the most great of the Baltic nations," he says later. He's not a tourist; he's the show.

The trip bogs down before it begins. Greenland (too much wind) and the Gambia (no visas; a car that wouldn't start) are swiftly crossed off their itinerary. The two are continually frustrated by the ticket-counter attendants who refuse to believe that they have no specific destination, by their need for sleep, by the inevitable friction of travel. Rubes that they are, this surprises them. Previously, says Will, he had thought that "all other nations were huddled together, trading information and commiserating, like smokers outside a building."

Exploring the globe, they discover a world of airports, taxicabs, strip bars, and hotel rooms. Thinks Will, with typically significant banality: "Every given landscape, I finally realized, existed somewhere in the U.S."

Will and Hand put on USA hair shirts, convert themselves into human wallets. Their experience of the Other is pretty much limited to the confused looks of the people they give money to. They're pil-

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KRAUS.



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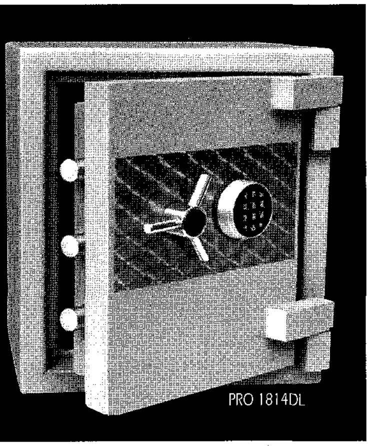

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grims doing penance for their American privilege; the book is a comedy of globalization. They go voyaging to save the world and find themselves—surprise, surprise, surprise, as Gomer Pyle liked to say—back on the couch, in the TV room. It's an equation that even danger doesn't change. Heading down a street in Senegal with an unwelcome passenger in the back of the car, they worry they're about to be murdered, when Janet Jackson comes on the radio, "asking what we had done for her as of late."

Eggers has a skateboarder's fascination with half-built landscapes, roadsides, the interstices of the built world. Finding beauty in these places requires imagination, but if you have it, the world isn't ruined at all. The novel's grinding, at times monotonous rock and roll of plane trips and hotel rooms and (often hilarious) bickering about how to give the money away (Tape it to the side of a house? To the side of a *donkey*? Bury it and make a treasure map?) is punctuated by surprising, elegant lyrics: similes, epiphanies, gorgeous writing. An old woman's hand resembles "a small leather bag full of delicate tools"; the blue of the sea is "a klieg light pushing through a gel of cyan."

> "They convert themselves to human wallets: pilgrims doing penance for their American privilege."

Will shares Eggers's fetish for control. He has a commitment to commitment, even as he's tormented—"When you give them the bills," he says, "you feel so filthy for having it in the first place"—by their ad hoc philanthropy. When Hand tries to back out, go home, save some of the cash, Will upbraids him. "We had perfect control over that moment," he says. "We were creating art there."

Partly because Eggers himself still exists in a kind of post-grad mode, Will and Hand seem like college kids: big, clumsy, clueless cubs, coming into their powers while attached umbilically to their adolescence. They make a mess of it—how could they not? They usually do. *You Shall Know Our Velocity* is a messy, funny book. As always with Eggers, not least interesting is figuring out just who the joke is on. ■

More book reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/books.

ART MARK STEVENS

Pornucopia

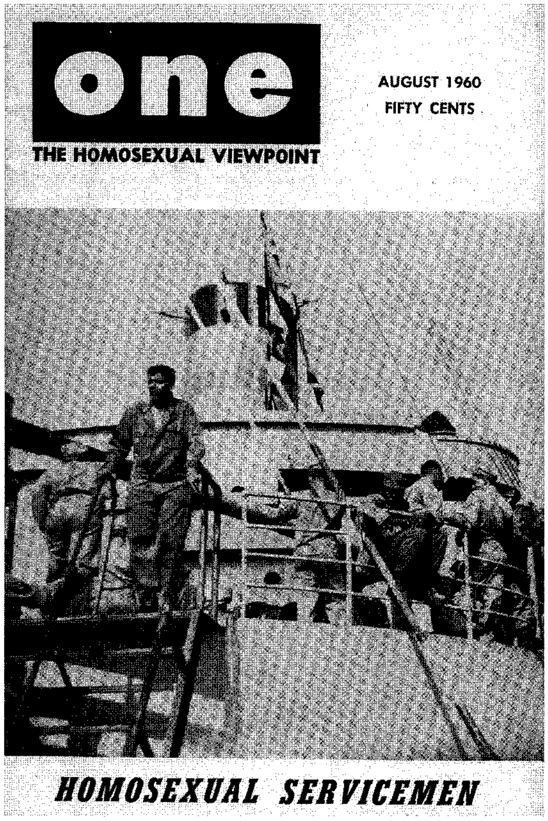
As sex becomes so mainstream that there's now an entire Manhattan museum devoted to the subject, whither smut?

IS SEX DEAD? THAT'S THE MAIN question raised by the opening last week of the **Museum of Sex**. The respectably safe and buried—hallowed by irrelevance—is what usually enters museums. The truly new and challenging occurs elsewhere. For this reason, artists often display a superstitious horror at the prospect of a retrospective, since attention by a museum implies that one's time has passed. Where sex is concerned, there may be a few New Yorkers who believe that it still has the power to upset, transform, and subvert the broader culture, and at appropriate points a Jerry Falwell can be found to throw a fit. But sex has obviously lost most of its kinks. It is manifestly mainstream. Good boys and girls watch *Sex and the City* on Sundays. Gay marriages are reported in the New York *Times*. Writers confess their fetishes in *The New Yorker*. Sex is Connecticut.

The opening of the Museum of Sex, located on Fifth Avenue and 27th Street, is part of this evolution. Far from being disturbing, its inaugural exhibit—"NYC Sex: How New York City Transformed Sex in America"—has the earnest, educational air of a college survey course. Organized by Grady T. Turner, it headlines pivotal public moments, such as the murder of the prostitute Helen Jewett in 1836 and the Stonewall Uprising in 1969, and it draws out essential themes, among them the development of vaudeville and burlesque, the covert origins of S&M, the reign of *Playboy*, and the emergence of AIDS. It contains photographs, illustrations, books, stag films, taped interviews, various curiosities (such as tokens from 42nd Street peep shows), and some examples of modern porn. Although the designers of the exhibit allude to the shadowy history of the subject by using chain-link curtains to enclose some spaces, the atmosphere is very white, clean, and almost sterile—an autopsy room of academia. Visitors browse about with audio-guide phones held to their ears. I watched one middle-aged woman listen, a studious expression on her face, to an analysis of Vanessa del Rio performing oral sex.

NYC Sex: How New York City Transformed Sex in America
Museum of Sex;
through 7/03/03.
See Art listings
for details.

Sex in the darker ages—before modern porn carpet-bombed the scene—is the most interesting part of the exhibit. People once had to smuggle their obsessions into the back rooms of the Bowery or hide them behind disguises. This led to marvelous forms of indirection. At a time when elaborate dresses imprisoned the bodies of women, nearly naked contortionists became very popular. Homosexual desire found form in the seemingly innocent guise of admiring muscle. The comics were often wonderfully subversive. Batman obviously had more on his mind than saving civilization. (So did Catwoman, with her taste for whips and leather.) Some of the lurid melodrama was very funny: The nineteenth century was eager for stories about white maidens sold into slavery. Today, the awkward, *Playboy*-inspired attempts to make sex as wholesome as Wheaties—such as a hilarious piece of kitsch called *Diary of a Nudist*—seem almost as distant as that nineteenth-century "traffic in souls."



BLAST FROM THE PAST: The August 1960 issue of *One*.

Despite its academic aura, the exhibit has a starry-eyed quality. Those who inhabited the underworld appear as both victims and heroes. They seem to embody an implicit moral: They lived difficult lives and fought important battles so that today we can emerge from shadow into the light of sexual freedom. Well, perhaps. Tolerance is without question a great and hard-won virtue, but sex is also a sometimes darker, deeper, and more intractable force than this perspective suggests. The show would benefit from the inclusion of more actual art, which can explore the ambiguity not only of gender but of existence itself. One of the strongest images is a self-portrait by Thomas Painter, a man who documented his obsession with "rough trade" from the late forties until the sixties. In his brilliant and melancholy portrait of youth and age, surface and depth, Painter presents himself standing before a mirror with a beaming piece of naked beefcake. The clothed Painter, camera in hand, appears lost in the reflections of his bought Narcissus. ■

Mark Stevens's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/stevens.

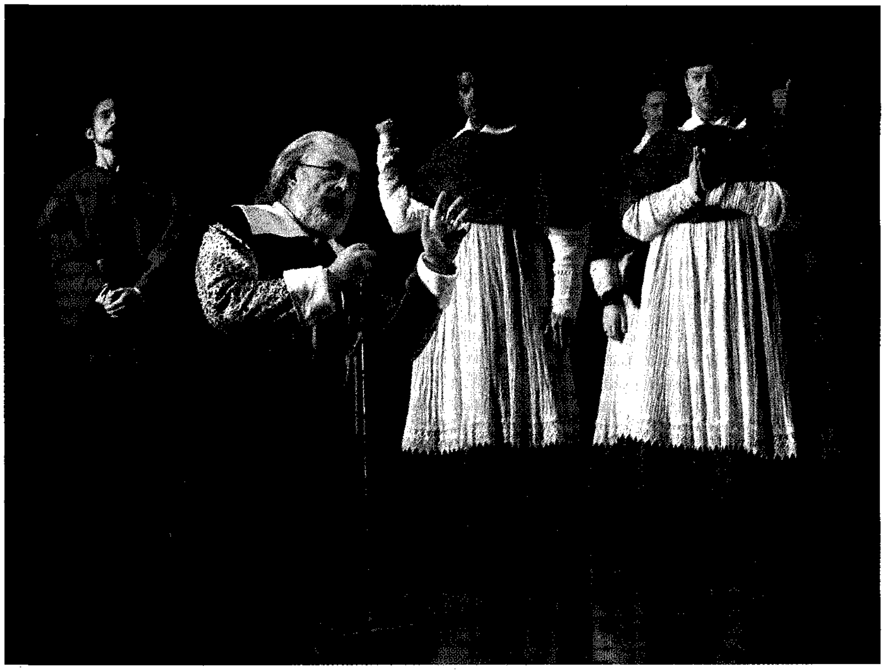
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF SEX.

PETER G. DAVIS

Bad Science

BAM's lavishly appointed *Galileo Galilei* is the latest Philip Glass extravaganza to go seriously awry; City Opera serves up a sex-crazed *Salome;* Plácido Domingo picks the wrong role.

WHATEVER ONE THINKS about **Galileo Galilei**—the opening attraction at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's twentieth Next Wave Festival and Philip Glass's latest operatic pageant—the show looks smashing. But then, these things always do. A writer-illustrator I know who loathes Glass's music was once hotly wooed by the composer to collaborate on a project; he told me that he had been sorely tempted simply because Glass extravaganzas are always so lavishly funded and carefully mounted.


I'M A BELIEVER: *Galileo Galilei* at BAM, with John Duykers as the gadfly scientist.

This one focuses on the sixteenth-century scientist, his radical theory that the earth revolves around the sun, his problems with the clergy over such heresy, his experiments with motion and invention of the telescope, and his contented family life. The text, written by Mary Zimmerman with Glass and Arnold Weinstein, intriguingly traces all these events in reverse chronology, ending with the boy Galileo watching an opera by his father, Vincenzo. That device and other interesting points—Galileo's struggles to reconcile faith and science and the irony of his going blind in old age—are never examined very closely or with much theatrical energy. The overall blandness of the piece may be partially due to the fact that the words are mostly inaudible. Glass's clumsy vocal writing is at fault here, but the banal score doesn't help. This is music that virtually never seizes the dramatic moment or digs below the surface as Glass churns out variations on the same dreary boilerplate he's been dishing up for years.

That gives an audience 95 minutes to contemplate Daniel Ostling's handsome sets and Mara Blumenfeld's exquisitely detailed costumes, all strikingly lit by T. J. Gercken. One almost wishes that a better opera could occupy these depictions of the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, the Inquisition's chambers in Rome, Cardinal Barberini's immaculately groomed castle gardens, or Galileo's own comfortable home. With so little to work with, the singers are less distinctive than the spaces they inhabit, but John Duykers as the older Galileo, Eugene Perry as the scientist's younger self, Alicia Berneche and Mary Wilson as the ladies in his life, and Andrew Funk as a variety of church dignitaries do what they can to bring some life to the opera.

Like its immediate predecessors, *Galileo Galilei* seems destined for a short shelf life; it won't be long before a new Glass opera drops off the assembly line to take its place—no one, it seems, wants to see these things more than once. Meanwhile, if BAM insists on producing the tired music theater of Philip Glass, it needs a new marketing slogan. "Next Wave" is definitely a misnomer for these retro goods.

Galileo Galilei
A Philip Glass opera.
Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Salome
The Richard Strauss opera.
City Opera.

Andrea Chénier
The Giordano opera.
Metropolitan Opera.
See Classical & Dance listings for details.

PRODUCTIONS OF STRAUSS'S **Salome** DO NOT get more luridly graphic than the new one currently on view at the City Opera. By the time this Judean princess is through chewing on the head of Jochanaan, she is drenched in blood and sexually spent, having used the grisly object to realize every depraved fantasy a horny pubescent girl could possibly imagine. Such a gross scene was not exactly what Oscar Wilde had in mind when he wrote the play that Strauss set to music, but no one could accuse director Ian Judge of making up anything not suggested by the text. Still, Wilde expected to see a trace of girlish innocence in his Salome, here a petulant monster from the moment she fidgets into view to her death at the hands of Herod's soldiers. Even her white prom gown and naturally curly hair look vaguely repulsive.

(*Continued on page 63*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD TERMINE.

Architecture | Joseph Giovannini

IN THE LATE SEVENTIES AND EARLY EIGHTIES, with old-guard modernism apparently exhausted and design fashionistas throwing cornice lines around like hemlines, architecture lapsed into a deep identity crisis. Modernists as distinguished as New York's Edward Larrabee Barnes produced such indecisive designs as the Equitable Center on Seventh Avenue and 51st Street, a self-canceling tower equidistant from modernism and postmodernism. In a juxtaposition of telling irony, AXA Gallery—on Equitable's ground floor—is showing works by five theorists who drew manifestos during this troubled transitional period. **Perfect Acts of Architecture**, curated by Jeffrey Kipnis of Ohio State's Wexner Center, is one of the most intelligent architecture shows of the decade: pithy, pointed, and marked with cerebral beauty. The drawings are foundational for much of today's practice.

These thinkers assaulted the immaculate purity of modernism with ideas imported from other fields, oxygenating architecture in ways never anticipated by either functionalists or historicists. In his "Micromegas" drawings, Daniel Libeskind, now a contender for the redesign of ground zero, dived into spatial irrationality with a vision similar to the work of M. C. Escher, breaking through the ordering conventions of perspective to create spaces of illusion just beyond visual grasp. In his "Chamber Works" suite, which looks like dense piano scores Xeroxed through a wringer, you can almost hear the drawings, and the music is strange.

In "The Manhattan Transcripts," Bernard Tschumi draws time-lapse filmstrips of buildings carved out by the movement of actors weaving through streets and courtyards in narratives that knock architecture woozy: Walls melt, columns erode. In "Voluntary Prisoners of Architecture," Rem Koolhaas plants a vast field of buildings in central London to lure people away from the petty boredoms of the city to a garden of earthly modernist delights. In "House VI," Peter Eisenman applies Noam Chomsky's notions of deep linguistic structure, generating infinitely variable visual paragraphs of design. Grammar speaks architecture.

The show suffers from several conspicuous omissions, notably Zaha Hadid, who reinvented the plan and section as liquid flows of form and space; and Frank Gehry, who marginalized drawing altogether in favor of models, creating like a sculptor. Still, "Perfect Acts of Architecture" is a provocative intellectual pleasure that documents a pivotal historic period. ■

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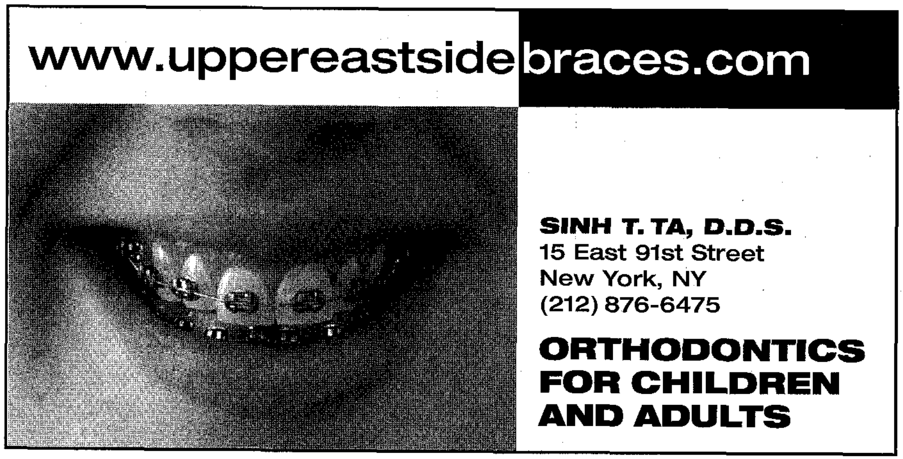
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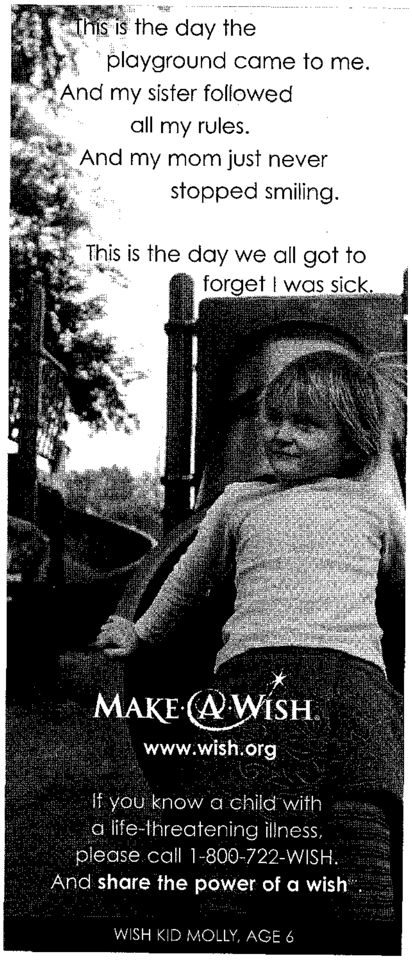
This is the day the
playground came to me.
And my sister followed
all my rules.
And my mom just never
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This is the day we all got to
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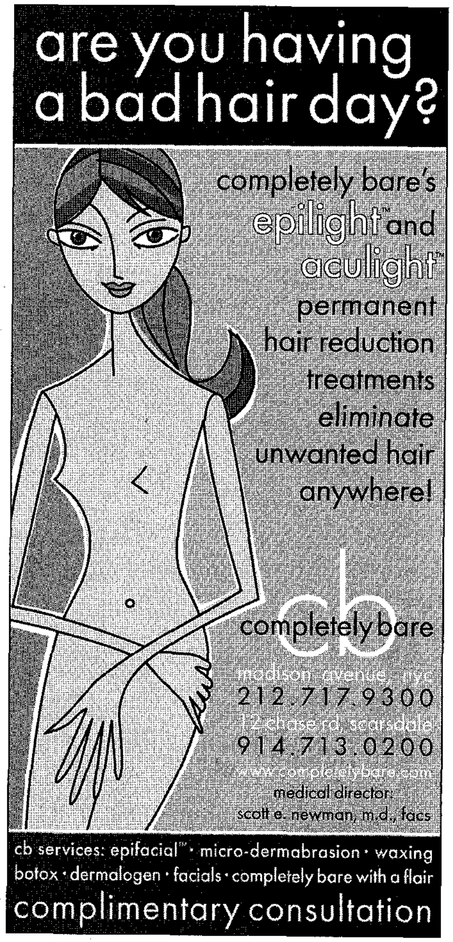
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JOHN LEONARD

Spinning Webs

The Big Time goes back to the early days of TV, when nothing was canned but the tomatoes and the networks had a public mission. Jacqueline Bisset runs a dance hall—you got a problem with that?

RETURN WITH US NOW TO SEVERAL thrilling days of one specific yesteryear, 1948, when television was in its infancy, mewling and famished, not to mention polymorphously perverse; when drama was live and everybody smoked; when advertising agencies were program producers and corporations owned entertainers as though they were tropical fish.

The Big Time, from veteran executive producers John Wells and Carol Flint, is an affectionate remembrance of this ramshackle past, as seen through the thrilled eyes of an attractive secretary (Christina Hendricks) newly arrived in Manhattan from Michigan and newly employed to do a little bit of almost everything at the fledgling Empire Television Network—whose millionaire owner (Christopher Lloyd) has just acquired a much younger wife (Molly Ringwald) and a brain tumor; whose vice-president for programming (Dylan Baker) has both budgetary and Oedipal problems; and whose best floor manager (Michael B. Silver) and best advertising salesman (Shane Mikael Johnson) would both rather direct, even if what they're directing is a potentially disastrous "Encore Playhouse" production of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town.*

You'll enjoy meeting Hendricks and get a kick out of Ringwald's ascension from floozydom to the executive suite—and Baker has always been interesting, with a clock in his head that keeps some other daylight savings. But *The Big Time* also delivers on an odd nostalgia. Instead of a share of the audience, what Empire Television seems really to be competing for is the enthusiasm of such sponsors as the soap companies and the cigarette-makers. And I'm left to wonder if the media world is better or worse than it was when Arthur Godfrey belonged to Lipton Tea, Milton Berle to Texaco, Bob Hope to Pepsodent, Dinah Shore to Chevrolet, and Jack Benny to Jell-O; when Kraft, Lux, Revlon, GE, Westinghouse, Magnavox, Budweiser, Armstrong Circle, and Johnson Wax all had *Theaters;* Bell Telephone, 20th Century Fox, and U.S. Steel had *Hours;* Philco, Schlitz, and Prudential had *Playhouses;* Geritol had an *Adventure Showcase;* DuPont had a *Show of the Month;* Hallmark had (and still has) a *Hall of Fame;* Firestone had a *Voice;* Colgate-Palmolive had a *Comedy Hour;* and Pabst had a *Bout.* Sounds like diversity to me.

The Big Time
Sunday, October 20; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT.

Dancing at the Harvest Moon
Sunday, October 20; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS.

A Crime of Insanity
Thursday, October 17; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13.

THAT JACQUELINE BISSET, A PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH lit in **Dancing at the Harvest Moon**, would be dumped by any man, much less Nick Mancuso on the eve of their twentieth wedding anniversary, is perhaps more unlikely than that she should then retreat in confusion to the pastoral digs of her romantic past, where she meets old friend Valerie Harper, undertakes to rebuild the Harvest Moon Dance Hall, where she used to waitress, and is fallen in love with by her construction foreman, who just happens to be the son of her very first dance-hall love. Of course, Eric Mabius is going to fall for Jacqueline Bisset, just as his father did. That she should reciprocate, even though he seems not even to have read the poet he's named for, is harder to credit. But it's good to see Bisset again. (On the other hand, it's even better to see Lena Olin again, as the evil mother on *Alias.* Olin, who was discovered by Ingmar Bergman, made her most memorable big-screen appearance in 1988, in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being,* where she did for bowler hats what Herman Melville did for whales. She is now, in my opinion, the most beautiful woman in the world. But I digress.)

A Crime of Insanity, PRODUCED FOR *FRONTLINE* by David Murdock, Miri Navasky, and Karen O'Connor, explores the case against Ralph Tortorici, a 26-year-old paranoid schizophrenic who is also a psychology student at the State University of New York, where he seriously wounded a student after taking a college classroom hostage in 1994. His own prosecutor knew he was insane. I won't reveal the surprise ending to this miscarriage of justice. But it's not a happy one. ■

SMALL-SCREEN GEMS: Christina Hendricks and Dylan Baker in *The Big Time.*

John Leonard's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/leonard.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIK HEINILA.

Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

NEWTHISWEEK

Abandon
Katie Holmes stars in this thriller with Charlie Hunnam (*Queer As Folk*), who plays her college ex-boyfriend and has presumably disappeared. Benjamin Bratt co-stars. Written and directed by Stephen Gaghan. (See box.) (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 10/18.

Auto Focus
See Rainer, page 48. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) • Opens 10/18.

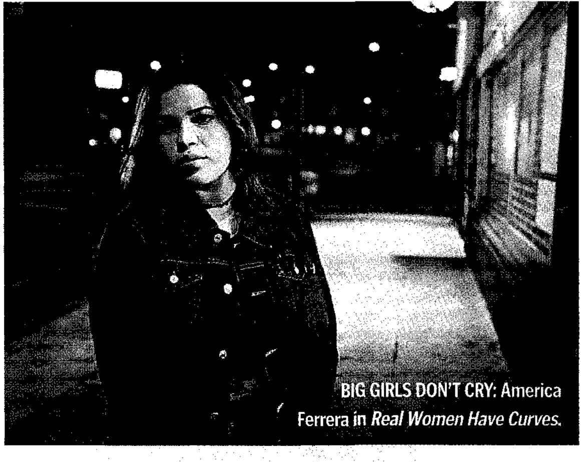
Fidel
Not entirely balanced documentary follows Fidel Castro from his childhood to recent attempts to redefine himself in the post–Cold War era. Important (and often unheard) perspective on the Cuban leader as a voice for an emerging Third World consciousness is sure to anger the anti-Castro crew. At its best when portraying Cuba's falling out with the U.S. after the revolution. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) • Opens 10/18.

Formula 51
Samuel L. Jackson plays a disgraced chemist-cum-drug dealer who travels to Liverpool to make a $20 million deal. With Robert Carlyle; directed by Ronny Yu (director of the upcoming *Freddie vs. Jason*). (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) • Opens 10/18.

The Grey Zone
Tim Blake Nelson directs Steve Buscemi, David Arquette, Harvey Keitel, and Mira Sorvino in this story of the *Sonderkommando*, the Jewish prisoners at Auschwitz who staged a revolt. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • Opens 10/18.

Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie
CGI-animated children's film features talking vegetables reenacting the biblical story of prophet Jonah (here portrayed as a snooty English asparagus) and the troubles he runs into after refusing to do God's bidding. Pretty pictures and intermittent bursts of wit may keep the kiddies engaged, though the bluntly moralistic song-and-dance numbers will surely alienate some. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) • Opens 10/18.

Naqoyqatsi
Third installment in Godfrey Reggio's trilogy of meditative, collagelike documentaries (*Koyaanisqatsi* and *Powaqqatsi* were the others) is the most introverted of the three, focusing less on expansive images of nature or cityscapes and more on icons, pixels, numbers, and image manipulation. An eerie look at an increasingly dehumanized modern world, both lovely and terrifying. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • Opens 10/18.


BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY: America Ferrera in *Real Women Have Curves.*

Pulse: A Stomp Odyssey
Film version, shot on five continents, of the popular Off Broadway musical *Stomp*, shown on an Imax screen. (40 mins.; NR) • Opens 10/19.

Real Women Have Curves
Patricia Cardoso's Sundance award winner is about a strained mother-daughter relationship, set in East L.A. Starring newcomer America Ferrera. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 10/18.

The Ring
Naomi Watts stars in Gore Verbinski's remake of a Japanese horror film about a haunted videotape; it's viewers wind up dead seven days after seeing the film. (See box.) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 10/18.

REVIEWS BY BILGE EBIRI

Now Playing

Apollo 13: The Imax Experience
Director Ron Howard's tale of the troubled *Apollo 13* moon mission. This Imax rerelease brings attention to the film's relatively humdrum visuals, despite its big-budget pedigree. (2 hrs.; PG-13) • 40.

Ash Wednesday
Ed Burns wrote, directs, and stars in this film, with Elijah Wood, about brothers involved with Irish gangs in Hell's Kitchen. With Rosario Dawson and Oliver Platt. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) • 20.

Austin Powers in Goldmember
Mike Myers is still a very funny man, but his Austin Powers doesn't get enough screen time in this third installment of the spoofy hit series. (Rainer; 7/29/02) (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG-13) • 25.

Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever
A reluctant secret agent (Antonio Banderas) is forced into battle against an enigmatic killing machine (Lucy Liu). Scattershot actioner forgets about story and character, relying instead on an unending, confusing torrent of explosions and stunts. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) • 23; 24; 41; 43; 48; 50; 57; 59.

The Banger Sisters
Goldie Hawn and Susan Sarandon star in this clunky comedy that's like a cross between a whoopie cushion and a Hallmark card. (Rainer; 9/23/02) (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • 17; 41; 65; 73.

★ Barbershop
After selling his late father's neighborhood barbershop, an aspiring musician (Ice Cube) realizes its importance to his South Chicago community. Laid-back film recalls stoner classic *Friday*'s ambling, talky approach. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 17; 31; 38; 39; 41; 42; 43; 48; 50; 52; 57; 59; 60; 67; 68; 69; 71; 73.

Below
A WW2 American sub picks up three shipwreck survivors, and things begin to go wrong, punctuated with strange noises, mysterious apparitions, and unlikely accidents. Often gripping hybrid of submarine thriller and ghost story gets the ghost story right, but is a bit too messy to nail the sub part. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 27; 38; 53; 55; 56; 58; 67; 71.

★ Biggie and Tupac
British documentarian Nick Broomfield explores the still-unsolved, and probably related, murders of rappers Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • 4.

★ Bloody Sunday
Paul Greenglass's stunning movie is perhaps the best filmed dramatization of civil war since Gillo Pontecorvo's *Battle of Algiers*. It takes place in one day—January 30, 1972—when British soldiers shot dead thirteen unarmed civilians taking part in a civil-rights march. James Nesbitt gives an extraordinary performance as the nonviolent Protestant pol who organizes the march and is broken by its consequences. (Rainer; 10/7/02) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 11; 40.

Bowling for Columbine
Provocateur Michael Moore's documentary about gun control and the American fringe. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) • 6; 14; 37.

Brown Sugar
A romantic comedy, starring Sanaa Lathan and Taye Diggs, set in New York during the flowering of hip-hop. Directed by Rick (*The Wood*) Famuyiwa; also featuring Mos Def. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 17; 27; 29; 34; 39; 42; 43; 46; 48; 50; 52; 53; 54; 57; 60; 62; 66; 68; 71; 73.

City by the Sea
Robert De Niro plays a homicide detective who is trying to nab his junkie son (James Franco) while also trying to save him in this overwrought and melodramatic thriller directed by Michael Caton-Jones. (Rainer; 9/9/02) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 33; 54.

★ Comedian
See Rainer, page 50. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) • 6; 40.

A Cuban Legend: The Story of Salvador Gonzalez
Portrait of Cuban muralist and self-proclaimed shaman Salvador Gonzalez follows him as he creates his delirious paintings, presides over Yoruba ceremonies, and explores the world around him. Bursting with color. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) • 4.

★ Das Experiment
A group of men volunteer for an experiment in which they temporarily become prisoners and prison guards. Energetic and terrifying film. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) • 4.

The Decalogue
Krzysztof Kieslowski's ten-part mini-series, each episode cheekily based on one of the Ten Commandments. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) • 9.

8 Women
Comedy-mystery-musical-melodrama has some of France's greatest actresses as an extended family trapped in an estate after the man of the house has been murdered. Campy, clever idea certainly has its moments but eventually gets bogged down in arch posturing. Starring Catherine Deneuve, Isabelle Huppert, and Emmanuelle Béart. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) • 6; 37; 44; 61.

Family Fundamentals
Involving look at three unique, conservative families with gay children, the relationships within them, and their rampant misunderstanding of one another. Directed by Arthur Dong. (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) • 8.

★ The Fast Runner
A nearly three-hour Inuit movie, directed by Zacharias Kunuk, that is heavy going, but has at least one sequence that is terrifyingly beautiful. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (2 hrs. 52 mins.; NR) • 4.

The Four Feathers
A young British officer (Heath Ledger) resigns his commission on the eve of war in the Sudan, then recants and goes native to reconnect with his besieged company. Some nice imagery (courtesy of *Elizabeth*

Ground Rules These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 62.**

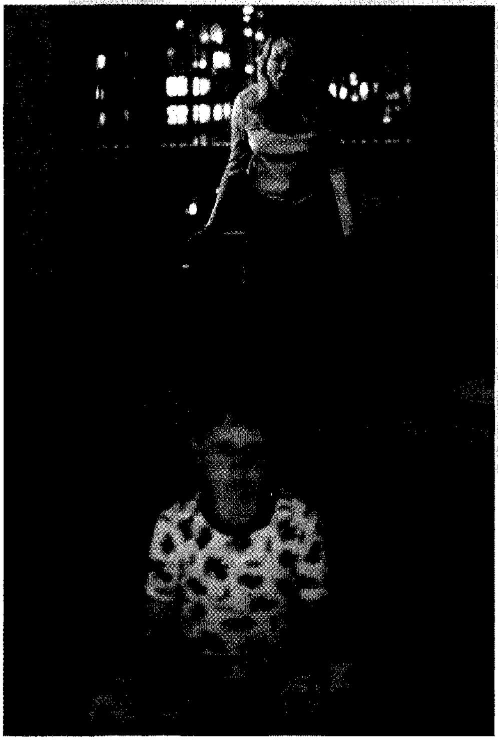
PHOTOGRAPH BY NICOLA GOODE/HBO FILMS/NEWMARKET FILMS.

Spotlight

Watts Power

If a star's luminosity were measured by the number of telephones ringing in her suite at the Chateau Marmont, **Naomi Watts** would be a supernova. "It's very overwhelming," she says of her newfound stardom, which exploded after David Lynch's *Mulholland Drive* made her an overnight success after sixteen years in the biz. Prepping for an awards show while plugging *The Ring,* a chilling remake by Gore Verbinski of a Japanese thriller about a videotape whose viewers wind up dead, Watts tries to remain calm from inside a storm. "I chose this part because my character seemed grounded," she says of her Rachel Keller, a newspaper reporter who watches the tape. "It's a genre film, but after *Mulholland Drive,* I wanted to play someone normal—even if she's going through something extraordinary." Which sounds like art imitating life for Watts, who currently has four films in production, including *21 Grams,* directed by *Amores Perros*'s Alejandro González Iñárritu and starring Benicio Del Toro and Sean Penn. "Maybe I'm a late bloomer," she says, then apologizes as another telephone rings. "Now that I'm in my thirties and everything is happening, I just want to buy more time." *The Ring* opens October 18.

VIDEO KILLED THE MOVIE STAR: Naomi Watts and David Dorfman in *The Ring.*



director Shekhar Kapur), but the lack of any epic sweep or narrative consistency is downright criminal. (2 hr. 7 mins.; PG-13) • 23; 30.

The Good Girl
Jennifer Aniston gives a surprising, darkly comic performance as a bored, married thirtysomething retail clerk who strikes up an affair with a brooding coworker (Jake Gyllenhaal). (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) • 3; 17; 63.

Heaven
Tom Tykwer, of *Run Lola Run*, has directed a movie based on the last script completed by the late Krzysztof Kieslowski and turned it into a fuzzy allegory about fate and love and redemption. Cate Blanchett stars. (Rainer; 10/7/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • 2; 37.

★ His Secret Life
A widow (Margherita Buy) falls in with a group of bisexual bohemians after discovering that her deceased husband had a gay lover (Stefano Accorsi). Director Ferzan Ozpetek (*Steam: The Turkish Bath*) succeeds at creating a warm sense of community. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • 8.

How to Draw a Bunny
Posthumous documentary about New York Dadaist Ray Johnson as told by the likes of Chuck Close and Roy Lichtenstein; score by Max Roach. Directed by John Walter. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) • 5.

★ Igby Goes Down
The child of a rich family (Kieran Culkin) gets expelled from private school, flees a military academy, and wanders around New York. With both detestable characters and heartbreaking performances, awkward but engaging film slowly grows on you until its devastating finale. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 12; 16; 23; 29; 40; 44; 73.

In Praise of Love
Jean-Luc Godard's latest movie has some stunning compositions and an elegiac tone, but it's also opaque and maddening and closed-off to human feeling. (Rainer; 9/9/02) (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) • 10.

Knockaround Guys
A bag full of money meant for a mob boss in New York gets sidetracked in a small midwestern town, and the gangster's wannabe son (Barry Pepper) tries to retrieve it, leading to the usual shenanigans. Extremely violent film offers one nauseatingly obvious plot twist after another. Co-starring Vin Diesel. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 23; 38; 42; 43; 48; 50; 54; 55; 56; 57; 60; 62; 66; 69; 70; 71; 73.

★ The Last Kiss
A spirited Italian romantic comedy directed by Gabriele Muccino and starring Stefania Sandrelli with enough arm-waving to power a windmill. (Rainer; 8/26/02) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) • 9; 19; 63.

★ Lawrence of Arabia
David Lean's rapturously beautiful, sprawling portrait of T. E. Lawrence (Peter O'Toole) and his attempts to help the Arabs liberate themselves from the Ottomans during World War I. (3 hrs. 42 mins.; PG) • 22.

★ The Man From Elysian Fields
A novelist (Andy Garcia) becomes a male escort, ending up in an arrangement where he must satisfy an aging literary icon's wife (Olivia Williams) while helping the author (James Coburn). Bizarre tale works like a charm, thanks to its peculiarly melancholy sense of humor. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) • 2; 14; 40; 47; 61.

Moonlight Mile
Jake Gyllenhaal is startlingly good as the fiancé of a murdered girl in this otherwise soapy drama starring Dustin Hoffman and Susan Sarandon as the girl's parents. (Rainer; 9/30/02) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) • 2; 3; 17; 18; 31; 40; 45; 47; 54; 60; 68; 71.

Mostly Martha
An obsessive chef (Martina Gedeck) finds her life unraveling when her young niece (Maxime Foerste) moves in and an Italian takes over her restaurant's kitchen. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) • 3; 26; 61.

My Big Fat Greek Wedding
Smash comedy about the thirtysomething Toula, who is getting too old to marry, at least by her Greek family's standards. When a decidedly un-Greek Mr. Right (John Corbett) enters her life, things get even worse. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG) • 1; 3; 12; 15; 16; 17; 28; 35; 40; 41; 43; 47; 48; 54; 57; 60; 61; 62; 66; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73.

One Hour Photo
Mark Romanek's antiseptic horror show is about an antiseptic photo developer, played by Robin Williams, whose picture-perfect fantasies of a suburban family are quashed. (Rainer; 8/26/02) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • 1; 8; 17; 41; 51.

★ The Piano Teacher
Michael Haneke's movie isn't a likable film, but Haneke has a genuine gift for cauterizing experience onscreen. (Rainer; 4/8/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) • 63.

★ The Pinochet Case
Patricio Guzman's documentary about the attempts to bring former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet to justice is a searing album of remembrance from those who, having survived, suffered most. (Rainer; 9/16/02) (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) • 4.

Pokémon4Ever
Latest installment in the popular kids' series features time travel, four-legged machines, bizarre treelike monsters, and the usual dosage of haphazard animation and bright, flashing colors. (1 hr. 16 mins.; G) • 11; 23; 39; 42; 43; 50; 54; 57; 73.

★ Punch-Drunk Love
Paul Thomas Anderson's new movie stars Adam Sandler as a dweeb who works in the San Fernando Valley and has a scheme to amass a million frequent-flyer miles. He's also in a fight with a phone-sex outfit trying to extort him and he's in love with a woman, played by Emily Watson, who seems remarkably unconcerned with all of his baggage. What makes this movie not at all like other Sandler movies is the rage that periodically boils up inside this dweeb. Anderson wants us to see the fury coiled inside the mildness but there's a lack of human conviction to this genuinely odd movie that keeps it from fully connecting with us. (Rainer; 10/14/02) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) • 11; 40.

Red Dragon
Prequel to *Silence of the Lambs* has FBI investigator Will Graham (Ed Norton) utilizing the services of former nemesis Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) to catch a deadly serial killer (Ralph Fiennes). By-the-numbers thriller has neither *Hannibal*'s operatic silliness, nor *Silence*'s chilly austerity, but still manages its share of shocks. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 17; 29; 31; 36; 38; 39; 41; 42; 43; 46; 47; 48; 49; 50; 53; 54; 55; 57; 58; 59; 60; 62; 64; 66; 68; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73.

The Rules of Attraction
Roger Avary directs this story of college bedlam, adapted from Bret Easton Ellis's second novel, with an all-star cast including *Dawson's Creek*'s James Van Der Beek, Eric Stoltz, and, in a cameo, Faye Dunaway. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 23; 33; 38; 48; 49; 53; 56; 60; 73.

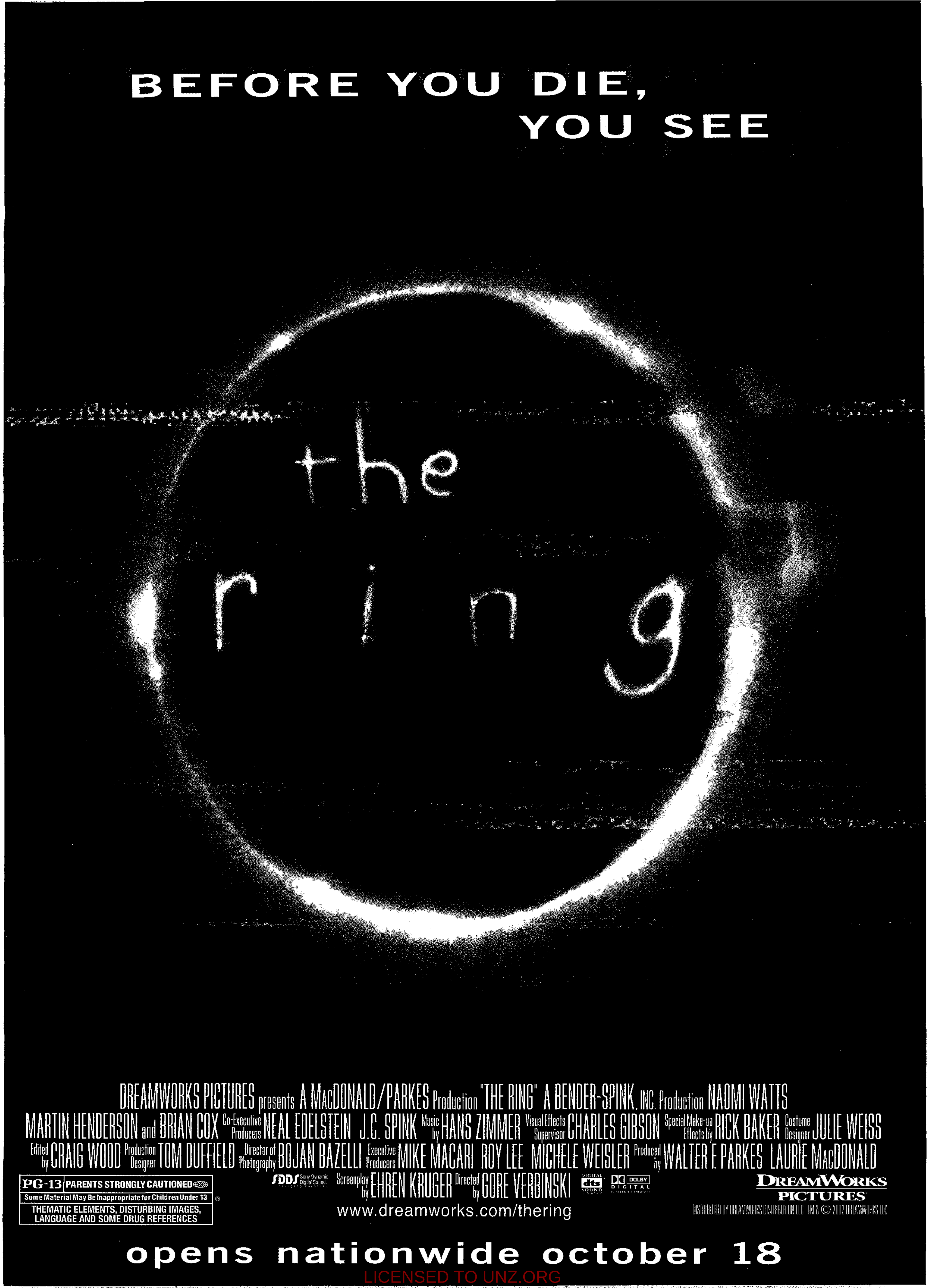
★ Safe Conduct
See Rainer, page 50. (Rainer; 10/21/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) • 2; 20.

Secretary
James Spader plays a heavily uptight lawyer and Maggie Gyllenhaal the secretary who lures him into S&M in this naughty trifle with Buñuelian pretensions. (Rainer; 9/23/02) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) • 2; 12; 16; 33; 44; 45; 47; 51; 61.

Sex and Lucía
Spanish filmmaker Julio Medem's tale about a Madrid waitress (Paz Vega) retreating to a mysterious island to recall her love affair with a now-dead boyfriend (Tristan Ulloa) is a lush, feverish kaleidoscope of elemental imagery, explicit sex, heightened emotions, and narrative confusion. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) • 9.

Shanghai Ghetto
Documentary about the plight of European Jews who fled Nazism and made their way to Shanghai, one of the few places in the world that didn't require a visa for entry. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 8; 61.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MERRICK MORTON.



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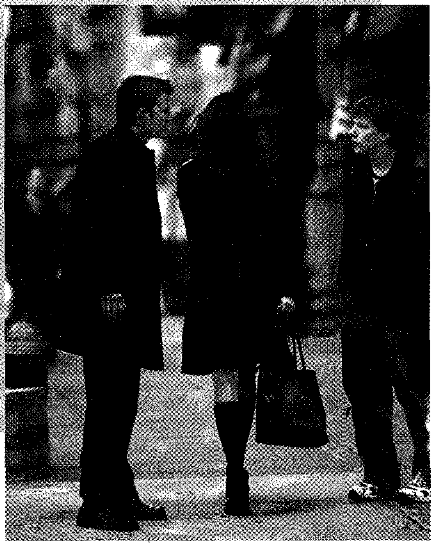
Festivals

Beach-Party Movies

Why go to the Hamptons in October? For one thing, there's **The Hamptons International Film Festival**, a chance to discover quirky independents before Hollywood gets in on the act. This tony counterpart to film festivals in Woodstock and Tribeca lets films compete for the Golden Starfish Award—$180,000 worth of equipment and cash given to the Best Narrative Feature. We like *Eat This New York*, a knowing documentary about two struggling would-be Brooklyn restaurateurs, and *Searching for Paradise*, Myra Paci's tale of a beautiful, depressed girl's obsession with a vain, insincere movie star (Chris Noth). But what will be the next *Roger Dodger*, Dylan Kidd's film that screened at Tribeca, was picked up by Artisan, and is getting a special featured spot at the Hamptons festival before its big national release? Nobody knows, but Kidd thanks you in advance for traipsing out to the East End. "It's staggering how much independent films depend on the festivals," the director, 33, says. "If you're a small film, you live and die by their buzz." The festival begins October 16. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings; *Roger Dodger* opens October 25.)

HOW TO BE A PLAYER: Campbell Scott schools Jesse Eisenberg in *Roger Dodger*.



Signs
M. Night Shyamalan's movie is a ponderous and portentous exercise in religioso sci-fi with occasional, and welcome, overtones of humor. Mel Gibson stars. (Rainer; 8/12/02) (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG-13) • 17; 41; 59.

★ Spirited Away
A marvelously lyrical and disturbing animated feature from Japan about a 10-year-old girl's adventures in a fantasyland that owes much to Grimm and Lewis Carroll and yet is wholly the filmmaker's own. (Rainer; 10/7/02) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG) • 6; 14; 16; 23; 27; 40; 51; 68.

★ Spy Kids 2
Robert Rodriguez's innovative, fun sequel is not so much an attempt to tell a story as an homage to the great fantasy films of the past. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) • 25; 41; 42; 43; 50; 55; 57; 59; 62.

★ Stuart Little 2
Stuart Little, the lovable mouse voiced by Michael J. Fox, returns. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) • 55.

Sweet Home Alabama
A New York designer (Reese Witherspoon) gets proposed to by the mayor's son (Patrick Dempsey), then heads home to Alabama. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 17; 27; 29; 36; 38; 41; 43; 47; 48; 50; 51; 54; 55; 56; 57; 59; 60; 62; 66; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73.

Swept Away
See Rainer, page 50. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • 7; 16; 23; 29; 40; 54; 60; 71.

Swimfan
Jesse Bradford plays a high-school swimming champ whose life unravels when the vampish new girl in town (Erika Christensen) refuses to be ignored.(1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) • 59.

The Transporter
A former soldier (Jason Statham) who transports goods for various shady characters gets involved with an international slavery ring after rescuing a mysterious woman (Shu Qi). Comic-book-style story gets comic-book-style treatment, with wacky stunts, giddily incongruous fight scenes, and ridiculous macho posturing. Doesn't make much sense, but who cares? (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 3; 13; 15; 17; 29; 32; 35; 41; 46; 48; 49; 51; 53; 54; 55; 58; 60; 62; 64; 65; 67; 69; 70; 71; 73.

Trapped
A brutally efficient kidnapping of a small child starts to go wrong when the culprits (Kevin Bacon and Courtney Love) discover that Mommy (Charlize Theron) fights back. Sour, programmatic thriller. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) • 25.

Tuck Everlasting
Fantastical teen love story about a 15-year-old girl (Winnie Foster) who discovers the neighbors' immortality secret (William Hurt, Sissy Spacek) and falls for their son (Jonathan Jackson). Directed by Jay Russell (*My Dog Skip*). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 13; 15; 16; 18; 23; 31; 40; 51; 54; 56; 70; 71; 73.

The Tuxedo
A hapless chauffeur (Jackie Chan) assumes the role of his debonair secret-agent boss after putting on his state-of-the-art crime-fighting tuxedo. Chan's legendary charisma is still present, but even that can't save this dull mishmash of spy-movie cliches. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 31; 39; 40; 41; 42; 43; 48; 50; 51; 54; 55; 57; 59; 60; 62; 66; 68; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73.

★ 24 Hour Party People
Michael Winterbottom's movie about the punk-rave culture that extended from the late seventies to the early nineties in Manchester is one of the sharpest and most enjoyable of all movies about the music business. (Rainer; 8/19/02) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 6.

Undisputed
By-the-numbers macho flick from director Walter Hill (*48 Hrs.*) has cocky champion boxer (Ving Rhames) landing behind bars and mixing it up with prison champ Wesley Snipes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • 25.

Welcome to Collinwood
Five dim novices attempt to steal a safe by breaking into the apartment next door, with naturally bumbling results. Film makes the near-fatal mistake of confusing unpleasantness with quirkiness. Starring Sam Rockwell and William H. Macy. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) • 2; 40.

★ White Oleander
Homiletic but affecting. It's about a young girl and her convicted murderer mother and the various foster families the girl passes through. Alison Lohman is the troubled teen, Michelle Pfeiffer is her mother, and Robin Wright Penn and Renée Zellweger play foster mothers. They are all extraordinary. (Rainer; 10/14/02) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 17; 18; 31; 40; 48; 51; 54; 60; 68; 70; 71; 73.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. Battery Park City Cinema
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • Barbershop; Below; Brown Sugar; Igby Goes Down; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; One Hour Photo; Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

2. CC Angelika Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Heaven; The Man From Elysian Fields; Moonlight Mile; Safe Conduct; Secretary; Welcome to Collinwood

3. CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • The Good Girl; Moonlight Mile; Mostly Martha; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Transporter

4. Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Biggie and Tupac; A Cuban Legend: The Story of Salvador Gonzalez; Das Experiment; The Fast Runner; The Pinochet Case

5. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • The Trials of Henry Kissinger; How to Draw a Bunny (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

6. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-7709) • Bowling for Columbine; Comedian; 8 Women; Spirited Away; 24 Hour Party People

7. Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Barbershop; Below; The Rules of Attraction; Swept Away; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

8. Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Family Fundamentals; His Secret Life; One Hour Photo; Shanghai Ghetto

9. The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • The Decalogue; The Last Kiss; Sex and Lucía

10. Two Boots Pioneer Theater
155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300) • In Praise of Love

11. UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Bloody Sunday; Brown Sugar; Igby Goes Down; Knockaround Guys; Pokémon4Ever; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; Tuck Everlasting

14th–41st Streets

12. Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Brown Sugar; Igby Goes Down; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; Secretary; Sweet Home Alabama

13. Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting

14. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • Barbershop; Bowling for Columbine; The Man From Elysian Fields; The Rules of Attraction; Spirited Away; White Oleander

15. Loews 34th St. Theatre
312 W. 34th St. (212-244-8850) • Barbershop; Below; Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

16. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
550 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#558) • Below; Brown Sugar; Igby Goes Down; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; Secretary; Spirited Away; Sweet Home Alabama; Swept Away; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

42nd–60th Streets

17. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • The Banger Sisters;

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER FIGETAKIS.

Barbershop; Below; Brown Sugar; The Good Girl; The Master of Disguise; Moonlight Mile; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; One Hour Photo; Red Dragon; Signs; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

18. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Moonlight Mile; Tuck Everlasting; White Oleander

19. CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-755-3020) • The Last Kiss

20. CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Ash Wednesday; Safe Conduct

21. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • The Tuxedo

22. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Lawrence of Arabia

23. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever; The Four Feathers; Igby Goes Down; Knockaround Guys; Pokémon4Ever; The Rules of Attraction; Spirited Away; Swept Away; Tuck Everlasting

24. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever

25. Loews State
1540 Broadway, nr. 45th St. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; The Bourne Identity; Spy Kids 2; Trapped; Undisputed

26. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • Mostly Martha

61st Street and Above, East Side

27. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Below; Brown Sugar; Spirited Away; Sweet Home Alabama

28. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., nr. 65th St. (212-777-FILM#606) • My Big Fat Greek Wedding

29. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • Brown Sugar; Igby Goes Down; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; Swept Away; The Transporter

30. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • The Four Feathers

31. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Barbershop; Moonlight Mile; Red Dragon; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

32. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • The Transporter

33. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • City by the Sea; The Rules of Attraction; Secretary

61st Street and Above, West Side

34. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Brown Sugar

35. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, nr. 99th St. (212-777-FILM#609) • My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Transporter

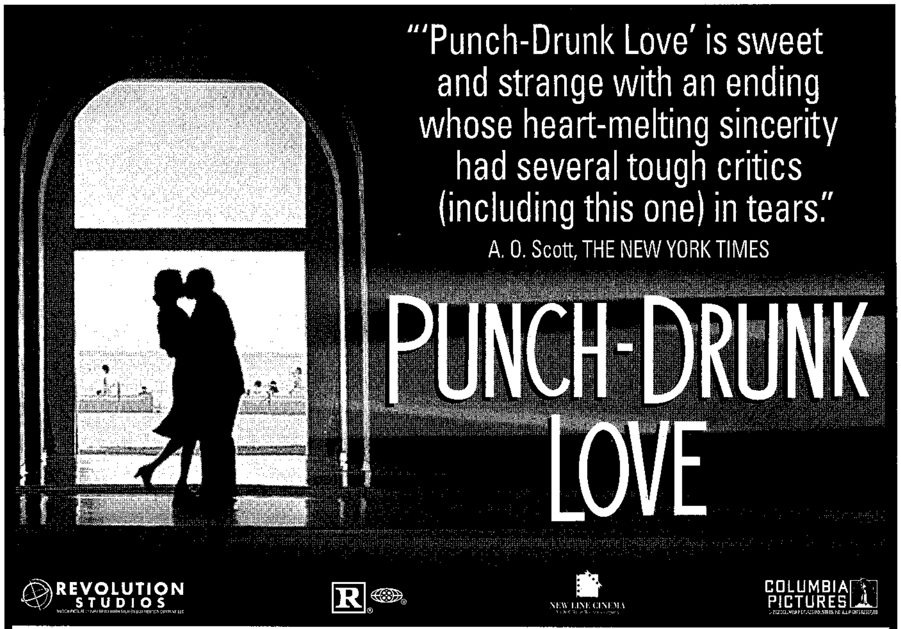
36. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, nr. 106th St. (212-777-FILM#613) • Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama

37. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway nr. 62nd St. (212-757-2280) • Bowling for Columbine; 8 Women; Heaven

38. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • Barbershop; Below; Knockaround Guys; Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; Sweet Home Alabama

39. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; The Tuxedo

40. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • Apollo 13: The Imax Experience; Bloody Sunday; Comedian; Igby Goes Down; The Man From Elysian Fields; Moonlight Mile;


"'Punch-Drunk Love' is sweet and strange with an ending whose heart-melting sincerity had several tough critics (including this one) in tears."
A. O. Scott, THE NEW YORK TIMES

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My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Punch-Drunk Love; Spirited Away; Swept Away; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; Welcome to Collinwood; White Oleander

Bronx

41. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever; The Banger Sisters; Barbershop; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; One Hour Photo; Red Dragon; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Tuxedo

42. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161st St. (718-588-8800) • Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; Spy Kids 2; The Tuxedo

43. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; Spy Kids 2; Sweet Home Alabama; The Tuxedo

Brooklyn

44. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • 8 Women; Igby Goes Down; Secretary (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

45. Brooklyn Heights Pavilion
70 Henry St. (718-369-0838) • Moonlight Mile; Secretary

46. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Brown Sugar; Red Dragon; The Transporter

47. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • The Man From Elysian Fields; Moonlight Mile; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; Secretary; Sweet Home Alabama

48. Court Street 14
106 Court St. (718-246-7469) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

49. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; The Transporter

50. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; Spy Kids 2; Sweet Home Alabama; The Tuxedo

51. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • One Hour Photo; Secretary; Spirited Away; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

52. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • Barbershop; Brown Sugar

53. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Below; Brown Sugar; Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; The Transporter

54. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Brown Sugar; City by the Sea; Knockaround Guys; Moonlight Mile; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; Swept Away; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

Queens

55. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Below; Knockaround Guys; Red Dragon; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Tuxedo

56. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Below; Knockaround Guys; The Rules of Attraction; Sweet Home Alabama; Tuck Everlasting

57. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; Spy Kids 2; Sweet Home Alabama; The Tuxedo

58. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Below; Red Dragon; The Transporter

59. Jamaica Multiplex Cinema
1 Jamaica Center, at Jamaica Ave. and Parsons Blvd. (718-291-9400) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever; Barbershop; Red Dragon; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Sweet Home Alabama; Swimfan; The Tuxedo

60. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; Moonlight Mile; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; Sweet Home Alabama; Swept Away; The Transporter; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

61. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • 8 Women; The Man From Elysian Fields; Mostly Martha; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Secretary; Shanghai Ghetto

62. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Brown Sugar; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; Spy Kids 2; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Tuxedo

63. North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • The Good Girl; The Last Kiss; The Piano Teacher

64. Plaza
103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Red Dragon; The Transporter

65. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • The Banger Sisters; The Transporter

66. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; The Tuxedo

67. UA Crossbay III
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Barbershop; Below; The Transporter

68. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Moonlight Mile; Red Dragon; Spirited Away; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

69. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Barbershop; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Tuxedo

Staten Island

70. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

71. Staten Island Stadium 16
2474 Forest Ave. (718-273-4200) • Barbershop; Below; Brown Sugar; Knockaround Guys; The Master of Disguise; Moonlight Mile; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; Swept Away; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

72. UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; The Tuxedo

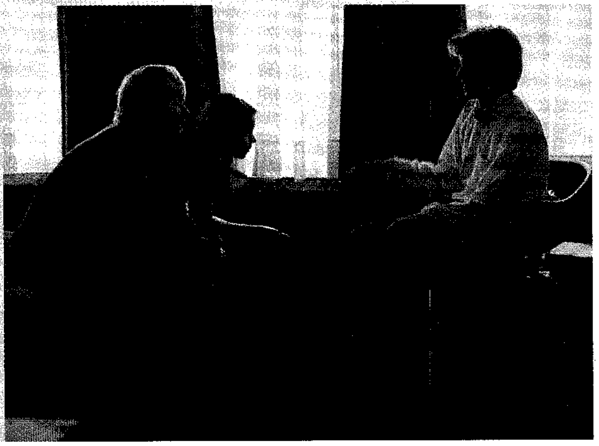
73. UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • The Banger Sisters; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Igby Goes Down; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; The Rules of Attraction; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

Opening

Write of Passage

"The difference between thinking about directing and directing is like the difference between masturbating and having sex," says Stephen Gaghan, the Oscar-winning screenwriter of *Traffic,* who makes his directing debut with **Abandon**. "It's like being dropped on your head—you wake up one day and everything's changed." In the film—a sophisticated roller-coaster ride about a gifted college student (Katie Holmes), the missing person she loves (Charlie Hunnam), and a detective in A.A. assigned to the case (Benjamin Bratt)—Gaghan revisits some childhood ghosts. "I went to a prep school where by the time you were 13, people were certain what they would do. There was a lot of pressure, and people were always derailing," he says, as if alluding to his own much-discussed past (which he dismisses with "the drug thing is a joke, it's so old"). "I was interested in writing about people who feel broken," he says. "They have secrets and pasts and think, *If I run away, everything will be fine*. You want to believe the right job or car or drug is going to fix you." Gaghan wants to continue directing, and he's currently adapting *See No Evil,* an autobiography of a lifer in the CIA. "I can't wait to get back out there," Gaghan says. "Now when I sit and write, it's no longer hypothetical; I know how a movie gets made." Opens October 18. B.K.

NEW DIRECTION: Charlie Hunnam and Katie Holmes, at work with director Stephen Gaghan on the set of *Abandon.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN WENK.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

74. Anthology Film Archives

32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "Moon and Stars Project Presents: 4th Annual NY Turkish Film Festival." 10/18: *Wildheart* (2001). 10/19: *Berdel* (1990); *Sergeant Shakepeare* (2001). 10/20: *Wildheart* (2001); *The Red Scarf* (1977); *In Spite of Everything* (1987). 10/21: *9* (2002).

75. Asia Society

725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA); $10. • "Crossing Tracks: Indigenous Films From Australia." 10/18: *Confessions of a Headhunter* (2000); *One Night the Moon* (2001). 10/19: *Black Talk* (2002); *Turn Around* (2002). 10/19: *Freedom Ride* (1993); *Shifting Shelter 2* (2000); *Radiance* (1998). 10/20: *Ngangkari Way* (2002); *Bush Mechanics* (1998).

76. BAM Rose Cinemas

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $9. • "The Next Director: Ulrich Seidl." 10/17: *Dog Days* (2001). 10/18: *Loss Is to be Expected* (1992). 10/19: *Models* (1999); *Animal Love* (1995). 10/20: *Good News* (1990).

77. Film Forum

209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.75. • "Two by Tarkovsky." 10/16–10/17: *Andrei Rublev* (1966). 10/18–10/24: *Solaris* (1972).

78. Film Society of Lincoln Center

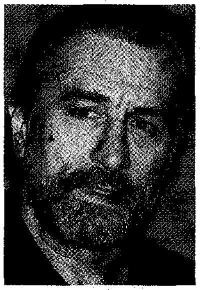
65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9. • "Scary Movies: 30 Years of Horror." 10/17: *The Ring* (2002). 10/18: *The Thing* (1982); *Prince of Darkness* (1987); *The Thing* (1982). 10/19: *It's Alive* (1974); *God Told Me To* (1975); *The Evil Dead* (1982); *Evil Dead II: Dead at Dawn* (1987). 10/20: *Cronos* (1993); *Death Line* (1972); *Pumpkinhead* (1987). 10/22: *Possession* (1981). 10/23: *Horror Express* (1972)

79. Goethe-Institut New York

1014 Fifth Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-439-8700); free. • "Wim Wenders Early Films." 10/16: *Polizeifilm* (1969); *Alice in the Cities* (1974). 10/24: *Wrong Movement* (1975).

80. The Hamptons International Film Festival

66 Newton Lane, East Hampton (631-324-4600); $10 • The United Artist Theaters. 30 Main St. (All films were made in 2002 unless otherwise noted). 10/16: *Rabbit-Proof Fence*. 10/17: *Kiss the Bride*; *Bungalow*; *Searching for Paradise*; *Lawless Heart*; *Morlang*; *Face*; *Alma Mater*; *Only the Strong Survive*; *El Crimen del Padre Amaro*; *120 Wooster Street*; *Bang the Machine*; *Breath Control*. 10/18: *Pollock (2000); Kiss the Bride; Roger Dodger; Searching for Paradise*; *No News From God; Robot Stories*; *Teknolust*; *Safety of Objects*; *Life and Times of Hank Greenberg*; *Sexy Boys*; *Eat This New York*; *Washington Heights*; *Infested*. 10/19: *G*; *You Stupid Man*; *Ripley's Game*; *Apartment #5C; Love Liza*; *The Last Good Time; American Gun*; *Eat This New York*; *Spellbound; Charlotte Sometimes*. 10/20: *Kiss the Bride*; *Nowhere in Africa*; *Searching for John Gissing*; *Virginia's Run*; *Spellbound*; *Shalom Y'all*; *Last Dance*.



81. MoMA at The Gramercy Theatre

127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900); $12. • "To Save and Project: The MoMA International Festival of Film Preservation." 10/17: *Invasion* (1969); *My Brother Is Coming* (1919); *The Witness* (1969); *Tokyo March* (1929); *The Water Magician* (1933). 10/18: *La Folie du Doctuer Tube* (1915); *Eating Sea Urchins* (1929); *The Fall of the House of Usher* (1928); *Don Quixote* (1934); *The Bigamist* (1953). 10/19: *Don Quixote* (1934); *The Bigamist* (1953); *Ngu Thuy Girls* (1969); *Hearts and Minds* (1974). 10/20: *Invasion* (1969); *Rumplestiltskin* (1915). 10/21: *The Stain* (1914); *The Hill Park Mystery* (1923).

82. Museum of Television & Radio

25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800); $6. • "O Canada! A Salute to Canadian Broadcasting." 10/17: *The Song of Leonard Cohen* (1980); *This Hour Has Seven Days: Joan Baez* (1965). "Billy Budd." 10/16–10/17: *Dupont Show of the Month: Billy Budd* (1959).

83. ResFest: Digital Film Festival

Tishman Auditorium at the New School. 66 W. 12th St. (888-468-3399); $10. • 10/16: "State of the Art Short Films." 10/17: *Fulltime Killer* (2002). 10/19: *Bad Day* (2002); *Breath Control* (2001); *Drive Me Crazy* (2001); *In the Bedroom* (2002). 10/20: "Short Film Director's Club."

84. Symphony Space/The Leonard Nimoy Thalia

2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $9. • "A Weekend Commemoration in Honor of the 40th Anniversary of Algerian Independence." 10/19: *The Olive Trees of Justice* (1962); *The Little Soldier* (1960); *The Battle of Algiers* (1965). 10/20: *Muriel* (1963); *The Little Soldier* (1960).

WHEN IN TUSCANY Diane Lane (*Unfaithful*, *The Perfect Storm*) will star in Touchstone's adaptation of the 1996 best-seller *Under the Tuscan Sun* by **Frances Mayes**, in which the author (a California college professor and travel writer) recounts her blissful move from the States to a crumbling villa in Italy. **Audrey Wells** (*Guinevere*; writer on *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*) will direct; production kicked off recently.

CHARLIE'S ANGLE Jim Carrey (last seen in Warner Bros.' unfortunate 2001 drama *The Majestic*), **Kate Winslet**, and—reportedly—**Kirsten Dunst** are all in talks to star in writer **Charlie** (*Being John Malkovich*) **Kaufman**'s latest, *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, for the independent production company Focus Features. **Michel Gondry** (*Human Nature*, also scripted by Kaufman) directs the film, which focuses on a hapless guy (Carrey) as he tries to make sense of his relationships, both past and present. Mindscapes and alternate realities are likely; production is scheduled to start this January.

REAWAKENINGS Robert De Niro, **Rebecca Romijn-Stamos**, and **Greg Kinnear** are in negotiations to star in *Godsend* for Lion's Gate Entertainment. The sci-fi thriller, about a doctor who agrees to use stem-cell research to assist a couple in their quest to bring a dead child back to life, starts shooting in Toronto in November. **Nick Hamm** (2001's *The Hole*), who worked formerly in British TV and theater, directs.

RIPPED FROM THE HEADLINES The indie film *Season of Youth* is shooting in the city this week. **Jesse L. Martin**, the *Law & Order* and *Ally McBeal* regular who first made a splash on the New York scene in the original Broadway cast of *Rent*, stars in the film (having appeared in only one other feature, the mostly overlooked *Restaurant*), which tells a story of racism in the elitist circles of wealthy young New Yorkers. A relative newcomer, **Eric Perlmutter**, directs; **Paul Gustus** (*Noon Blue Apples*) produces. SARA CARDACE

DAVIS *Continued from page 54*

I congratulate Eilana Lappalainen for her ability to survive the title role, an arduous workout that would surely have left most sopranos gasping for breath. That said, death did not come soon enough to still this problematical voice, consistently tight and wiry, beset with a terminal wobble—by far the most excruciatingly ugly sound I've heard in the role since I first saw the opera 50 years ago.

Otherwise, the City Opera has fielded a strong cast, headed by Mark Delavan's burly Jochanaan, Richard Berkeley-Steele's oily Herod, Linda Roark-Strummer's reptilian Herodias, and Brandon Jovanovich's besotted Narraboth. The orchestra is no Vienna Philharmonic, but George Manahan's musicians cope valiantly with the complex score and convey much of its instrumental color. Tim Goodchild's sets and costumes locate the biblical action in what seems to be the spiral-staircase lobby of an S&M Hollywood resort done up in Victorian décor, a kinky idea, though hardly the most bizarre twist in *Salome* fashions these days.

WHY PLÁCIDO DOMINGO HAS CHOSEN TO sing the title role in Giordano's **Andrea Chénier** is a mystery, particularly when he can pretty much write his own ticket at the Metropolitan Opera. This music, which he sang gloriously 30 years ago, is now far beyond his reach—even with downward transpositions, he had to omit the climactic high note in his last-act aria on opening night. The middle of Domingo's voice continues to sound strong, but with so much of the role now at lower-than-score pitch, he is often forced to dip down into the weaker bottom part of his tenor, where the tone lacks resonance, firmness, and projection. Signs of a struggle were apparent all evening—no wonder his performance seemed so perfunctory and lifeless.

There are precious few other reasons to justify this sorry revival, certainly not the Maddalena of Sylvie Valayre. Her soprano is several sizes too small for the part, especially when James Levine starts whipping up his orchestra into a brassy frenzy, and the lower keys do her no favors either. Juan Pons, on the other hand, can be heard loud and clear, crudely bellowing Gérard's music to the rafters. Among the dozen or so cameo roles, the best is Wendy White, who wrings every ounce of pathos from Madelon's little aria as she renders up her last grandson to the revolutionary tribunal. ■

Peter G. Davis's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/davis.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES (2).

FORD *Continued from page 37*

prim little downtown. Picking through piles of Doritos wrappers, empty Poland Spring bottles, ripped Elvis Costello posters, and stacks of books like *A Sporting Chance* (techniques for hunting mountain lions with a crossbow are illustrated, along with several man-catching schemes), Walton has managed to locate several slides of his early work. "I drew animals from age, like, 3, but after I got out of school I did this," Walton says, examining an image of a young boy tied up in a chair, duct tape over his mouth, with several older, nasty-looking children (one of whom is Walton) looking on, the sort of foul Grant Wood cartoon riff that might have appeared on an early Alice Cooper album cover. "There were a lot of bullying pictures then. I was trying to get at what a bad kid I was. Why I flunked out everywhere. Nobody liked these pictures. When I showed them—they were the first things I showed—someone wrote in magic marker on the wall BAD START. I don't even know why I keep them around, except to remind me I've always had this business about captivity and control."

This is something that Walton, ever the compulsive space cadet (ask him why he holds his pencil with four crabbed fingers and he says, "Yeah, who knows what's up with that?"), allows he comes by "honestly." Even though he was born in Larchmont and grew up in Croton, the son of a Time-Life executive and a doting mom, both sides of his family are from the Deep South: "They go way back. They both owned slaves." With this, Walton picks out one of his old pictures, of a very scary old woman with wild, demanding eyes. "This is one of my great-great-great-grandmothers. Emily Donaldson Walton. On her plantation, a slave girl was born with six fingers on each hand. She wrote about it in her diary, which I found. She said: 'My mother cut off the extra fingers and buried them under the rose bush in her flower garden. The girl was given to me and I named her Queen Victoria, which I thought was a beautiful name for my little pickaninny.' " Walton was "kind of blown away" by this and made a woodcutlike print called *Six Fingers* depicting the scene, which he printed up and glued to "every lamppost in downtown New York . . . I don't even know why, except that I wasn't getting anywhere in the art world and maybe I needed to expose this fucked-up thing in my family."

"Audubon as some Thoreau-like Johnny Appleseed of birds is really nuts, Ford says. "**HE WAS A MEAN-SPIRITED LIAR.** Yet his work became the standard for how nature is shown. I try to address this dialectic."

Things are, of course, different now, and Walton is rushing to finish two new pictures for his show at the Kasmin Gallery. One is of a golden eagle, inspired by a section in John Audubon's painting of the creature in *A Synopsis of the Birds of North America*. The canvas is empty now save for some line drawing and the spotty "foxing" Ford often uses to give his paintings the look of aged nineteenth-century field sketches. The idea, however, has been there for years, since Walton first read Audubon's *Ornithological Biography*. "Audubon as some Thoreau-like Johnny Appleseed of birds is really nuts," Walton says of his sometime bête noire. "He was a mean-spirited liar. He made enemies wherever he went. He was repulsed by Native Americans. He shot more birds than he ever painted . . . a total dick and not even that good an artist. Yet his work became the standard for how nature is shown. I try to address this dialectic."

With this, Walton reads aloud from the section in Audubon's diary dealing with the golden eagle. First, Audubon describes the attempt to snare the bird with a fox trap, but the eagle managed to get away, flying more than a mile with the trap on its leg. When the naturalist got hold of the bird, the problem of how to kill it remained. He thought of " 'suffocating him by means of burning charcoal, of killing him by electricity,' " Walton reads from Audubon's book. Asphyxiation by burning charcoal was the choice, but after two days of ingesting the acrid smoke, the eagle refused to die. Losing patience, Audubon says, "At last I was compelled to resort to a method always used as the last expedient, and a most effectual one. I thrust a long pointed piece of steel through his heart, when my proud prisoner instantly fell dead." Painting the eagle was difficult for Audubon. Felled by what he referred to as "a spasmodic affection," the conservationist icon was force to take to his bed for weeks.

Pointing at the canvas, Walton says: "My picture will have the eagle trying to escape, the fox trap on its leg, this horrible burning smoke coming out of its mouth. It'll be thinking, *Like, what the fuck do I have to do to get away from this asshole?* . . . I'll probably call it *Spasmodic Affection*."

When Walton first came up to Great Barrington, he wondered if being away from New York would keep him from becoming a famous artist. But it has worked out. Paul Kasmin is selling his canvases for more money than he ever dreamed possible. Now he's the resident art star of the town. He painted a few "porno" pictures based on Lewis and Clark's journey through the Louisiana Territory for the chef of the best restaurant in town, so he gets free food, which is a nice perk. Reflexively friendly, Walton's got a comment for everyone, a slap on the back.

"Can't help it, it's the way my dad was," Walton says of his father, now battling cancer. "Flicky Ford, they called him. He had that thing, that southern thing. He was a great storyteller, a great drinker. It's funny: He started as a cartoonist, at which he was only okay, but when he was at Time-Life, he used to hang out with Walt Kelly, who drew *Pogo*. Kelly used a lot of my father's dialogue for the strip because he was from Chicago, so how was he supposed to know how the animals in the Okefenokee Swamp talked? My dad and mom broke up when I was 10. There was a lot of darkness, but he just sailed on top of it," Walton says, as if this is a bullet he has to dodge.

"One lucky dude, I am," Walton says, driving home through the mountains to his home in Southfield. He says he married his wife, Julie Jones, whom he met at RISD, because "I saw these paintings, these images of restraint, and I really liked them. Then I met the artist, and she was, like, the most beautiful girl in the whole school, so that was pretty much it. . . . You know, I figured I'd have this great horn-dog career, and then I saw her and there was no choice." Married to Walton now for seventeen years, Julie Jones is still beautiful, and their two young daughters, Lillian and Camellia, ages 9 and 5, are also beautiful.

It being a beautiful early-fall day, Walton and his girls are going for a walk down the road from their lovely house to the pond. The pond is behind the old buggy-whip factory, which used to support the town and has been turned into an antiques shop. "From buggy whips to antiques," Walton says, as if it is the way of the world. The pond, which used to contain the sludge from the whip tannery but now contains a thriving little ecosystem, is full of frogs.

"Look," Walton yells to his daughters. "This frog caught a dragonfly. He's gonna eat it. Let's watch." ■

Theater

Edited by Ada Calhoun

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Amour
Michel Legrand's tale of a Paris postal worker who discovers he can walk through walls was a hit in France; now director James Lapine brings the romantic musical to Broadway. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/20 opening. • Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Dance of the Vampires
Michael Crawford, the original Phantom of the Opera, stars as Count Von Krolock, a 19th century vampire who tries to win the soul and body of a beautiful young woman. $25–$95. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for an 11/21 opening. • Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).

Flower Drum Song
Lea Salonga stars in this updated production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical about Chinese immigrants in San Francisco who convert an old theater into a nightclub. During previews: $20–$100. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Regular schedule: $65–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/17 opening. • Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).

Hollywood Arms
Hal Prince directs this new play by Carrie Hamilton and Carol Burnett based on Burnett's memoir about growing up at the foot of the Hollywood hills. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 10/31 opening. • Cort Theater, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Opening

Women's Works

CHEATED: Shayna Ferm brings war news to Lucy Deakins and Karen Young.

In 1978, frustrated by the heavily male theater world, Julia Miles founded the Women's Project to support female playwrights. At that point, by her tally, just 7 percent of produced plays were written by women. Now the figure is up to 20 percent, and the company's name, Women's Project & Productions, reflects its expanding mission. "When we hit 40, I'll quit," says Miles, who as WPP's artistic director has produced 111 plays and more than 400 workshops and readings. WPP's twenty-fifth season begins October 16 with **Cheat**, a new play by Julie Jensen about two women's experiences on the home front during World War II. (See "Off Broadway: Previews and Openings.")

Movin' Out
A new musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Twyla Tharp and based on 24 songs by Billy Joel. $40–$95. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 10/24 opening. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

Now Playing

Aida
Disney's epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian princess and the Egyptian prince who captures her, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Eye-popping sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it's still entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

The Boys From Syracuse
This 1938 Rodgers and Hart musical based on Shakespeare's *A Comedy of Errors* is mostly disarming. Tunes like "This Can't Be Love" are treasures, but Nicky Silver's rewriting of George Abbott's book seems unnecessary. (Jeremy Gerard; 8/26/02) $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 10/20. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

★ Cabaret
American Beauty director Sam Mendes's 1998 Tony-winning adaptation of the musical based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories* is dark in spirit and light on clothes. The decadent world of Weimar-era Berlin cabaret is re-created, appropriately enough, in what was once the notorious nightclub Studio 54. Raul Esparza and Molly Ringwald star. $45–$95. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Chicago
This lurid musical about the celebrity potential of female murderers won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking (after Bob Fosse) and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer (now hot young actor Taye Diggs) and the tabloid press. $20–$90. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. On Columbus Day, performance is at 2, not 8. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ 42nd Street
The hit 1933 movie about the chorus girl who becomes a star was made into a Broadway musical in 1980 and ran for eight years. The show is back, and it's an absolute knockout. *42nd Street* is on 42nd Street, God is in his Heaven, and all is right with the world. Now Kate Levering is back, too, as the lead. (Simon; 5/14/01) $25–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

★ Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune
Edie Falco (*The Sopranos*) and Stanley Tucci (*Road to Perdition*) headline this revival of Terrence McNally's tender play about a waitress and a short-order cook in New York who spend the night together. As directed by Joe Mantello, this slice of life sprinkled with all sorts of spicy toppings proves surprisingly nourishing. (John Simon; 8/19/02) $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 12/29. • Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?
Sally Field and Bill Irwin star in Edward Albee's dense Tony-winning drama about a successful architect who, at the pinnacle of his career, must confess to his wife and son the awful secret of his affair with, yes, a goat. (Simon; 3/25/02) $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Graduate
Kathleen Turner plays Mrs. Robinson in Terry Johnson's disastrous stage adaptation of the 1967 film. Co-starring *American Pie*'s Jason Biggs and Kelly Overton. (Simon; 4/15/02) $21–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Hairspray
This exuberant new musical based on John Waters's 1988 film follows the efforts of plump teen Tracy Turnblad (Marissa Jaret Winokur) to win over the hunk and the world as a dancer and integrationist on *The Corny Collins Show*. So many numbers bring down the house, it's a wonder the Neil Simon Theatre is still standing after the final curtain. (Gerard; 8/26/02) $65–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (212-307-4100).

Into the Woods
Vanessa Williams stars in Stephen Sondheim's mythic Tony winner, a journey through the fairy-tale forests of Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, and others. Despite music and lyrics by Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine, this production is a deluge of smirking camp. (Simon; 5/13/02) $40–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
An audacious button-pusher based on the Victor Hugo novel, with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream." $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this inventive production is wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director Julie Taymor. Rewarded with a bouquet of Tonys in 1998. $25–$100. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Mamma Mia!
This contrived musical about a young bride-to-be and

Ground Rules Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Capsule reviews are drawn from columns by John Simon and Jeremy Gerard, where noted; others are by Ada Calhoun. Stars (★) indicate our editors' and critics' recommendations. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th Street and in South Street Seaport at the corner of Front and John Streets; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTHA HOLMES.

her single mother is scored with 22 shimmery disco tunes by Abba's Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. (Simon; 10/29/01) $55–$98.75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-563-5544).

★ Metamorphoses
Writer-director Mary Zimmerman and her company use a 27-foot-long pool of water to tell Ovid's classic tales of Midas, Narcissus, and more. The myths have power despite some overly cute modern touches. (Simon; 10/29/01) $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Circle in the Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Oklahoma!
Choreographer Susan Stroman (*The Producers*) and director Trevor Nunn (*Les Miz*) bring their acclaimed revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic Stateside. A smash hit in London, something seems to have been lost in transit, but the songs, sets, and choreography should be enough to make *Oklahoma!* okay with you. (Simon; 4/8/02) $20–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera
Andrew Lloyd Webber's campy version of the macabre tale, given an opulent spin by director Hal Prince, has been running since 1988. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Producers
There's no ignoring the success of Mel Brooks's musical, directed and choreographed by Susan Stroman. Based on Brooks's Oscar-winning 1968 film about Broadway showmen who set out to produce the "surefire flop" *Springtime for Hitler*, the show set records at the 2001 Tony Awards and, despite the departure of its original stars, remains one of the hottest tickets in town. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Proof
Anne Heche dazzles as a young woman mourning the death of her mentally unstable mathematician father. Not making things any easier are her type-A sister, a nosy graduate student (Neil Patrick Harris), and a groundbreaking proof of uncertain provenance that appears in her late father's office. Rewarded with a Pulitzer and several Tonys. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Rent
This Pulitzer-winning musical about early nineties squatter culture has the best pop-music score Broadway has heard in 30 years. Jonathan Larson's songs, his heart, and his soul have lost none of their power in the six years this show has been on Broadway. 'N Sync's Joey Fatone now stars. (Gerard; 9/16/02) $35–$95. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Say Goodnight Gracie
Frank Gorshin is George Burns in this one-man show by Rupert Holmes. Before he can join Gracie in heaven, Burns must give one final performance. $60–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Thoroughly Modern Millie
Sutton Foster turns gawkiness into something gazelle-like as Millie, a young woman who comes to New York to make her fortune. This winner of multiple Tonys is a mind-teasing and heart-tickling delight. (Simon; 4/29/02) $60–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (212-307-4100).

Urinetown
A water shortage forces city-dwellers to comply with a pay-per-pee system in this parody of, or perhaps ode to, the modern musical. *Urinetown* rose from the downtown Fringe Festival to become a Tony winner and Broadway smash, but it lacks internal logic. (Simon; 9/24/01) $35–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

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Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Big Al
Bryan Goluboff's new play about a young screenwriter who tries to write a film for his idol, Al Pacino. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. In previews for an 11/5 opening. • Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-239-6200).

Blessing in Disguise
Seven magnificent men fight for the right to perform. $55. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8. In previews for a 10/19 opening. • Times Square Theatre, 675 Eighth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-206-1515).

Book of Days
Signature Theatre continues its Lanford Wilson season with this emotionally charged play. Like *Burn This*, *Book of Days* deals with reactions to a death, only in this case the deceased is not a New York dancer, but rather the community leader of a small midwestern town. $50. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/3 opening. Through 12/8. • Signature Theatre's Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Burning Blue
After a fatal accident involving three F-18s, officers and spouses become subjects of a modern-day witch-hunt in D.M.W. Greer's acclaimed drama. Directed by John Hickok; won two Laurence Olivier Awards in London. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. In previews for a 10/16 opening. Through 12/15. • Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Cheat
Women's Project & Productions kicks off its twenty-fifth anniversary season with this new play by Julie Jensen about two women who lose their jobs at a munitions plant at the end of WWII. $39. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opens 10/16. Through 11/3. (See box.) • Women's Project Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Debbie Does Dallas
Sherie Rene Scott stars in this stage adaptation of the seminal film about one woman's drive to make it onto the Dallas Cowboys cheerleading squad. $30–$35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10. In previews for a 10/29 opening. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

Dudu Fisher: Something Old, Something New
The famed virtuoso and cantor brings traditional Jewish standards and Broadway favorites to the Lower East Side. Mon.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. $45–$60. In previews for a 10/30 opening. Through 12/8. • Mazer Theatre, 197 E. Broadway (212-239-6200).

Nathan the Wise
Timeliness, anyone? Richard Sewell adapts Gotthold Lessing's eighteenth-century German drama about the struggle between Jews, Christians, and Muslims in Jerusalem during the Crusades. $30–$40. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 10/20 opening. Through 11/24. • Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (212-598-9802).

The Romance of Magno Rubio
Ma-Yi Theatre Company presents the world premiere of Lonnie Carter's play about a lonely Filipino farm worker in thirties California, based on poet, novelist, and blacklisted political activist Carlos Bulosan. $18–$35. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews starting 10/18 for a 10/26 opening. Through 11/17. • DR2, 103 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Yellowman
Two South Carolinians who grew up as best friends realize on the verge of adulthood that skin color divides. Finalist for the 2002 Pulitzer Prize. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 10/22 opening. Through 12/15. (See box.) • Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Yentl
The Folksbiene, America's oldest professional Yiddish theater, presents the Yiddish world premiere of Isaac Bashevis Singer's folktale, which, according to Singer, is about "the divine androgyny of the soul." Simultaneous English translation will be provided via headsets. $45. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5:30, Wed. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 10/27 opening. Through 12/29. (See box.) • PCMH Theatre, 344 W. 36th St. (212-307-4100).

Now Playing

Art of the Tale
Series of five tales told by popular storyteller Odds Bodkin. $45. Schedule varies; call for details. Through 12/15. • Clark Studio Theater, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St. (800-554-1333).

Bailegangaire: The Town Without Laughter
Senile old Mommo (played by Olivier Award winner Pauline Flanagan) tells all in this production written and directed by Irish playwright Tom Murphy. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/24. • The Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

Bartenders
Louis Mustillo's new play about his personal heroes: the men who serve the drinks. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. • Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 345 W. 45th St. (212-206-1515).

Betty Rules
Politically active five-piece girl band Betty has been around for fifteen years. This fall, its members present the group's colorful story in theatrical form. Directed by Michael Greif (*Rent*). $29.90–$44.90. Tues–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. • Zipper Theatre, 336 W. 37th St. (212-239-6200).

Birdy's Bachelorette Party
Celebrate the upcoming wedding of a sweet legal secretary to her construction-worker boyfriend with wacky antics including a lingerie show, karaoke, and a sex-toy demonstration. $60 includes postshow admission to the club. Fri.–Sat. at 8. • Culture Club, 179 Varick St. (212-352-3101).

Blue Man Group: Tubes
You've seen the Intel commercials; now see the popular painted men in real life. Props include toilet paper and cereal. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 7 and 10; Sat. at 4, 7, and 10; Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Burn This
Catherine Keener, Edward Norton, Ty Burrell, and Dallas Roberts star in this flaccid, dated Signature Theatre Company production of Lanford Wilson's 1987 play about four New Yorkers grieving for a dead dancer. (Gerard; 9/30/02) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed., Sat., Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. • Union Square Theater, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

The Butter and Egg Man
Atlantic Theater Company's 1925 comedy by George S. Kaufman about a young midwestern man who lands in New York and tries his luck at show business is dated, but the cast is acceptable. (Simon; 10/14/02) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

The Charity That Began at Home
Last performed in England in 1917, this comedy about put-upon do-gooders has been resurrected by the Mint Theater Company. $19 during previews; $35 thereafter. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 10/27. • Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-315-0231).

Comedy of Errors
Aquila Theatre Company's popular, critically acclaimed adaptation of Shakespeare's comedy, in the style of a "twenties Turkish cartoon dream." $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. • Theatre Row's Clurman Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

The Dark Kalamazoo
One-woman show by Oni Faida Lampley about becoming "an SBW—a Strong Black Woman." $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-633-9632).

★ De La Guarda
A raucous show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Plan on audience participation and mist. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Defending the Caveman
The longest-running solo show in Broadway history, a comedy about the battle of the sexes, returns to New York after an international tour. $39.50–$49.50. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. Sun. at 3. Through 10/20 and 11/12–11/24. • Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-307-4100).

The Donkey Show
A wild, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

★ Endpapers
A breathlessly fast, funny, and thoughtful play about office politics at an independent publishing house. *Endpapers'* author, Thomas McCormack, is the former CEO of St. Martin's Press. (Simon; 7/8/02) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/27. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

The Exonerated
Politically charged play crafted from interviews with freed death-row inmates. Stars Richard Dreyfuss, Jill Clayburgh, and Sara Gilbert. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Bleecker Street Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

★ Forbidden Broadway 20th Anniversary Celebration
Current targets of this long-running spoof of musicals past and present include: "saucy Fosse" choreography, the "tongue-spraining" lyrical stylings of Steven Sondheim, and "all the Nazi musicals" (*Cabaret, The Producers*, and *The Sound of Music*). $49.50–$57. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

The Guys
Peggy Lipton and Dan Lauria now star in Anne Nelson's play about a fire captain who lost many of his men and an editor who helps him write the eulogies. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 7. Through 11/22. • Flea Theater, 41 White St. (212-206-1515).

Happy Days
Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days* premiered at the Cherry Lane in 1961 and returns directed by Joseph Chaikin, with Joyce Aaron as its sorrowful heroine, Winnie. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Harlem Song
George C. Wolfe's new musical traces the music and culture of Harlem from the twenties to the present, and despite re-creating moments like Ella Fitzgerald's winning performance at Amateur Night at the Apollo, there is no real passion behind this production. (Simon; 9/19/02) $20–$55. Sat. at 8, Sun. and Mon. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. • Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (212-307-7171).

Henry V
St. Crispin's Day comes early this year with a Jean Cocteau Repertory production of the Shakespeare drama. Schedule varies; call for details. Through 1/5. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Importance of Being Earnest
Learn from Wilde's masterpiece why being earnest is usually a terrible idea. Schedule varies; call for details. Through 1/2. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

In Real Life
Daniel Sullivan directs Charlayne Woodard (whose breakthrough was in *Ain't Misbehavin'*) in an autobiographical play about her life as a young actress. $45. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30. Sat.–Sun. at 3. Through 11/10. • Manhattan Theatre Club, Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Jolson & Company
This new musical about Al Jolson, the legendary "Jazz Singer," follows his epic career (1915–1950) through vaudeville, Broadway, radio, and talkies. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Julius Caesar
Popular experimental group Axis Company presents Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* as a psychological journey in which the people of Rome are "convicts of their errors." $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 11/16. • The Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. (212-807-9300).

Late Night Catechism
Another interactive comedy (this one set in Catholic school) from the producers of *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*. $40. Wed. at 2, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Little Ham: A Harlem Jazzical
Con man Little Ham defends Harlem from the mob in this simpleminded musical based on Langston Hughes's 1936 farce of the same name. (Simon; 10/14/02) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed.–Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Loose Knit
New York women in their thirties knit together and vent together in this comedy by Theresa Rebeck. $40. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 11/2. • Arts International, 251 Park Ave. So. (212-279-4200).

Love, Janis
A bio-musical based on the book *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura and performed by a trio of actresses. $45–$100. Mon, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

A Man of No Importance
Mediocre musical based on the 1994 film about a repressed Dublin bus driver who moonlights with an amateur theater company. The story abounds in bittersweet wistfulness while also trying to be a lusty comedy. (Simon; 7/21/02) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Mayor's Limo
From the producer of *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding* comes this new comedy about a homeless man arrested for urinating on the mayor's limousine. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (212-353-3101).

Menopause the Musical
A parody about "the change," set in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

Mi Tía la Jamona/Que Buena Amiga Es Mi Suegra
(*My Aunt the Old Maid* and *How Good My Mother-in-Law Is*): two plays from the Dominican Theatre Festival. $25–$40. Schedule varies; see www.repertorio.org for details. Through 10/27. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $29.50–$32.50. Mondays at 8. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-615-6432).

My Old Lady
A man inherits a Paris apartment, but when he arrives, he finds his father has already installed two tenants, an old lady and her daughter. Written by Israel Horovitz and directed by David Esbjornson, the story is civilized and amusing, but quite simply *incroyable*. (Simon; 10/14/02) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a regular musical revue, but without pants. $35–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

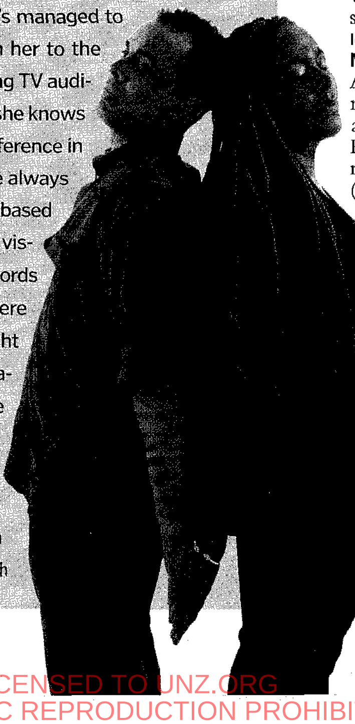
Perfect Crime
Warren Manzi's long-running thriller is about a psychiatrist accused of killing her rich husband, and the police detective who falls for her. $40. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Duffy Theater, Broadway at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

The Prince and the Pauper
A new musical based on the Twain novel, with music and lyrics by Neil Berg, additional lyrics by Bernie Garzia, and book by Garzia and Ray Roderick. $40–$60. Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at

Opening

Shades of Meaning

Yellowman was a finalist for the 2002 Pulitzer; the advance word is good. "Yeah, and watch that shit bomb!" jokes Dael Orlandersmith, the play's author and star, who is experiencing some preshow anxiety. Orlandersmith, who grew up Catholic in East Harlem and the South Bronx, doesn't sound like she gets anxious all that often. After all, she's managed to keep her sense of humor through a career that has taken her to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, film school, humiliating TV auditions, the Actors Studio, and the Nuyorican Poets Café. But she knows the subject matter (two friends in South Carolina whose difference in skin color leads to problems) will put people on edge. "Race always makes people tighten up," she says. "This play is very loosely based on when I was a kid in the sixties and we would go down to visit my mother's family in South Carolina, where people used words like 'pitch black' or 'high yellow' to describe each other. There was actually a family that would interbreed to keep their light skin going." That's part of the difference between race relations in the North versus the South, she explains: "In the North, you know where you stand. In the North, the words may not be used—it's *I hope one day we'll all be able to come together*—but then I have to explain during casting what a light-skinned man and dark-skinned man look like."



FRIENDS FOREVER? Howard W. Overshown and Dael Orlandersmith in MTC's *Yellowman.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEAN MARIE GUYAUX.

Previews

Old World

IS THIS THE LITTLE GIRL I MARRIED? Yentl (Eleanor Reissa), left, gets a good report of "his" bride-to-be from Yachna (Mina Bern) in *Yentl.*

A hundred years ago in New York, Shakespeare's plays were routinely performed in Yiddish with the tagline *"fartaytsht un farbesert"* ("translated and improved"). This week, Folksbiene, the only professional Yiddish theater left in the U.S., presents Isaac Bashevis Singer's **Yentl**, translated (into Yiddish and back into English on headphones) and improved (Singer and most of Folksbiene's members hated the Barbra Streisand movie). Starring as Yentl is Brooklyn-born Eleanor Reissa, a dauntless crusader for Yiddish theater: "The language is guttural, onomatopoeic, and—like this play—*so* sexy!" She's not kidding about sexy: Yentl poses as a boy to attend yeshiva and winds up marrying a woman and having an intimate relationship with a male classmate. The play may, in fact, scandalize the older set of Yiddish theatergoers, admits elegant Obie winner Mina Bern, who plays Yachna. Bern moved to the Lower East Side in 1949 after escaping the Nazis via a refugee camp in Uganda ("at night, you could hear the snakes, *ssssss*—I've been through *hell*"). She has always taken refuge onstage, where she's been a star, in five languages, for more than 60 years, and in previous work with Folksbiene, notes Reissa, "Mina was there every day, in the rain, in the snow, in heels!" If Folksbiene has its way, such will be the endurance of Yiddish theater in New York. (See "Off Broadway: Previews and Openings.") A.C.

8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Puppetry of the Penis
An oddly innocent lesson in "the ancient Australian art of genital origami." $29.90–$39.90. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui
Al Pacino, Billy Crudup, Paul Giamatti, Chazz Palminteri, Tony Randall . . . An all-star cast appears in this National Actors Theatre revival of Bertolt Brecht's Nazi parable set in gangster-era Chicago. $115 for non-NAT members. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Extended through 11/3. • Michael Schimmel Center for the Arts at Pace University, Spruce St. bet. Park Row and Gold St. (212-239-6280).

★ Ricky Jay: On the Stem
The stem in question is Broadway, and the street's colorful history is enchantingly explored and masterfully demonstrated in sleight-of-hand artist Ricky Jay's latest show, directed by David Mamet. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 10/20. • Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

Rum & Vodka
Conor McPherson's earliest play is this dark comedy about an Irishman who wakes up to a life he hates and heads straight for the pub. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (212-206-1515).

She Stoops to Conquer
This British class comedy wowed the 1773 Covent Garden crowd. Now Miss Hardcastle and Mr. Marlow come to St. Mark's Place. $30–$40. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/10. • Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (212-598-9802).

Split
Award-winning playwright Michael Weller's comic drama documents the breakup of a "perfect couple" and the effect it has on their friends. $35. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 7. Through 10/20. • The Lion Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Stomp
A boisterous riot of found-object percussion. $35–$60. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Take Me Out
This new play by Richard Greenberg about a gay baseball player who comes out to the media would make a great sitcom, but it doesn't actually have anything very interesting to say about coming out, or intolerance, or, for that matter, baseball. (Gerard; 9/15/02) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Extended through 10/27. • The Public Theater's Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Underneath the Lintel
In Glen Berger's well-paced drama, a librarian begins a peculiar investigation after discovering a returned book that is 123 years overdue. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's oral history of a body part stitches together testimony from women from all over the world, from those who have experienced terrible abuse to those who have invented cute nicknames for what lies "down there." Performed by a rotating cast of three actresses. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Water Coolers
A new musical revue about corporate America from Thomas Michael Allen (creator of *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*). $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Dillons, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Off-Off Broadway

As You Like It
Luna Repertory Company brings Shakespeare's Forest of Arden to the West Village with live performance of an original score, but "no highfalutin postmodern concepts." $19. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3:30 and 7. Through 11/2. • Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (212-627-2961).

Boogie Rican Boulevard
A play with music by Bronx-born hip-hop poet Caridad De La Luz. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/27. • La Tea Theater, 107 Suffolk St. (212-807-4775).

Food for Thought: Lunch-Hour Theatre
Lunch-hour readings of one-act plays by renowned playwrights. $38. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. 1–2. Through 12/19. • National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park So. (212-362-2560).

The Glass House/Face Divided
Winged Lion Community Productions presents two dramas by, respectively, Jacques Bonan and Edward Allan Baker. $18. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. In previews starting 10/16 for a 10/17 opening. Through 11/3. • Producers Club on Theatre Row, 358 W. 44th St. (718-768-5582).

HamletMachine
Heiner Muller's deconstruction of Hamlet, with a score by Fred Newman. $25–$40. Fri. at Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 11/10. • Castillo Theatre, 500 Greenwich St. (212-941-1234).

The Namesake Festival
Subtitled "Who Do You Think You Are?," this festival includes thirteen original short plays about doppelgangers. $15. Schedule varies; see www.doppelgang-productions.org for details. Through 10/26. • Flamboyan Theater, 107 Suffolk St. (212-851-8915).

Octoberfest 2002
E.S.T. presents its twenty-second annual festival of new works. Schedule varies; call for details. Through 11/5. • Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).

★ Single Wet Female
Romance meets high-anxiety thriller in this tale of clashing roommates. Stars two of the funniest lesbians in New York: Obie winner Carmelita Tropicana and that divine dyke of darkness, Marga Gomez. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 10/20. • P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).

The Sky Over Nineveh
World premiere of Mac Rogers's play about the battle between progress and tradition, inspired by the Book of Jonah. $15. Mon.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 4. Opening 10/18. Through 11/3. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

A Song for You . . .
The H.A.D.L.E.Y. Players open the season with Wendi Joy Franklin's two-act with music, subtitled "The Civil Rights Journey of a Negro Woman: Lena Calhoun Horne." $15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. In previews starting 10/18 for a 10/20 opening. Through 11/24. • H.A.D.L.E.Y. Players Theater, 207 W. 133rd St. (212-368-9314).

Spotlight on Halloween Festival
In addition to the usual Poe fare, expect wildcards like *Dik and Jayne Are Not the Same* (about lesbians and cloning) and a one-act thriller called *The Bedsitter.* $15. Schedule varies; see www.spotlighton.org for details. Through 11/3. • Raw Space, 529 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Stop! Look! Listen!
Musicals Tonight!, Inc., revives Irving Berlin's 1915 starlets-running-off-to-Hawaii show, which includes the songs "I Love a Piano" and "The Ragtime Melody." $19. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 11/10. • YMHA, 344 E. 14th St. (212-362-5620).

Teddy Tonight!
Laurence Luckinbill stars in this one-man show as former president Theodore Roosevelt. $19. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/24. • Abingdon Mainstage Theatre, 312 W. 36th St. (212-206-1515).

Three O'Clock in Brooklyn
Over-caffeinated characters ricochet around a coffee shop in this new comedy by Israela Margalit. Stars multiple Emmy winner Kim Zimmer. $15. Mon., Thurs.–Sat at 8. Through 11/2. • Access Theatre, 380 Broadway, at White St. (212-206-1515).

Zanna, Don't!
This pop-musical fairy tale depicts a high-school fantasyland where it's cool to be smart and gay. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/17 opening. Through 11/3. • Rodney Kirk Theatre on Theatre Row, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHIE FAHEY.

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

★ Georg Baselitz
Paintings and drawings whose grotesque anthropomorphic distortions were influenced by popular Surrealist writings, created by the German artist at the beginning of his career in the sixties; through 11/2. • Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677).

★ Paul Feeley
A two-gallery retrospective of paintings by this artist who was associated with the Color-Field painters, but whose forms were derived from ancient Greek architecture, Moorish tiles, and Middle Eastern decoration (see "Solos: Chelsea"); through 11/23. • Markey, 42 E. 76th St. (212-517-9892).

★ Buffie Johnson
Paintings spanning the artist's career since the fifties, among them her gestural paintings of the sixties, her monumental plant images of the seventies, and her numbering series of the nineties; through 11/23. • Shapolsky, 152 E. 65th St. (212-452-1094).

★ Markus Lüpertz
New paintings from the series "Semiramis," inspired by the hanging gardens of Babylon built by Queen Semiramis; through 11/16. • Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Erin Parish
Dreamlike abstract paintings in which shapes are repeated in layers of pigment; through 11/9. • Winston Wächter Mayer, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

★ Andy Warhol
More than 30 paintings, watercolors, and drawings based on the theme of the hammer and sickle that were first exhibited in 1977; through 12/7. • C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020).

57th Street Area

★ Paul Cadmus/Mark Greenwold
Chalk and crayon drawings of the male nude dating from the thirties to the nineties/One new painting that explores the issues and complexities of late middle age, depicting people from the artist's life in roles that do not necessarily correspond with reality; through 11/9. • DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

Käthe Kollwitz
An exhibition of etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts coinciding with the publication of Alexandra von dem Knesebeck's newly revised *catalogue raisonné* of the artist's work; through 1/4/03. • St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734).

Marcia Lyons
Transparent sculptures, light installations, and sound and DVD paintings; through 11/9. • Luxe, 24 W. 57th St. (917-327-4328).

Jon Schueler
Paintings and watercolors by the late artist known for his poetic depictions of the sky in Maillaig, Scotland, where he maintained a studio off and on for years; through 10/31. • Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Elena Sisto
Paintings that depict life-size images of adolescent girls in geometrically patterned dresses; through 11/9. • Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Manolo Valdés
Recent sculptures of female heads in bronze, lead, and iron; through 11/2. • Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Soho and Tribeca

★ Jane Hammond and Raphael Rubinstein
Fifteen unique versions of a limited-edition artist book titled *Be Zany, Poised Harpists/Be Blue, Little Sparrows*, many of which have a playful pull-out, open-up, or unique hand-collaged element; through 11/9. • Dieu Donné, 433 Broome St. (212-226-0573).

★ Liza Lou
A 35-foot-long 1949 Spartan Mobile Mansion transformed by the artist into a fantasy world of decadence and crime; through 11/30. • Deitch, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Claudia and Julia Müller
The first solo New York show by identical twins who are showing appropriated European restaurant menus, figurative drawings, and a video projection; through 12/30. • Maccarone, 45 Canal St. (212-431-4977), Wed.-Sun. noon-6.

Berty Skuber
A 100-square-foot mosaic of sewn-together garment labels, by an Italian artist whose last New York show took place at the Kornblee Gallery in 1979; through 11/2. • Harvey, 537 Broadway (212-925-7651).

★ Rosie Lee Tompkins
Brilliantly colored, geometrically patterned quilts by a Northern Californian African-American quiltmaker who was born in 1936 and grew up helping her mother "piece" quilts in rural Arkansas; through 11/23. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Chelsea

★ Brian Alfred
New paintings and computer animations depicting architectural sites that suggest impending crisis; through 11/2. • Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-691-4342).

★ Ema Amos
A survey of the artist's paintings, photographs, and prints on velvet; through 11/9. • Art Resources Transfer, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956).

R. Crumb
More than 30 drawings dating from 1976 to the present, including his drawings of women, cover art for *The Complete Crumb Comics*, and portraits of Charles Bukowski, Fritz the Cat, and others; through 11/9. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

Alberto di Fabio
Vividly colored paintings of microscopic patterns, on canvas and Chinese paper; through 11/16. • Briggs Robinson, 527 W. 29th St. (212-560-9075).

★ Steve DiBenedetto
Mazelike colored-pencil drawings on such themes as abduction, the paranormal, and dimensional warpage; through 11/9. • Eller, 526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411).

★ Paul Feeley/Peter Cain
Paintings and sculptures made between 1958 and 1965 by this artist who was associated with the Color-Field painters, but whose compositions were derived from ancient Greek architecture, Moorish tiles, and Middle Eastern decoration/The first solo exhibition of the artist's paintings of truncated cars since his untimely death in 1997. Through 11/23. • Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

★ Walton Ford
Recent watercolors of passenger pigeons, starlings, and other birds that depict them engaged in the vices often portrayed in Breughel paintings; 10/17–11/16. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Marcia Hahif
Minimal pencil drawings made in New York between 1972 and 1976; through 11/2. • Ritter, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-7375).

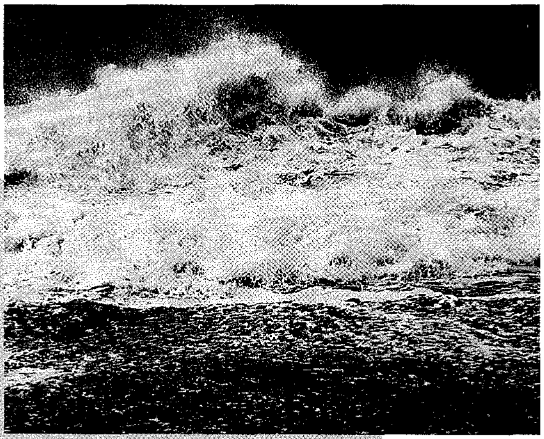
★ Stephen Hannock
A large painting of the Connecticut River Oxbow in western Massachusetts; a nude portrait of the artist's wife at nine months' pregnancy, and an installation

Ground Rules Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations.

Photography

Making a Splash

"In a period of a year, I realized that everything I was trying to do in painting and sculpture was available in photography," says **Clifford Ross**, who began shooting "Hurricanes," the series currently on view at Sonnabend Gallery, in 1995 after twenty-some years as a painter. "There's a story about Turner strapping himself to the mast of a ship. I watch on the Internet as the hurricanes are crossing the Atlantic, and when I know they are coming to eastern Long Island, I race out there. I go into the water, anywhere from my ankles to my neck, and photograph." Ross shot the last works of the series on September 11. "I was at the beach and found out I couldn't get back into New York," he recalls. "Every time I came out of the ocean and looked down the beach, I wondered if I would see a mushroom-shaped cloud over New York, and that my world would be ended. The contradistinction between being in the surf facing nature's explosiveness and the fact that violence had been unleashed at an even greater scale by human beings was something that demanded a response. I'm now shooting very, very calm waters." (Through November 2; see "Photography.")



WEATHERMAN: Clifford Ross's sublimely roiling *Hurricane XVII*, 2001.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF SONNABEND GALLERY.

combining drawings, text, photographs, and found objects that is dedicated to the late artists Fran and Gregory Gillespie; through 11/9. • McKenzie, 511 W. 25th St. (212-989-5467).

★ Julian Hatton
Paintings of invented landscapes in offbeat combinations of color; through 11/9. • Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-563-9666).

★ Rebecca Horn
New mechanical sculptures and photographs of painted, double-exposure photographs; through 11/9. • 528 W. 29th St. (212-239-1181).

Jennider Odem/Elène Tremblay
Sculptures that suggest low-tech contraptions/Photographs taken in alleys in Montreal. Through 11/2. • Miller/Geisler, 511 W. 25th St. (212-255-2885).

Paul McCarthy
New sculpture; through 11/2. • Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Edda Renouf
Recent paintings and drawings that use the techniques of scraping and incising to create repetitive accumulations of marks and lines that are evocative of the ripples of water on a lake or furrows in a field; through 11/6. • Helman, 601 W. 26th St. (212-929-1545).

★ Bettina Rheims/Lynda Benglis
Chambre Close, a series of photographs of women in cheap hotel rooms in which the photographer assumed the role of Monsieur X, an amateur photographer with an insatiable curiosity about women's bodies/*Quartered Meteor*, a sculpture made in 1969. Through 11/16. • Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. (212-242-7737).

★ Robert Ryman
New paintings that continue the artist's use of a range of white pigments, but also incorporating various greens, umber, and red; through 11/9. • Pace Wildenstein, 534 W. 25th St. (212-421-3292).

David Shrigley
Drawings, texts, photographs, and sculptures that offer the Glasgow artist's humorous take on the human condition; through 11/16. • Kern, 532 W. 20th St. (212-367-9663).

William Steiger
Paintings of train signals, semaphores, and grain elevators isolated in landscapes; through 11/16. • Thatcher, 511 W. 25th St. (212-675-0222).

★ Sam Taylor-Wood
Two new silent films, *Breach* and *Pietà*, and a group of photographs, including "The Passion Cycle," a series depicting a couple making love in an ornately appointed bedroom; through 11/2. • Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Peter Waite
Paintings on aluminum panels that depict images from the artist's travels and provincial life, often portraying the distant and the local together; through 11/2. • Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

Clare Woods
Large-scale paintings based on photographs of wooded areas in the English countryside at night; through 11/2. • Cohan Leslie and Browne, 138 Tenth Ave. (212-206-8710).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli
"Something We Talked About," a two-venue exhibition, with Brooke Alexander Gallery (see "Group Shows: Soho and Tribeca"), of works that invoke a sense of awareness of transpired events, by Baldessari, McBride, Salle, Weiner; through 11/23. • 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Taggart
Modernist works from the Baker/Pisano Collection of the Heckscher Museum of Art, including paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by Chase, Cornell, Dawson, Dickinson, Marin, O'Keeffe, Père du Bois, others; through 11/2. • 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

57th Street Area

Artemis • Greenberg Van Doren
"All American, Part II," works by artists who were instrumental in forwarding American art movements, among them De Kooning, Frankenthaler, Gorky, Kelly, O'Keeffe, Ruscha, Stella, Warhol; through 11/2. • 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

★ AXA
"Perfect Acts of Architecture," drawings made between 1972 and 1987, a sluggish economic period when new building was curtailed, by Eisenman, Koolhaas, Libeskind, Mayne, Tschumi; through 10/19. • 787 Seventh Ave. (212-554-4731), Mon.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. noon-5.

Soho and Tribeca

★ Art in General
"Art in General on Canal," commissioned public art projects on and around Canal Street by Buckingham, Gardiner, Haye, Schimert, the PARbros, others; through 2/1/03 (call gallery for locations and tour information); "With(in)," works by artists from Thailand and New York who explore contemplative space; through 12/21. • 79 Walker St. (212-219-0473).

Brooke Alexander
"Something We Talked About," a two-venue exhibition, with Leo Castelli Gallery (see "Group Shows," "'Madison Avenue and Vicinity"), of works that invoke an awareness of transpired events, by Baldessari, McBride, Salle, Weiner; through 11/23. • 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338).

Chelsea

Brown
Works in a variety of media by 24 artists inspired by a September day spent in the gardens of Wave Hill, among them Buist, Fyfe, Hardie, Holliday, Jones, von Bergen; through 11/2. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-252-4885).

Other

★ New York Studio School
"Watercolor," paintings by Arikha, Bleckner, Chaet, Meyer, Morley, Mueller, Pearlstein, Resika, others; through 11/16. • 8 W. 8th St. (212-673-6466).

Photography

★ Bobby Neel Adams
Photographic portraits created by splicing together present-day portraits of his subjects with their childhood photographs; through 11/16. • Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

★ Aperture
"Aperture at 50: A Celebration of Photography," photographs by Adams, Breitenbach, Close, Crewdson, Ess, Modotti, Rauschenberg, others; 10/21–11/3. (See box.) • 20 E. 23rd St. (212-505-5555).

★ Valérie Belin
Large-scale black-and-white photographs that depict subjects isolated from their contexts; through 11/16. • Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

★ Georgina Houghton/Marvin E. Newman
Albumen-process photographs from the 1870s by a London medium and her photographer-collaborator, Frederic Hudson, that purport to depict ghosts/A series of photographs from 1951 that capture shadows cast by pedestrians on the pavements of downtown Chicago. Through 11/14. • De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

★ International Center of Photography
"Winogrand: 1964." Photographs shot by the photographer (1928–1984) during a road trip across America that show the country in transition, mired in the struggles of the civil-rights movement and poised at the beginning of the Vietnam War; through 12/1. • "Step Right This Way: The Photographs of Edward J. Kelty." Photographs of early-twentieth-century circuses and circus performers by a professional wedding and event photographer based in midtown Manhattan; through 12/1. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-857-0000), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (5-8 P.M. voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $9, $6 students and seniors.

★ Abelardo Morell
Photographs of books and objects, and camera obscura images of London and of a paper mill in Massachusetts; through 12/7. • Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

★ Clifford Ross
Black-and-white photographs of the ocean between Bridgehampton and Amagansett shot during hurricanes, and one photograph of the ocean seen from the main beach in East Hampton that was shot during Hurricane Erin on September 11, 2001; through 11/2. (See box.) • Sonnabend, 536 W. 22nd St. (212-627-1018).

Tseng Kwong Chi
A survey of photographs by this artist who died of AIDS in 1990, including group portraits of East Village artists taken in the eighties, images of parties at the Metropolitan Museum, and works from the series "East Meets West," in which he inserted his own image in front of famous American landmarks; through 11/2. • Chambers, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-414-1169).

Iké Udé
Photographs of the artist dressed as a female "cover girl" model, close-ups of business shirts and high heels, and other work; through 11/19. • Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600).

★ Virginia Beahan and Laura McPhee/Wynn Bullock
New, large-scale color photographs taken during the artists' recent travels across the United States/A selection of works dating from 1950 to 1970 in which the nude was the primary focus. Through 11/2. • Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

★ Jeff Wall
New large-scale black-and-white photographs and backlit transparencies that depict obscure moments or events from everyday life, as well as a staged tableaux shot on a set the artist created in his Vancouver basement to replicate a basement in Harlem that draws on a scene from Ralph Ellison's 1952 novel, *The Invisible Man*; through 11/2. • Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Museums

American Craft Museum
"From the Kilns of Denmark: Contemporary Danish Ceramics." A survey of ceramics produced in Denmark since 1982; through 1/5/02. • "Elegant Fantasy: The Jewelry of Arline Fisch." A survey of the jewelry artist's collars and body ornaments, which incorporate such textile techniques as weaving and crochet; through 1/5/03. • "September 11: Artists Respond." More than 60 works in fiber, wood, glass, metal, clay, and other mediums made by artists across the country in response to the events of September 11, 2001; through 1/5/03. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), daily 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Folk Art Museum
★ "American Anthem: Masterworks From the American Folk Art Museum." More than 250 objects from the museum's permanent collection, including paintings, sculpture, quilts, furniture, and pottery; through 1/5/03. • 45 W. 53rd St. (212-265-1040), Tues.-Sun. 10-6 (Fri. to 8); $9, $5 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
★ "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An annual exhibition, first presented in 1998, of 400 to 500 live tropical butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a walk-in vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 5/26/03. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); daily 10-5:45 (on Fri., Rose Center is open to 8:45 for daily space shows); $12 suggested contribution, $9 students and seniors, $7 children.

Asia Society and Museum
★ "The Native Born: Contemporary Aboriginal Art From Ramingining, Australia." A traveling exhibition of Aboriginal bark paintings, weavings, and wood sculptures organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney; through 1/5/03. • "China Refigured: The Art of Ah Xian With Selections From the Rockefeller

Collection." Sculptures in porcelain, lacquer, and cloisonné by the Chinese Australian artist; through 2/9/03. • "From Court to Caravan: Chinese Tomb Sculptures From the Collection of Anthony M. Solomon"; through 2/9/03. • 725 Park Ave. (212-288-6400), Tues.–Sun. 11–6 (Fri. 11–9, free admission 6–9); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art

★ "Exposed: The Victorian Nude." The first exhibit to survey the full range of representations of the nude during the reign of Queen Victoria, from 1837 to 1901, including works by Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edward Burne-Jones, Frederic Leighton, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and others; through 1/5/03. • ★ "Judy Chicago: *The Dinner Party*." The feminist sculptor's best-known work, an installation consisting of a dinner table and 39 place settings representing 39 successful women, executed between 1974 and 1979 by some 400 women working as ceramicists, needleworkers, and china painters, given to the museum by the Elizabeth A. Sackler Foundation; through 2/9/03. • "BAM! BAM! BAM! Catching the Next Wave for 20 Years." A multichannel video and sound installation celebrating the twentieth year of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's avant-garde Next Wave festival; through 1/12/03. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts

"Rosemarie Trockel: Spleen." A new suite of video projections that explore the meanings of "spleen" through the artist's feminist perspective; 10/17–6/15/03. • ★ "Jo Baer: The Minimalist Years, 1960–1975." The artist's first solo museum exhibition in the United States since 1975, of hard-edge minimal paintings and drawings made during the years she lived in New York City; through 6/15/03. • Jorge Pardo and Gerhard Richter: *Refraction*." The former's design of Dia's ground floor is interwoven with the latter's paintings; through 6/15/03. • "Diana Thater: Knots + Surfaces." A large-scale multiprojection video installation; through 3/29/03. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center

"25th Anniversary Benefit Selections Exhibition," works donated by nearly 400 former "Selections" and "Drawing Room" artists—among them Calame, Cutler, Dunham, Halley, Kentridge, and Winters—that will be sold in a blind lottery on October 26 ($250 tickets, which will entitle each purchaser to one drawing, which will be sold throughout the exhibition's run); through 10/26. • "Kay Rosen, Collages 1999–2002"; through 10/26. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection

★ "Poussin, Claude, and Their World: Seventeenth-Century French Drawings From the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris." Drawings by Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain, as well as by lesser-known artists such as Sebastian Bourdon, Charles Le Brun, Eustache Le Sueur, and Simon Vouet; through 12/1. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6 (Fri. to 8:45), Sun. 1–6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery

★ "Between Word and Image: Modern Iranian Visual Culture." Paintings, sculpture, revolutionary posters, and black-and-white photographs made by Iranian artists in the sixties and seventies; through 12/7. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

★ "Moving Pictures." Photographs and video works from the seventies to the present, drawn primarily from the museum's collection, by Marina Abramovic, Vito Acconci, Stan Douglas, Andreas Gursky, Bruce Nauman, and others; through 1/12/03. • ★ "Bill Viola: Going Forth by Day." A new five-part, projected digital image cycle that is experienced architecturally and explores themes of human existence; through 1/12/03. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Japan Society

★ "Kazari: Decoration and Display in Japan, Fifteenth–Nineteenth Centuries." A survey of Japanese art that explores the concept and practice of *kazari*, the art of arranging objects and paintings and the principles governing their display, including works gathered from collections around the world; through 12/31. • 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. and Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum

★ "Adolph Gottlieb." Paintings spanning the Abstract Expressionist's career from 1934 to 1973 and charting his evolution from his early representational easel paintings to his monumental abstract pictures; through 3/2/03. • ★ "The City of K.: Franz Kafka and Prague." Photographs, manuscripts, and books set in a series of multimedia environments that place the German-Jewish writer in the context of the city in which he grew up; through 1/5/03. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Tues., Wed. 11–5:45; Thurs. 11–8 (Thurs. after 5, pay what you wish), Fri. 11–3, Sun. 10–5:45; $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

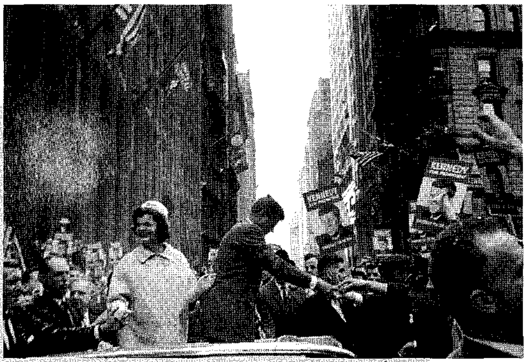
★ "Théodore Chassériau (1819–1856): The Unknown Romantic." The first retrospective of paintings and works on paper since 1933 by this French artist, a precocious disciple of Ingres; 10/22–1/5/03. • ★ "Richard Avedon: Portraits." A retrospective of the preeminent photographer's portraiture, including images of well-known writers, artists, actors, military leaders, and politicians; a series of portraits of his father in the years just prior to his death; and his portrayals of westerners from the series The American West; through 1/5. • ★ "Gauguin in New York Collections: The Lure of the Exotic." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, ceramics, and prints from all periods of the artist's career, drawn from public and private collections in New York State and including more than 50 works from the museum's own holdings; through 10/20. • ★ "The Prints of Vija Celmins." Images of ocean surfaces, desert floors, and star-filled night skies that eschew conventional composition; through 12/29. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $12, $7 students and seniors.

MoMA QNS

★ "Drawing Now: Eight Propositions." Approximately 250 drawings by a diverse group of 26 young artists from Europe, Asia, and the Americas; 10/17–1/6/03. • "A Walk Through Astoria and Other Places in

Happening

Film Forum



ONE BRIEF SHINING MOMENT: Cornell Capa's *JFK and Jackie, New York, 1960*, at Aperture's Burden Gallery.

Though inspired by Alfred Stieglitz's ambitiously arty *Camera Work*, the first issue of the photography quarterly **Aperture**, published in April 1952, was a skimpy affair containing three photographs (by Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, and Lisette Model) and two essays (by Minor White, its editor, and Nancy Newhall). Happily, *Aperture* put on weight, became a foundation, and, under the late Michael E. Hoffman, began publishing photography books in 1965. For its (belated) fiftieth birthday, Aperture, the foundation, is throwing a party for itself on Saturday, October 26, from 10 to 7, at 20 East 23rd Street, with book signings, refreshments, music, raffles, and an exhibit in its Burden Gallery. The rest of the city is celebrating as well, with a whopping 50 exhibitions of works by photographers published by Aperture. Below, six you shouldn't miss.

45 Rockefeller Center In the plaza by the ice rink October 21–November 3	Twenty works by signature *Aperture* photographers, among them Sebastião Salgado, Letizia Battaglia, Mary Ellen Mark, and Sally Mann.
Barneys New York Madison Avenue at 61st Street October 21–November 3	Color blowups in the store's windows, including works by Cindy Sherman, Cornell Capa, Robert Capa, Anna Gaskell, Sandy Skoglund, Sylvia Plachy, Peter Hujar, Martin Munkacsi, Inge Morath, Josef Sudek, and Tina Modotti.
Arsenal Gallery Fifth Avenue at 64th Street, in Central Park Through October 24	Images of the natural environment and children by Bruce Davidson, William Eggleston, Virginia Beahan and Laura McPhee, Ray Metzker, Barbara Morgan, Nick Waplington, Gary Winogrand, and others.
Studio Museum in Harlem 144 West 125th Street October 21–December 22	Works by Lorna Simpson, Carrie Mae Weems, Tracey Moffatt, and Adrian Piper.
School of Visual Arts 214 East 21st Street October 21–November 3	Photojournalistic images by Lee Miller, Franco Zecchin, Philip Jones Griffiths, Larry Towell, and Chris Steele-Perkins.
Aperture's Burden Gallery 20 East 23rd Street October 21–November 3 www.windowsofhope.org	Works by Robert Adams, Josef Breitenbach, Chuck Close, Gregory Crewdson, Barbara Ess, Frederick Evans, Robert Rauschenberg, Shomei Tomatsu, and others.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF APERTURE.

Queens: Photographs by Rudy Burckhardt."Two unpublished albums of photographs taken in Queens by the Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter; through 11/4. • "Projects 76: Francis Alÿs"; through 10/30. • 33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400), Thurs.-Mon. 10-5 (Fri. to 7:45); $12, $8.50 students and seniors.

Morgan Library

★ "The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and Oil Sketches, Acquisitions Since 1994."Works collected by Eugene V. and Clare E. Thaw since 1994 that they have promised to the Morgan Library, by Carpaccio, Degas, Morandi, Redon, Seurat, and others; through 1/12. • "Stuart Davis: Art and Theory, 1920–31." Works on paper, the artist's earliest known diary, and a sketchbook; *through12/15. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008),* Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10:30-8, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art

"Facing the Mask.' More than 70 masks from across the continent; through 3/2/03. • "Recent Acquisitions: Selections From the Permanent Collection"; through 3/2/03. • 36-01 43rd Ave. (718-784-7700), Mon., Thurs., Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 11-6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of Sex

"NYC Sex: How New York City Transformed Sex in America."The museum's inaugural exhibition, charting New York City's histories of prostitution, "white slavery," birth control, fetish, sexual freedom, and more; through 7/3/03. • 233 Fifth Ave. (212-689-6337), Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10-6:30, Fri. and Sat. 10-9; $17 (only those 18 and older will be admitted).

Museum of the City of New York

"The Lubavitch of Brooklyn, An Intimate Portrait: Photographs by Steve Hoffman." Images documenting the daily life and rituals of the Jewish Chabad Lubavitch community in Crown Heights, Brooklyn; 10/20–2/2/03. • "Raíces: The Roots of Latin Music in New York City." Photographs, broadsides, posters, instruments, and costumes relating to the evolution of Latin music in New York in the twentieth century; through 1/26/05. • ★ "Richard Rodgers' Broadway." A centennial celebration of the legendary composer's birth, featuring photographs, sheet music, personal items, and ephemera from the museum's Theater Collection; through 1/5/03. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology

★ "Scaasi: Exuberant Fashion." A selection of 70 evening gowns and cocktail dresses by the designer known for his use of rich, opulently adorned fabrics, off-the-shoulder necklines, and strapless dresses; 10/15–1/4/03. • ★ "Femme Fatale: Fashion and Visual Culture in Fin-de-Siècle Paris."The first exhibition to explore the sexual politics of women's fashion in turn-of-the-century Paris, where courtesans and actresses set the latest styles, including fashions by Doucet, Pacquin, Worth, and others; 10/22–1/25/03. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. noon-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

National Academy of Design

★ "Color & Ecstacy: The Art of Hyman Bloom." A retrospective of paintings and drawings by a Latvian-born artist who had his first retrospective at the Whitney Museum in 1954 and whose work reflected his preoccupations with light, color, the macabre, and spirituality; through 12/29. • ★ "Against the Modern: Dagnan-Bouveret and the Transformation of the Academic Tradition." An exhibition presented by the Dahesh Museum of Art, of paintings of daily life in the French provinces and Paris by Dagnan-Bouveret (1852–1929), a student of Jean-Léon Gérôme; through 12/8. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed. and Thurs. noon-5, Fri. , Sat. and Sun. 11-6; $8; $4.50 students and seniors.

Neue Galerie

★ "Dagobert Peche and the Wiener Werkstätte." The *first comprehensive exhibit of drawings, furniture,* jewelry, ceramics, fabrics, and wallpaper by the eclectic Viennese designer (1887–1923); through 2/10/03. (See box.) • 1048 Fifth Ave. (212-628-6200), Fri. 11-9, Sat., Sun., Mon. 11-6; $10, $7 students and seniors.

New York Public Library

★ "Urban Neighbors: Images of New York City Wildlife." Historic and contemporary illustrated books, photographs, engravings, maps, original art, and other works from the library's collections depicting fauna from the five boroughs; through 2/1/03. • ★ "A Legacy in Landscapes." Arcadian images from the library's Print Collection dating from the sixteenth century to 2001, by Castiglione, Fragonard, Dalí, Katz, Pissarro, Munch, others; through 1/4/03. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society

★ "Portrait of the Art World: A Century of *ARTnews* Photographs." A celebration of the centenary of America's oldest art magazine through a selection of 100 of its most memorable portraits of artists; through 1/5/03. • ★ "Seat of Empire: Napoleon's Armchair from Malmaison to Manhattan." A multifaceted exploration of Napoleon Bonaparte's armchair from the *Salle du Conseil* (Council Room) at Malmaison, featuring the armchair and objects related to its history—furniture, paintings, sculpture, prints, and books—from the Society and collections around the world; through 1/12/03. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-6; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center

★ "Chris Cunningham."Works by the British artist, including collaborations with musicians Björk and Aphex Twin; through 11/1. • "Selected Works From Mexico City"; through 11/1. • "Arnold Mesches: The FBI Files." Collages and paintings inspired by the artist's own FBI files; through 11/1. • ★ "Al Held." Recent monumental canvases; through 11/1. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Thurs.-Mon. noon-6; $5 suggested donation.

Studio Museum in Harlem

★ "Gary Simmons." A survey of the artist's work from the past seven years, including erasure drawings, photographs, sculptures, and videos; through 1/5/03. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon-6, Fri. noon-8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

★ "Lorna Simpson: *31*." A film installation that tracks *a month in the life of an unknown woman in a grid* of 31 small video screens as she moves through her apartment, the street, the office, and various recreational spaces; through 1/26/03. "Lorna Simpson: Cameos and Appearances." New photographs from an ongoing series of silhouetted and obscured portraits; through 1/26/03. • ★ "Sanctuaries: The Last Works of John Hejduk." Drawings and models by the visionary American architect who was the dean of Cooper Union for 25 years and who explored an allegorical, carnivalesque mode of architecture; through 1/5/03. • "Helen Mirra: *declining interval lands*." An installation relating to the decline of the American elm tree by the Chicago-based visual and sound artist; through 12/8. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.-Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Fri. 1-9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6-9); $12, $9.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris

★ "Outer City, Inner Space: Teresita Fernandez, Stephen Hendee, and Esther Partegas." New site-specific sculptural works by three artists who explore architectural and conceptual space; through 1/3/03. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's

10/16 at 10: "Fine Musical Instruments." On view from 10/11. 10/17 at 2: "Fine Jewels." On view from 10/13. 10/17 at 10: "The Property of a European Collector." On view from 10/13. 10/18 at 11 and 2: "Important French and Continental Furniture, Porcelain and Carpets." On view from 10/14. 10/18 at 10: "Important Furniture and Objects d'Art: The Property of a European Foundation." On view from 10/14. 10/22 at 10 and 2: "Photographs." On view from 10/14. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Doyle

10/22 at 10: "The Collection of Charles J. Winston & Co., Inc." On view from 10/16. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Phillips de Pury & Luxembourg

10/22 at 2: "John Hobbs Part II." On view from 10/17. • 3 W. 57th St. (212-940-1200).

Sotheby's

10/16 at 10:15 and 2: "Magnificent Jewels." On view from 10/12. 10/19 at 2: "Property From the Estate of Ogden Phipps." On view from 10/15. 10/22 at 10:15 and 2: "Important Watches, Wristwatches, and Clocks." On view from 10/18. 10/22 at 10:15 and 2: "Silver and Russian Works of Art." On view from 10/18. 10/22 at 10:15: "Property From the Estate of Esmond Bradley Martin: Extraordinary Watches." On view from 10/18. 10/22 at 10:15 and 6:30: "Photographs From the Museum of Modern Art." On view from 10/18. • 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000).

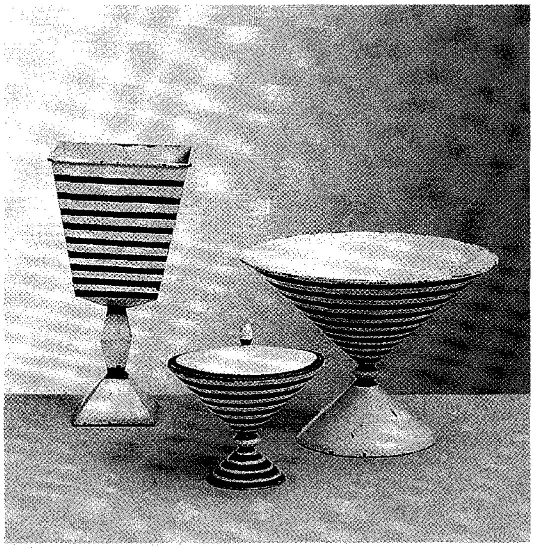
Swann Galleries

10/21 at 2: "Important 19th & 20th Century Photographs." On view from 10/17. • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

Retrospective

Austrian Empire

The Neue Galerie's **Dagobert Peche and the Wiener Werkstätte** gathers the furniture, jewelry, ceramics, fabrics, and wallpaper of the staggeringly versatile Viennese designer, hailed by Josef Hoffmann as "Austria's greatest genius in ornamentation since the days of the Baroque." Peche's voluminous oeuvre (remarkable, considering he died at the age of 36) even includes a drawing of a dachshund in a whimsical Peche-designed costume. (Through February 10; see "Museums.")



A DIFFERENT STRIPE: Dagobert Peche's painted zinc vase (1917), lidded dish (1918), and centerpiece (ca. 1919), all at the Neue Galerie.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF NEUE GALERIE.

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

OPENINGS

Cafe Kai
At this tiny health-food café and garden, the emphasis is on liquid assets like fresh-squeezed juices, smoothies, and West Indian–inspired ginger and sorrel brews. Eat all your vegetables—or a spelt pita stuffed with hummus or ginger-and-peanut-marinated tofu—and reward yourself with a plantain tart or a slice of sweet-potato bread. • 151 Smith Street, near Bergen Street, Brooklyn (718-596-3466). (I) ($)

Greenmarket
Tristate farmers who were displaced from the World Trade Center get a new midtown home, the tourists get another seasonal attraction besides the tree and the rink, and the city gets a brand-new farmer's market just in time for peak apple (and apple cider) season. Fridays and Saturdays through November 16. • Rockefeller Plaza North, at 51st Street.

Kapadokya
A Brooklyn Heights spinoff of Turkuaz on the Upper West Side, this second-floor restaurant and hookah bar serves a similar menu of meze, kebabs, and Turkish specialties, which somehow taste more exotic when consumed at a traditional low table and followed by a few illicit puffs of something Bloomberg hasn't gotten around to outlawing yet. • 142 Montague Street, Brooklyn (718-875-2211). (M)

Nino's America's Kitchen
After 9/11, this nondescript downtown restaurant turned into a makeshift relief center, where 10,000 volunteers cooked and served over half a million free meals for ground-zero rescue workers. Closed since February, it's reopened with a pedigreed executive chef, an Italian-comfort-food menu, and a shrinelike display of all the letters, memorabilia, and tokens of gratitude amassed over the past year. The patriotic spirit is just as pervasive, but now that wild-mushroom pizza and plate of spaghetti and meatballs will cost you. • 431 Canal Street (212-431-5625). (M)

SEA Thai Bistro
With three branches of Spice and one SEA in Manhattan, this burgeoning Thai chainlet establishes a Brooklyn beachhead, challenging Planet Thailand, reigning curry king, on its own Williamsburg turf. Like the competition, this contender has two bars and a D.J.; its stylish 7,500-square-foot premises also feature a Buddha statue, a reflecting pool, and seventies-style lounge bubble chairs. • 114 North 6th Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-384-8850). (I-M)

New and Noteworthy

Aix
Didier Virot gave up the prestige of an executive-chef post at Jean Georges to open the ill-fated Virot at the Dylan Hotel. Now he's followed in the pioneering Noza (north of Zabar's) footsteps of Tom Valenti, bringing sophisticated French fare (blue-mussel cannelloni in spicy wine broth, crispy broiled squab with oatmeal-porcini cakes) four blocks north of Valenti's Ouest. The neighborhood should be big enough for both of them. • 2398 Broadway, at 88th St. (212-874-7400). (M-E)

The Basil
From the owners of Holy Basil and Little Basil comes this elegant addition to the sprouting chainlet, where higher prices are justified with intricate presentations of such inventive East-West hybrids as a Waldorf-like pomelo salad with coconut-peanut dressing, and a porterhouse steak with sautéed morning glory and galangal-tamarind sauce. Equally impressive is the inspired selection of food-friendly wines at infinitesimal markups—just the thing to wean spicy-food fans off Singha. • 206 W. 23rd St. (212-242-1014). (M-E)

★ Beyoglu
Beyoglu is the best Turkish cooking in town, and if you don't believe us, chef-owner Orhan Yegen will tell you so himself. His steely-eyed braggadocio, delivered tableside in perfect soft-spoken Bond-villainese, almost seems intended to cast some sort of hypnotic spell. *You are getting hungry, very, very hungry. Have a kebab.* Yegen's discourse, though, is no match for his kitchen's superb minty yogurt soup, tantalizingly good meze, and succulent doner kebab (the only entrée available) served three ways. • 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (212-570-5666). (I-M)

The Burger Joint
The idea behind this secret spot—hidden behind a Wizard of Oz curtain in the lobby of Le Parker Meridien hotel—is to give tourists a cheap, no-frills alternative to room service, and stressed-out natives a place to decompress. To that end, the menu is brief: draft beer, crisp fries, fudgy brownies, and $4.50 burgers that hit the spot, whether you've just flown in from Tokyo or trudged over from your office across the street. • 119 W. 56th St. (212-245-5000). (I)

★ Celeste
A flower-decked terrace leads into country-cottage quaint with gingham and sky-blue plates and exactly what you'd eat in Naples: deep-fried buffalo-mozzarella balls (soft and creamy). Savory seafood fritto misto. And classic free-form pizzas out of the wood-fired oven. Quite a trick for Teodora's Giancarlo Quadalti, staunch partisan of Emilia-Romagna and chef-partner here. He's mastered the mantra of Upper West Side eats, too: big portions, small prices. • 502 Amsterdam Ave., near 84th St. (212-874-4559). (I-M) ($)

★ Crispo
After two decades as a New York chef-for-hire, Frank Crispo has finally landed an open kitchen of his own, where he's serving up delicious Italian-Mediterranean fare like mint-braised artichokes, grilled pizzas, and a sliced hanger steak that puts most French bistros to shame (even minus the frites). The cozy room, the friendly service, and the gentle prices make this place a terrific addition to the neighborhood, but we'd come back for Frank's plate of lovingly sliced prosciutto alone. • 240 W. 14th St. (212-229-1818). (M)

Dos Caminos
Stephen Hanson has made a habit—and a successful career—out of opening big, bold, budget-conscious restaurants. In this case, he adds margaritas and all sorts of assiduously researched Mexican fare to the mix. With 150 tequilas, 275 seats, and a south-of-the-border design scheme, he aims to spice up the state of Manhattan Mexican, from the humblest taco to the most complex mole. • 373 Park Avenue So., nr. 27th St. (212-294-1000). (M-E)

★ Fresh
After supplying fresh fish to star chefs like Alain Ducasse and Gray Kunz, the owners of Early Morning Seafood have opened a Tribeca restaurant of their own, turning their clients into the competition. Former Gotham chef de cuisine Martin Burge makes the most of getting first dibs on the day's catch with lightly crunchy fried Ipswich clams, melting "Kobe beef" of bluefin toro, and an array of "prime cuts" like baby-back halibut ribs steamed in kelp. • 105 Reade St. (212-406-1900). (E)

Hope & Anchor
A neighborhood place catering to neighborhood people is how Hope & Anchor's owners Dianna and Kenneth Munz (who also own Carroll Gardens's Panino'teca 275) and their partner Gary Rego want you to think of their new Red Hook restaurant. That means classic diner fare, a full bar, and breakfast anytime. But cauliflower ravioli with capers or cod in tomato with chickpeas and chorizo point up a commitment to something more. • 347 Van Brunt St., Brooklyn (718-237-0276). (M)

Ground Rules These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

L'Impero
We can't imagine a better upscale Italian-food bargain than Scott Conant's $48 four-course prix fixe at this sophisticated new Tudor City restaurant, where he synthesizes elegance and rusticity in dishes like duck-and-foie gras agnolotti and roast baby goat. Vicente Wolf (also a partner) is responsible for the polished, roomy design, and managing partner Chris Cannon masterminded the user-friendly wine list, which offers great values on daily-changing house carafes. • 45 Tudor City Pl. (212-599-5045). (E)

Moto
An erstwhile check-cashing joint below the el at the intersection of Hasidic Williamsburg and Hispanic Williamsburg might not seem the most propitious setting for a café and bar, but Moto's off-the-beaten-track location works for it. So do its evolving menu of panini and salads, its occasional live music, its relaxed vibe, and, most of all, its meticulously built, warmly lit interior, the kind that feels like it's been there forever. • 394 Broadway, at Hooper St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-6895). (I) ($)

O Mai
First there was the East Village smash hit Cyclo. Then came Nam, the Tribeca triumph, which has in turn spawned a Chelsea outpost that aspires to the Vietnamese chainlet's winning formula of fresh, affordable food and stylishly understated décor. The kitchen reprises classics like wok-seared monkfish and lemongrass-crusted tofu, all done with characteristic delicacy and a knack for clear, vibrant flavors. • 158 Ninth Ave., near 19th St. (212-633-0550). (M)

Pazo
AZ's sister restaurant attempts to do for coastal Mediterranean cuisine what its precursor did for Asian fusion—reinvent it with a creative American spin. The menu features house-smoked bacon and chorizo, newfangled surf and turf, and witty variations on familiar themes like vitello tonnato of tuna carpaccio and harissa-braised veal shank; the vaguely Moorish redesign of the former Sono space is equally whimsical. • 106 E. 57th St. (212-752-7470). (M-E)

rm
Rick Moonen made a name for himself at Oceana, and now he's hoping that name—or at least those initials—will induce his customers to follow him six blocks north to new digs, where, as chef-partner, he's as determined as ever to serve sustainably fished, environmentally correct seafood. Dinner is a $55 three-course prix fixe and features entrées like halibut "confit," pistachio-crusted skate, and pancetta-wrapped wild striped bass. • 33 E. 60th St. (212-319-3800). (E)

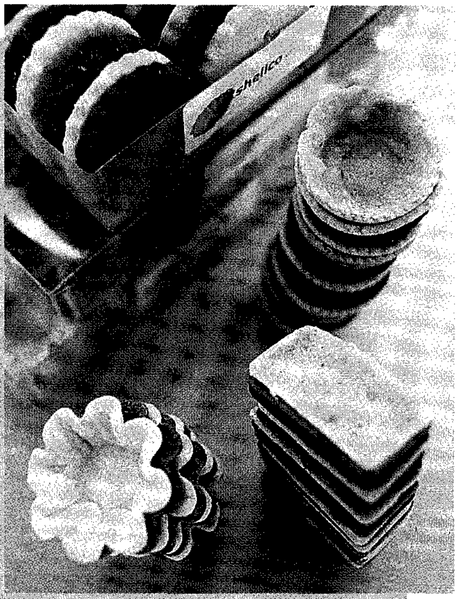
★ Salt
The short-lived Stella has acquired a lighter, brighter look, communal seating, and a seasonal menu that empowers diners to customize dinner: Pick your protein (poached arctic char, say, or tamarind-marinated lamb on skewers) and any two sides, like grilled corn on the cob or braised baby fennel and feta. Or play it safe with

Shopping

Shell Collection

When you don't have time (or a caterer) to spend hours slaving over little cocktail bits for your next party, Elinor Ilin and Amnon Lifshitz of the infant company **Shellco** will come to the rescue. Their selection of crisp, delicate handmade tart shells, until now available only to caterers, come in three "one bite" shapes—fluted, cup, and rectangle—and a variety of flavors like blue and yellow corn, savory, sweet, and chocolate. Just fill them with something piquant like curried chicken, guacamole, seviche, or lemon curd for professional-looking hors d'oeuvre. You might also finish the party with Shellco's intensely flavored, tiny cookies: chocolate, coffee, and low-fat-and-low-sugar sunflower and sesame. (Thirty-six-pack of fluted shells, $25; twenty-pack of cups and rectangles, $17; pack of 28 to 30 cookies, $15. Available exclusively from Dean & DeLuca, 560 Broadway; 212-431-1691.)

GILLIAN DUFFY



FILL 'ER UP: Shellco's ready-made tart shells and tasty cookies.

a pre-accessorized "chef's entrée," like steamed halibut with edamame and kumquats in miso broth. • 58 Macdougal St. (212-674-4968). (M)

Sciuscià
The younger, loungier sequel to Il Gattopardo brings some of its predecessor's Southern Italian signatures to a subterranean space below the Hotel Giraffe. But besides sautéed escarole and Neapolitan meat loaf, the broad Mediterranean menu makes room for a terrific kibbeh appetizer, a Córdoba salad, and, at lunch, a $22.50 daily changing *piatto unico*, or European-style bento box. • 365 Park Ave. So., at 26th St. (212-213-4008). (M-E)

Soy Luck Club
At this soybean-themed West Village café, only the décor—vintage Herman Miller and Knoll—is retro. The shelves are lined with soy-enriched products like cereal and shampoo, and instead of eschewing meat, the mostly organic menu incorporates soy into tuna-apple sandwiches, curried chicken salads, breakfast pastries, and a Starbuckian line of hot and cold drinks, from green-tea soy lattes to mocha soyaccinos. • 115 Greenwich Ave. (212-229-9191). (I)

Sparky's American Food
Reformed dot-commer Brian Benavidez sourced the best ingredients he could find before opening this fast-food frankfurter joint in a converted Williamsburg warehouse. He uses Ronnybrook ice cream for milkshakes and organic Cheddar for cheese fries. But his Niman Ranch all-beef hot dog is the thing, and he serves it a dozen or so ways, with everything from homemade ketchup to coleslaw and bacon. And the name? "Sparky's my dog," he says. We suspected as much. • 135-A N. 5th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-302-5151). (I) ($)

Supper
Supper is polpettone kingpin Frank Prisinzano's attempt to do for northern-Italian cooking what he's done for southern at his perpetually packed Frank and Lil' Frankie's. The crowded, convivial space is decked out with wooden communal tables, a bustling open kitchen, and floral-pattern plates that evoke Sunday supper at Grandma's house. The real attraction, though, is what's on those plates: an herby minestrone Genovese, perfectly thin veal Milanese, a luscious chocolate-hazelnut custard pudding, a daily risotto, and bollito misto on weekends. • 156 2nd St. (212-477-7600). (I-M)

Whim
From the makeshift oyster bar fashioned from a stainless-steel glass rack and a shower curtain to the owner who also cooks, waits tables, and shucks oysters, this Cobble Hill restaurant has a winning homespun feel about it. The loosely organized, mostly seafood menu encourages free-form ordering, be it a plate of remarkably fresh Belons or a three-course meal. Lemon-poppy-seed-banana-bread pudding made from the morning's muffins will make you want to come back for breakfast. • 243 DeGraw St., Cobble Hill, Brooklyn (718-797-2017). (M)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Alfanoose
This spotless falafel joint makes the best—and neatest—falafel sandwich in town. Co-owner Mouhamad Shami meticulously rolls his expertly seasoned falafel and fresh condiments in an unusually thin and pliant pita, like a burrito, so that all the harmonious components merge in every bite. It's also a great source for Middle Eastern appetizers as well as superb lamb or vegetarian kibbeh. • 150 Fulton St. (212-528-4669). (I)

Delmonico's
Eat with the Big Boys at this sprawling, beautifully restored New York City icon. Start the feast the way Diamond Jim would have, with oysters Rockefeller and clams Casino, and end it with baked Alaska; in between there's lobster Newburg, rack of lamb, and, of course, the classic Delmonico's steak. And don't forget your jacket—or your wallet. • 56 Beaver St. (212-509-1144). (E)

★ Dim Sum gogo
What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) interprets Chinese dim sum? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I-M)

Ecco
Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classically prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music Fridays and Saturdays. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

★ Omen
The most singularly uncommon Japanese meal you can clear your senses with is to be found at this rustic home to Kyoto-style country cooking. The food looks coarse—little bowls with mackerel and daikon radish, or a quail egg oozing over a chunk of toro—and the first swallow is likely to be eerie and sharp. But the aftertaste provokes instantaneous acceptance followed by a craving for more. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M-E) AE only

★ Pico
Chef John Villa (JUdson Grill) takes a new old-world approach at Pico, his stylish Portuguese-inspired restaurant in an old Bazzini nut plant in TriBeCa. Proximity to the Hudson befits mostly seafood starters like steamed cockles with fava beans and vinho verde while second courses like spit-roasted suckling pig with a citrus-and-honey glaze marry the rustic with the refined. The blue-and-gold color scheme is not the work of a University of Michigan grad but a tribute to Portugal's ubiquitous palette. • 349 Greenwich St. (212-343-0700). (E)

★ Savoy
A relative dinosaur in Soho's volatile restaurant scene, this warm, cozy retreat is a reliable refuge from the lower-Broadway swarm. With its woody décor and its pair of fireplaces, it's got an urban-rustic charm and a Mediterranean-inspired, hyperseasonal menu, which has recently been tweaked to emphasize small plates of charcuterie and vegetable antipasto available all day at the newly built downstairs bar. • 70 Prince St. (212-219-8570). (M-E)

★ Snack
Don't be fooled by the name: This tiny Soho storefront is a full-fledged restaurant. The emphasis is on fresh Greek salads and meze, like tzatziki and skordalia, but the kitchen also turns out creative Greek-inspired sandwiches, roasted chicken, savory pastries stuffed with chicken and olives, and daily specials like pastitsio and braised lamb. Greek wines and beer round out the Hellenic experience. • 105 Thompson St. (212-925-1040).

Below 14th Street, East

A Salt & Battery
In addition to all that wonderfully battered-and-deep-fried stuff, this new East Village outpost of the top-notch fish-and-chips shop has a steak-and-kidney pie machine imported from the homeland, an all-day fry-up for late-rising Anglophiles, and, in a break with tradition, 35 actual seats, not to mention delivery. • 80 Second Ave. (212-254-6610). (I-M)

★ Five Points
Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. Noho has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is bold and passionate. Duck-and-foie gras sausage and wood-oven roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

★ Jewel Bako
The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where the sushi chef reigns over a piscatory realm of rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M-E)

★ Komodo
Mexican-Asian fusion cooking is such a natural pairing that it's a shame you can't find more guacamole spring rolls around town like the ones served here with roasted-tomatillo salsa. Some of the descriptions of the dish-

Find a restaurant. Search hundreds of listings by cuisine, price range, and location.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARINA SALVI.

es on the menu may sound a little busy, but nearly everything works, including calamari stuffed with huitalacoche and a miso-cider-glazed center-cut pork chop with an apple-chorizo stuffing. The room is loungey cool, but owner Gary Chiappa works it like a neighborhood mom-and-pop shop. • 186 Ave. A (212-529-2658). (M)

★ Lil' Frankie's Pizza
The irresistible offspring of Frank is distinguished by its custom-built brick oven, a tool used to sublime effect on everything from torpedo-size eggplants and lasagne alla Bolognese to whole fish and terrific thin-crust pizza. The earthy fava-bean soup teeters deliciously on the edge of oversaltiness, but cut it with a juice glass of Montepulciano, or get your vegetables the traditional way—in the unfailingly fresh Lil' Frankie's house salad. • 19 First Ave. (212-420-4900). (I–M)

★ Washington Park
Not since Dolly Levi descended the steps of the Harmonia Gardens has a return to a restaurant been so boisterously chronicled. The reason there is cause for high-kicking and strutting is that rather than bring us back down memory lane, eighties icon Jonathan Waxman reveals that his passion for market produce like dragon beans and ramps and his breezy touch in dropping them in pastas and alongside juicy duck confit is as vital as ever. • 24 Fifth Ave. (212-529-4400). (M–E)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Annisa
Deft designer tricks like a raised dining space in soothing shades of off-white give this room a dignified grandeur, and the food backs it up. Chef Anita Lo finds inspiration everywhere from Shanghai (soup dumplings crowned with seared foie gras) to Provence (chickpea-stuffed zucchini blossoms with tomato and saffron sauces). The name means "women" in Arabic; note the gender-specific wine list. • 13 Barrow St. (212-741-6699). (M–E)

★ BB Sandwich Bar
What the Doughnut Man is to doughnuts, what the Soup Nazi is to soup, what Melampo is to soppressata sandwiches, that's what Gary Thompson wants to be to cheese steaks—not so much a didactic monomaniac as simply someone who's perfected his craft. We think he's done better than that: His unfettered kaiser-roll take on the Philly with four-hour marinated onions and terrific housemade hot-pepper relish might just surpass the classic version. • 120 W. 3rd St. (212-473-7500). (I)

Burrito Loco
The house burrito comes with three sauces and a choice of beef, pork, or chicken. There's a rendition stuffed with roasted lamb and lots of vegetarian options. And even though it could probably survive just by serving the hordes of marauding college students nachos and tacos, the festive cantina keeps things interesting with cactus salad and shrimp seviche. • 166 W. 4th St. (212-675-1977). (I–M)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein cooked at China Grill and El Teddy's before settling in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively crowd, which seems delighted to have found such a fun, quasi-exotic neighborhood place. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ Da Silvano
Few of the fervent regulars—including the city's media, fashion, and art-world elite—seem to recall an Italian restaurant whose menu wasn't sopping in red sauce before Da Silvano. The roasted standing duck is crackling, the lamb tender and moist, the artichoke salad brash. And not an eggplant-parmigiana hero in sight. • 260 Sixth Ave. (212-982-2343). (M–E)

★ Pastis
Keith McNally's Pastis looks more like a grander Lucky Strike than a repro of the visually faultless Balthazar, but not only does the slight downshifting make perfect sense; considering the tallowy neighborhood, it also renders the new place less imposing. Service is breezier, the crowd more genially noisy, and the only thing disappointing is that you don't live closer. • 9 Ninth Ave. (212-929-4844). (M)

Tio Pepe
Can't decide between Mexican and Spanish? This Greenwich Village kitchen has been doling out both for over three decades, and to judge by the liquor supply, the bar's been stocking a new brand of tequila every year. That sort of variety contributes to the general merriment, as do a heaping paella Valenciana and bicultural tapas like garlic shrimp and nachos, which many seem to enjoy in the skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M)

Titou
Titou is as bewitchingly charming as the quiet tree-lined West Village street upon which it resides. Bistro staples like an herbed-goat-cheese tart, roast chicken, and steak-frites are well done and moderately priced. The tiny sidewalk café is a lovely spot to while a way a summer evening. • 259 W. 4th St. (212-691-9359). (M)

★ Wallsé
Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Gutenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M–E)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

★ AQ Café
Scandinavia House's sleek concession run by Aquavit and its star chef, Marcus Samuelsson, provides a gastronomic introduction to Nordic culture. On the menu: textbook tender Swedish meatballs, a superb smorgasbord plate, and salmon lasagna crowned with ascending dollops of tomato salsa and salmon salad for which Samuelsson's mother country should award him a Nobel Prize. • 58 Park Avenue, at 38th St. (212-847-9745). (I)

★ Blue Smoke
Forget what the 'cue quibblers say—Blue Smoke is an ingenious Manhattan barbecue joint with a woody barroom full of red-vinyl booths, a skylit dining room, and a hot jazz club downstairs. True, some of the barbecue isn't there yet, but each visit shows improvement, as pit master Kenny Callaghan breaks in those Missouri-made smokers. Salt-and-pepper beef ribs are terrific; so are sides and desserts, and as far as pit-smoked foie gras and salmon goes, what's the problem? This ain't East Treestump, Texas, after all. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-447-7733). (M)

Candela
These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. $10.95 prix fixe Sunday brunch. • 116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M)

★ Chicama
Douglas Rodriguez is so disarmingly inventive that he could serve his spectacular seviches, his drippingly seductive goat stew, and his daunting suckling pig from a lean-to in Union Square, and there'd be no room left for the other vendors. Instead, he inhabits a rustic dream hut that takes you somewhere north of Brazil, east of Mardi Gras, and south of Heaven. • 35 E. 18th St. (212-505-2233). (M–E)

Remedy
Chinese herbs move out of the realm of alternative medicine and into the DJ.-driven domain of Manhattan nightlife at this restaurant and subterranean "sake-therapy lounge," where rice wines are infused with ginger, ginseng, cucumber, and green tea. But because even such healthful tonics shouldn't be downed on an empty stomach, chef Claude Chassagne whips up Asian fusion fare like okonomiyaki with bonito crème fraîche and salmon caviar, and cornmeal-crusted oysters with kimchi rémoulade. • 36 E. 20th St. (212-674-4596). (M)

First Taste

Movin' Out

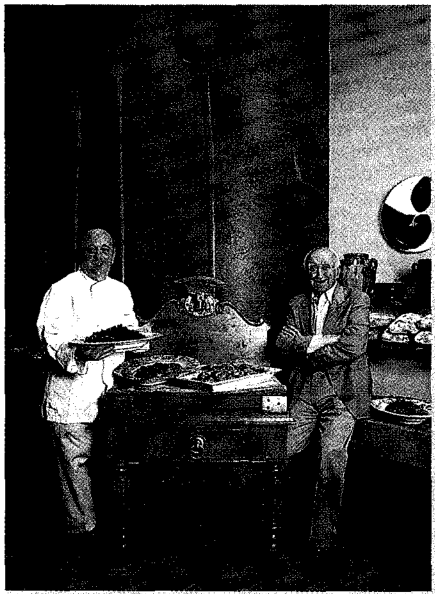


TABLE FOR TWO: Cucina chef Mark Strausman, left, and owner Anthony Scicchitano.

When Mark Strausman opened Chinghalle two years ago in the then-hot meatpacking district, it made a short-lived splash. Earlier this month, he turned up across the river in another trendy neighborhood—and barely made a ripple. But that's about to change, as soon as Park Slope discovers that the guiding culinary force behind Campagna and Fred's at Barneys has taken over the kitchen at **Cucina**. "I love this neighborhood," says Strausman, who doesn't harbor such warm feelings for Gansevoort Street, where Chinghalle fell victim to the economy (and lukewarm reviews) in January. To satisfy the current appetite for comfort food and value, he's scaled down his prices and ambitions, turning out "good, simple food people can eat every night." An apt description for nutty grilled hen-of-the-woods mushrooms over soppressata and arugula; lusciously garlicky tomato and white-bean bruschetta; tangy, barely cheesed eggplant Parmesan; and signature Strausman pastas (toothsome penne in a creamy spinach sauce, the famous Campagna lasagna), all graciously available by the half-order ($7–$9) so you can pace yourself for diet-be-damned entrées like veal Parmesan and tender "Cucina steak" machelleria-style, invigorated with black pepper and homemade steak sauce. Strausman seems destined to become a local hero. Good thing: He's planning to move there. (256 Fifth Avenue, near Carroll Street; 718-230-0711.)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN.

Opening

Loaves and Fishes

When some chefs branch out and open a new restaurant, they have a loyal client base to fall back on. Ron Svenningsen has a congregation. For the past sixteen years, he's held the title of head chef at Marble Collegiate Church, feeding the flock at various singles dinners, Sunday brunches, and ladies' teas. But the former lobsterman and northern Maine restaurateur dreamed of opening his own old-fashioned fish house, serving shore dinners, fried Ipswich clams, and seafood crêpes. Hence **Svenningsen's**, his homey restaurant that opens next week a block from the church. "*I'll put my lobster roll up against anybody's*," he says. "I use only the knuckles, with just enough Hellmann's to bind it, and a homemade bun with a little butter placed on the griddle—it's got to be a griddle so you get that buttery flavor." Mary's and Pearl's, watch your backs. (292 Fifth Avenue, near 30th Street; 212-465-1888.)

CLAW DADDY: Ron Svenningsen and a four-pound lobster.

Rodeo Bar & Grill
This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders. Urban cowboys can grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar, or tie on the feedbag with bison burgers, Santa Fe hand rolls, or the latest menu addition, Pearson's Texas barbecue, imported from Queens. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500). (I)

TanDa
Another Park Avenue South restaurant-lounge, this one from a few survivors of the original Moomba, and featuring Hong Kong chef Stanley Wong's Southeast Asian fare. Tan Da was a Vietnamese poet who wrote, "*Food and wine are the essence of life.*" The corresponding significance of lounges and D.J.'s eluded him, but it's a safe bet that the owners of TanDa won't make the same mistake. • 331 Park Ave. S., nr. 24th St. (212-253-8400). (M-E)

★ Union Pacific
A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin, and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. In less capable hands, mad delusions; in DiSpirito's, pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Via Emilia
According to the menu at this spare but homey trattoria, tortellini came about centuries ago when an innkeeper caught a keyhole glimpse of a beautiful woman undressing, inspiring him to immortalize her navel in dough. We're not sure what that pervy pasta maker would think of modern-day belly-button-baring Manhattan, but in any case, he'd heartily approve of this kitchen's soulful tortellini in brodo, satisfying tortelloni, and the other Emilia-Romagnan delicacies like gnoccho fritti, the puffy fritters served with cured meats. • 240 Park Ave. So., near 20th St. (212-505-3072). (I-M)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

★ Above
Don't be discouraged by the proletarian to-'n'-fro of 42nd Street. A sophisticated and handsomely designed hideaway waits in the twenty-first-floor lobby of the Times Square Hilton, and so does Galveston lobster chili, a classic Caesar, and Maine lobster. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-642-2626). (E)

★ Arezzo
You'd never know it from those Upper East Side trattorias whose blandly unchallenging menus probably originate from one communal kitchen under Third Avenue, but clean, simple Italian fare needn't be boring. Arezzo proves how satisfying familiar can be. The room is spartan, but let steaming plates of pea-flavored cavatelli in a hot-sweet sausage ragu, "focaccina" halved and smeared with Robiola, lamb swathed in goat cheese, and, yes, spaghetti bolognese cloud your vision. • 46 W. 22nd St. (212-206-0555). (M-E)

Arno
Garment District bigwigs and pre-Garden revelers flock to this lively, upscale northern Italian restaurant. Try reliable classics like veal scaloppine and red snapper sautéed with shrimp and clams, garlic, and white wine. • 141 W. 38th St. (212-944-7420). (M-E)

Chelsea Ristorante
A solid Chelsea Italian restaurant catering to a business crowd at lunch; a casual, mature crowd for dinner; and large or small private parties anytime. From the wood-burning brick oven come all sorts of tasty things: hot seafood antipasti, grilled steak or lobster, and pizza; plus, there are house specialties like sautéed artichokes and homemade black tagliolini with smoked salmon in a creamy tomato sauce. • 108 Eighth Ave. (212-924-7786). (M)

elmo
Three years after their snazzy remake of Leshko's, its owners have exported their Knoll chairs and retro-mod tendencies to Chelsea, where chef Kevin Reilly cooks in a style he calls "ethnic New York." That means alphabet soup with dilled chicken dumplings and smoked paprika oil, and vegetable lo mein with roasted grapefruit and cashews. That painting above the bar happens to be Ross Bleckner's first commission in a decade. • 156 Seventh Ave., nr. 19th St. (212-337-8000). (M)

★ Lotus
Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice-guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well-fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M-E)

Nick & Stef's Steakhouse
Los Angeles chef Joachim Splichal opened the first branch of this steakhouse in his hometown, knowing it might play even better in red-meat-loving Manhattan. There's twelve of everything, from salads and starters to potatoes and sauces. And where's the beef? Front and center, hung out to dry in a steel-and-glass aging chamber. • 9 Penn Plaza (212-563-4444). (M-E)

Slate
Even if pool isn't your game, you might be willing to brave this hall's not exactly tony crowd, giant TVs, and techno throb—not to mention big guys wielding big sticks—for a crack at some delectable comfort food. The big cheese-and-mushroom-stuffed burger alone is worth crossing this cultural divide, and the chewy rare hanger steak is remarkable. • 54 W. 21st St. (212-989-0096). (M)

T.S. Ma
If you work at CNN, MSG, or the main post office branch, you've likely already eaten here. But if you're catching a train at Penn Station, or have tickets to the Garden, you should be aware that you're only minutes away from a plate of salt-and-pepper shrimp or General Tso's chicken. As has become increasingly prevalent in the Chinese-restaurant universe, there's also a sushi bar, plus a private dining area. • 360 W. 31st St. (212-971-0050). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Olives's Todd English, and Park Avenue Cafe's David Burke, among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. at the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Brasserie
Nostalgists may have wished for a clone of the original Brasserie. But the redesign is stunning and the big-brother video screens make as much of your entrance as those bygone steps used to. The classic French food (onion soup, steak frites, mandatory beignets) is satisfying and served from breakfast through late night—a welcome anomaly in this early-to-bed precinct. • 100 E. 53rd St. (212-751-4840). (M-E)

Café Centro
A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M)

★ D'Artagnan, The Rotisserie
After years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D'Artagnan finally has its own: a high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, and a cozy bar. Besides signature terrines and charcuterie, there's seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, terrific spit-roasted chicken, lamb, and "la garbure et son chabrot," a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork. Finish your meal like a true Gascon with a shot of Armagnac blanc from a baseless glass. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M-E)

Divine Bar
This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). Also, 55 Liberty St., second fl. (791-9463). (I-M)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante
Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as careful. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

Haru
Haru means "spring" in Japanese, and the design theme at this fourth and funkiest Manhattan branch of the Haru chainlet is man-made nature, from the digital-photomural-of-grass floor to the robotic fish in the

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARINA SALVI.

aquariums over the bar. The menu features all the usual suspects, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. • 280 Park Ave., nr. 48th St. (212-490-9680). (M)

★ Kuruma Zushi

Nobu and Bondst might draw celebrity sushi fans, but this is where you'll find the true fanatics, willing to squander their savings on superlatively fresh sushi and sashimi in nondescript surroundings one flight above a midtown side street. Cognoscenti put themselves and their taste buds in the nimble hands of the sushi chef, who amazes with imported treasures like Japanese aji, sea eel, and prawn-Kuruma ebi. • 7 E. 47th St. (212-317-2802). (E)

★ Maloney & Porcelli

Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstripe and hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep into it—and the service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

Montebello

Upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. • 120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M)

Nino's Positano

Upscale Italian specializing in food from the south, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

Smith & Wollensky

Urban cowboys herd together over big steaks with knives to match at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M-E)

Tropica

Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the conch chowder and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves some of the most imaginative Caribbean-inspired seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M-E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Ben Benson's Steak House

This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but there's a weatherproofed "front porch" and a dining room devoted entirely to the assiduous consumption of prime aged beef. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Benihana

Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the tableside cooking shows that are still the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

★ Blue Fin

How can you tell you're in a W hotel? The striking design; the Rande Gerber bar; and the upscale restaurant, like this stylish Stephen Hanson seafood house at the W Times Square. It's smart. It's handsome. Fiercely noisy with jazz to boot. Chef Paul Sale scores with splendid goat-cheese-and-beet salad, crab cake with celery-root salad, and a silken, often luminous way with fish, plus sushi to match any vowel-ending raw-fish bar in town. Sunday jazz brunch. • 1567 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-918-1400). (M-E)

Bombay Palace

This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined tandoori prawns, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri in midtown for years. Try the excellent breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Cascina

The communal farmhouse tables and equally rustic house wines, imported from the owner's Northern Italian vineyard, conspire to make this trattoria feel more Tuscan countryside than Hell's Kitchen storefront. Beyond lasagne and minestrone, the menu surprises with dishes like rabbit casserole in a bread crust, barbecued veal ribs, and whole-wheat pizza with smoked salmon and cream cheese. • 647 Ninth Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-245-4422). (M)

Cité

Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-seared crab cake and roasted salmon, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M-E)

Da Rosina

Those with curtains to make and bellies to fill find just what they're looking for in this Restaurant Row standby, a reliable source for homemade pasta, chicken and veal cutlets every which way, and Italian classics from fried clams to tirami su. A $22 prix fixe dinner and $13.95 lunch make it easy to splurge on affordable indulgences like spicy lobster frutti di mare and broiled sirloin steak. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ DB Bistro Moderne

Daniel Boulud's latest venture is supposed to be an homage to the simple bistro foods of his youth, but the great chef can't help making things fancy. Take boeuf en gelee, which Chef Boulud coats with sweet horseradish cream and serves in a dainty parfait glass. Or the $29 "DB Burger," leavened with foie gras and short ribs and a silver cup of pommes soufflés on the side. The space can feel a little hectic around theater time, but elbow your way in if you can. • 55 W. 44th St. (212-391-2400). (E)

★ Del Frisco's

Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbane steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. From the usually overrated filet mignon, whose buttery blandness gets surmounted by a brash pepper-splattered crust, to the superb 26-ounce "double eagle" strip, Del Frisco's is a silverware-clanking crowd pleaser. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

Film Center Cafe

To go with the vintage film memorabilia at this casual Hell's Kitchen comfort-food zone, there's a long list of wraps and overstuffed sandwiches, roast turkey, meatloaf, a raw bar, and a lively late-night bar scene. • 635 Ninth Ave., nr. 44th St. (I-M)

Fives

Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this sophisticated but casual hotel restaurant. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern "Atlantic rim" menu changes seasonally and features luxury items like foie gras served three ways and trendy touches like honey foam and a tapioca cake to complement a dish of seared squab. The bar menu offers sandwiches and snacks and 55 wines by the glass. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M-E)

Haru

This branch of the stylish, popular Japanese mini-chain, like the others, specializes in fresh, oversize sushi, fifteen house sauces, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. Natural wood tones and a wall of tree branches separating the dining room from the sushi bar brings a little serenity to Times Square. • 205 W. 43rd St. (212-398-9810). (M)

★ Il Gattopardo

Chef Vito Gnazzo lights up this tiny spot and its ivy-draped garden with rustic classics from Naples and its surround—cabbage-wrapped meatballs, homey arti-

Object of Desire

Close Shave

BIG TRUFFLE: At Fiamma Osteria, you pick your own.

As every good gastronome knows, it's *Tuber magnatum* season; to plain old foodies, that's white-truffle time. From now until the end of December, restaurants from Da Silvano to Alain Ducasse are larding their menus with the famous "white diamonds" of Italy's Piedmont region, thinly shaving them over everything from scallops to scrambled eggs. At the moment, according to the Queens-based importer Urbani, the irresistibly fragrant and incredibly expensive Alba truffle is fetching $1,300 to $2,000 per pound, depending on grade. Some European restaurants charge per gram, or by the paper-thin slice, leaving it to the diner to tell the waiter when to call it quits. In New York, though, most restaurants simply add a flat (and hefty) truffle surcharge. But for those who like to know exactly what they're getting for their money, **Fiamma** partners Stephen Hanson and Michael White have an ingenious—if pricey—solution: As an alternative to their $225 six-course truffle tasting, chef White offers a similar menu for $85 plus the cost of your own hand-picked "super-extra" grade whole Alba truffle, ranging from 40 to 80 grams at $7 per gram, weighed tableside on a sleek kitchen scale. Then you determine how much you'd like showered over your sautéed sea scallops, branzino with braised Savoy cabbage, handmade garganelli with butter and Parmigiano, and roasted breast of guinea hen. Whatever's left over is placed in a stylish paper box—the Tiffany of doggie bags—to take home for breakfast. You supply the eggs. (206 Spring Street; 212-653-0100.) R.P.

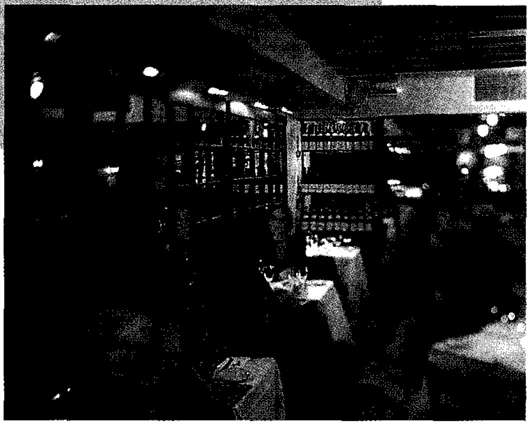
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN.

Opening

Beggars Banquet

After a brief stint as a Mexican restaurant, the legendarily celebrity-stuffed Marylou's space has been reborn as **Pierres Roulantes**, a French bistro run by the owner of the Turtle Bay wine bar Le Bateau Ivre. The name means "rolling stones," and the mirror-lined dining room is decorated with vintage album covers signed by Mick and Keith. And the kitchen keeps rock-star hours, serving shellfish platters, onion soup, escargots, and cassoulet till 4 A.M. nightly. (21 West 9th Street; 212-995-2168.)

AFTERGLOW: Night owls at Pierres Roulantes.



choke parmigiana with smoked mozzarella, and Neapolitan meat loaf encircling hard-boiled egg with olive mashed potatoes. Locals come by Wednesdays for suckling pig with delicious broccoli rabe, and the ricotta-and-wheat torta called pastiera is a rare find. • 33 W. 54th St. (212-246-0412). (M–E)

★ Le Madeleine
Don't sulk if you can't get into Esca across the street: This venerable bistro's gone modern under chef Bruce Beaty (whose lively flavors reflect stints with Alfred Portale and Gilbert LeCoze). We feel miles from Ninth Avenue in the quirky all-weather garden, sharing grilled lamb sausage and splendid yellowfin tartare. Lemon custard seals the deal. Grab a honey madeleine and catch that curtain. • 403 W. 43rd St. (212-246-2993). (M)

Maria Pia
A can't-go-wrong choice for theater-district Italian trattoria dining, Maria Pia excels with homemade hearty pastas like cavatelli Bolognese and satisfying entrées like pepper-crusted tuna. The three-course $19.95 prix fixe menu is available any time of day, seven days a week. • 319 W. 51st St. (212-765-6463). (I–M)

Martini's
Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

Rock Center Café
Daily specials keep this contemporary rinkside dining room's American menu interesting, as does the strong Italian accent. Seafood risotto, fried calamari, and a burger with taleggio cheese keep diners focused on their plates rather than on the interpretive freestyle routines being perfomed on the ice. • 20 W. 50th St. (212-332-7620). (M)

The Sea Grill
Chef Ed Brown cooks fish so fresh at this Rockefeller Center seafood shrine that the menu notes the name of the boat that caught them; "à la plancha" means they're seared on a special grill that is supposed to excel at retaining moisture and flavor. Kitchen equipment aside, the results are indisputably delectable, as are appetizers like mussels in a Thai red-curry broth. • 19 W. 49th St. (212-332-7610). (E)

Seppi's
Like Raoul's, its atmospheric downtown progenitor, Seppi's has a tin ceiling, a roving fortune-teller, and an unusual-for-midtown closing time of 2 A.M. The bistro menu—a winning composite of French and Italian—lists tuna niçoise and tartes flambées alongside prawn risotto. • 123 W. 56th St. (212-708-7444). (M–E)

St. Andrews
In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro
Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

Zanzibar
The crowd at this loungey Hell's Kitchen restaurant is as eclectic as the menu. African, Arabic, Asian, and Mediterranean touches appear in dishes like tuna and ginger ravioli; mussel soup with garlic, chickpeas, and cilantro; and a root vegetable and peanut stew served over rice. • 645 Ninth Ave, nr. 45th St. (212-957-9197). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
The epitome of posh, from the decorous welcome to the postprandial lollipop cart, Ducasse's American outpost has found its groove. And even if a $160 dinner doesn't become a weekly habit, the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room should be experienced at least once, as should the obsessively seasonal menus, the cheese course, and the high-concept wine list. The twice-weekly $65 lunch is, relatively speaking, a steal. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

★ Brasserie 8 1/2
At this souped-up designer bookend to the newly modish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport-lounge-style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad, the burger, and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M–E)

The Manhattan Ocean Club
Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ March
Expanded seating and a rooftop terrace aren't the only welcome additions to this ultraromantic Sutton Place townhouse. Wayne Nish has shed his obsession with Japan and embraced what he calls "New York cuisine," luxed up with a little more cream and butter. A typical tasting menu begins in a truffly, buttery haze of vegetable fricassee, then segues into Muscat-scented lobster and moist chicken in spice-mulled pear cider, before climaxing in rustic lamb shoulder with fennel purée. • 405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E)

ONEc.p.s.
Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

Rue 57
The burgundy-and-brass-bistro-by-the-numbers rooms don't lead you to expect much, but chef Sam Hazen has turned what used to be the dreariest corner on 57th Street into a boisterously attractive destination with quirkily superb dishes like mission fig turnovers with Parma ham and duck crumble. Unlike Pastis, it won't remind you of Paris. But when was the last time you ate this well around the corner from Bergdorf Goodman? • 60 W. 57th St. (212-307-5656). (M)

★ San Domenico
You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest Shelly Fireman production inhabits an old Automat space, ergo the "Horn & Hardart" creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese. Only the assimilative Fireman (of Brooklyn Diner fame) would offer towering shellfish platters and stone crabs flown in daily from Joe's in Miami Beach alongside miso-glazed halibut, chicken schnitzel, and a 50-ounce porterhouse steak cooked "Brooklyn style" and make it all work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

★ Atlantic Grill
This place is as Upper East Side as a jitney ride to Wainscott. Yet it also has a try-anything-once attitude toward seafood: Hey, buddy, we got a pan-Asian sushi bar, a wood-burning grill, a big lobster pot. Tell us what you want, and it's yours. On an avenue where the restaurants are as hard to tell apart as the clientele's khakis, Atlantic Grill's adroitness is more than a drop in the ocean. • 1341 Third Ave., nr. 76th St. (212-988-9200). (M)

The Boathouse in Central Park
Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass. • E. 72nd St. and Park Dr. N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

China Fun
Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. • 1221 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-752-0810). (I)

★ Etats-Unis
Behold a small, square, dramatic, and spartan room, devoid of any table-hopping, cell phones, or change-of-life blondes. The daily-changing menu choices are spare, but consistent in their bent towards slow roasting, robust sauces, and great vegetables. Nota bene—beware the local intellectuals who cleave to this place. "We're all living in the world's history," one actually said one night. Maybe it would've sounded better spoken into a cell phone. • 242 E. 81st St. (212-517-8826). (E)

Haru Sake Bar
Very fresh sushi, sashimi, tempura, plus Japanese fusion

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN.

fare, and an expanded selection of sake and sake cocktails are the draw at this popular uptown branch of the Japanese mini-chain. Take-out service too. • 1327 Third Ave., at 76th St. (212-452-1028). (M)

Mark's

Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows. Fine French-American cooking (roasted beet salad with goat cheese, thyme-crusted tuna with tomato and black-olive vinaigrette), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Mo's Caribbean Bar and Mexican Grill

Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. Close enough. This spot with an MTV-beach-party vibe serves Caribbean and Mexican-American fare like jerk chicken burritos, enchiladas, and fajitas—all in a dining room with real palm trees. Reserve for Monday's Lobster Madness night. Leave with a suntan. • 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (212-650-0561). (M)

Nino's

Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe

A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ The Post House

How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Students League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Rain East

Like its Upper West Side sibling, the spices at this East Side branch are slightly tamed for American consumption, more fragrant than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like Thai chicken-and-coconut soup, pad Thai, and curried beef. • 1059 Third Ave., near 62nd St. (212-223-3669). (M)

Rouge

Despite the demure Upper East Side–townhouse setting, Rouge is really a bargain bistro masquerading as a big-ticket restaurant. Nothing on David Ruggerio's menu breaks the $20 barrier, decorative dabs of sauce and baby boutique-greenery garnishes notwithstanding. The framework is French, with occasional forays into trendy Italian and Asian territory, like the spicy miso-marinated Chatham cod. The "chef's wine list" is a bonanza of equally affordable bottles at laughably low mark-ups. • 135 E. 62nd St. (212-207-4601). (M)

Sel & Poivre

Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Trata

With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Ask Gael

I want to eat, drink, and make merry.

Layla is still the place—a delightfully silly casbah, noisy and upbeat, where a belly dancer does her seductive shimmy and swirl twice a night and the uninhibited leap up to mimic the sway. Chef Frank Proto has expanded Layla's Middle East perspective to embrace raw fish (in the style of Esca), Sicilian bucatini, and Mediterranean seafood (prosciutto-wrapped monkfish on pesto risotto, pan-roasted cod with brandade). But do what I do. Make a feast of cold and hot Middle Eastern meze served family-style: spicy lamb on flatbread, grilled merguez sausages with dates, silken hummus and baba ghannouj, favas with goat cheese, garlicky tsatsiki, and blood-orange-and-carrot salad with honey-and-red-wine vinaigrette, a fragrant play on the Moroccan classic. Kabobs of cumin-spiced swordfish and harissa-marinated chicken on fragrant rice are perhaps not what you'd eat in Marrakech but are lusher and juicier. Grilled lamb-loin T-bone would be a winner in any language. And there's halvah, if you must. (211 West Broadway; 212-431-0700.)

GRAZE OF HEAVEN: Meze and more at Layla.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Alibaba

A twelve-seat glatt kosher restaurant and takeout shop specializing in Yemenite-Israeli cuisine—with a macrobiotic twist. Owner Moshe Harizy imports spices, fava beans, and fruit nectars from Israel and bakes his own lafah, the flatbread that makes his turkey shawarma something special. • 515 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 85th St. (212-787-6008). (I)

Arte Cafe

Affordable neighborhood Italian restaurant with three separate dining rooms, one reserved for private parties. Spaghetti arrabbiata, cioppino, and complimentary homemade biscotti. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. • 106 W. 73rd St. (212-501-7014). (M)

★ Calle Ocho

Who'd a thunk it? That the West Side could ever boast a restaurant as uncalculatingly sexy as Calle Ocho, with its far wall's spectacular Caribbean sunset of glazed terracotta and its jewel-toned banquettes curving through the space like waves along the gulf? Let a staff so winning you at first suspect they're a few mojitos ahead of you steer you towards tangy lobster seviche, seafood paella, and terrific yuca fries. • 446 Columbus Ave., near 81st St. (212-873-5025). (M-E)

Lenox Lounge

Maybe your budget can't swallow a coveted townhouse on Striver's Row. But fabulous barbecued chicken and devilishly rich ribs at this recently renovated Art Deco nightclub, which only recently started serving dinner, will barely make a dent in your cash flow. We take our buffalo chicken wings torrid, love the corn bread, and liquidate the macaroni and cheese, but can't handle smothered pork chops that are like plywood. • 288 Lenox Ave., nr. 125th St. (212-427-0253). (M)

★ Ouest

After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M-E)

★ Picholine

Terrance Brennan doesn't want to be the Upper West Side's best chef. He's got the whole city in his sights, which explains why his French-Mediterranean menu aspires to such lofty heights. Rustic nightly specials like cassoulet and seven-hour lamb shank are earthy counterpoint to menu selections like sea-urchin panna cotta and truffle-steeped poached halibut. The wild-mushroom-and-duck risotto has its own fan club, as does fromager Max McCalman. • 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E)

Scaletta

A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks is the tranquil setting for refined Northern Italian fare, from smoked salmon and beef carpaccio to a selection of risotto and veal dishes. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. • 50 W. 77th St. (212-769-9191). (M)

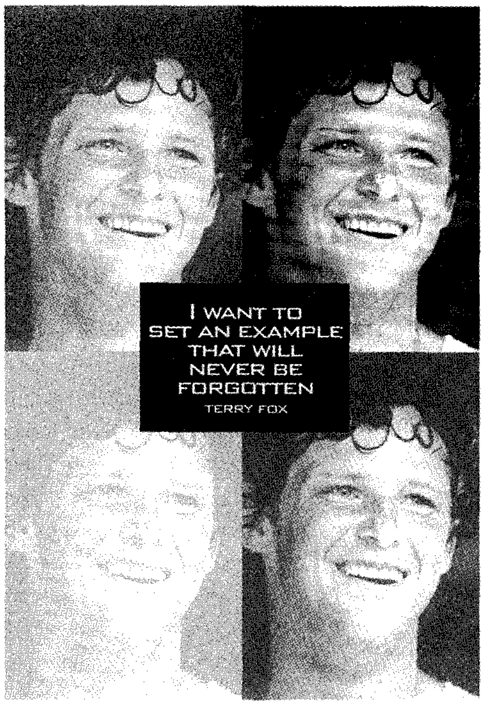
Brooklyn

Long Tan

A sprawling, minimalist-chic Thai restaurant and lounge with a snug garden, house-infused cocktails, an intriguing Australian wine list, and a kitchen that challenges nearby Blue Ribbon's late-night supremacy, serving till 2 a.m. Chef Jeff Hardinger, late of Ruby Foo's, turns out lively, gently priced renditions of shrimp-and-litchi spring rolls, rice-and-garlic sausages, vegetarian jungle curry, and grilled-kangaroo salad—which we'd imagine goes splendidly with a glass of Tasmanian pinot noir. • 196 Fifth Ave., nr. Union Street (718-622-8444). (I-M)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARINA SALVI.

THE TERRY FOX RUN
FOR CANCER RESEARCH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9:30am Central Park

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THE CANADIAN CLUB OF NEW YORK
CANCER SUPPORT SERVICES

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126 East 56th Street, NYC 10022

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KAUFMAN *Continued from page 27*

daughter Lucy. He bought her all these tutus, and you haven't lived until you see James with a tutu on his head."

IN SONDHEIM'S SEVENTIES COLLABORATIONS with director Hal Prince—*Company, Follies, A Little Night Music*, and *Sweeney Todd*—which changed the tune and the tone of the American musical, love is at best rueful and at worst radioactive material. People are not getting married today, they're singing the God-why-don't-you-love-me blues, sending in the clowns, making puff pastry out of priests. In the Lapine-Sondheim teamings—unlike Prince, Lapine is both director and librettist—characters' romantic yearnings are palpable even through a sometimes dense thicket of cerebral musings. Love, if not within easy grasp, seems within reach.

"James is a poet," says Sondheim. "I don't just mean poetry in the sense of language, but in outlook. When I think of him as a director, I think of his *Twelve Dreams*," Lapine's 1981 evocation of a Carl Jung case study. "It was so graceful and dreamlike. He never sees things with outlines that can't be blurred. He has a whole different way of thinking about the theater, about politics, art, *everything*."

Much of that can be attributed to Lapine's former life as a graphic designer (he turned to the theater when he was teaching at Yale). It gave him an "ability to coordinate visual elements," as one producer puts it. "He knows what the pictures onstage are going to look like—and a lot of directors don't."

We're in the Music Box the day before the walls will fall, at a technical rehearsal. "I actually feel very blessed to be doing what I do, for all my kvetching," he says sheepishly. "It's just who I am. Finding some individual challenge that I never had before is what drives me." Now he's got this intimate little chamber musical about the guy who gets the girl, by a composer most in the audience will probably never have heard of. It's a challenge, all right, and Lapine is in his element. "There is something ineffable pulling me to everything I do," he admits, "but I think the fun part is not knowing what it is and sort of discovering it along the way."

Lighting designers Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer offer up a palette of gels for the set, a Montmartre street. "This is the part where I wave my hand," Lapine adds, "and the magic happens onstage."

As if on cue, the set is suddenly awash in pinks, then deep blues, then purples. "You get old," he says, settling back into his seat and looking around the theater, "and you realize you've pulled it out of the fire before." ■

Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Classical Music

"Americans in Rome"
Pianist Donald Berman performs works by composers from the American Academy in Rome. 10/16 at 8. • Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $25.

★ András Schiff
Much-acclaimed pianist joins the famous conductorless Orpheus Chamber Orchestra in a concert of Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven. 10/16 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $30–$50.

★ Boys Choir of Harlem
Joins the Vienna Boys' Choir for their first joint U.S. performance, singing together and separately. 10/17 at 8. • Great Hall of Shepard Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 138th St. (212-843-1755); $50–$250.

★ Anne Sophie-Mutter and Lambert Orkis
Perform Brahms, Fauré, Gershwin's *Suite From Porgy and Bess,* and Previn's *Tango, Song, and Dance.* 10/17 at 7:30. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $35–$92.

Frederic Chiu
Three-part talk and performance series about Prokofiev's "War Sonatas" for solo piano begins with Sonata No. 6. 10/18 at 7. • Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-570-3949); $30 (full series: $80).

Kammerphilharmonie Bremen
Nielsen's Flute Concerto and Mozart's Andante for Flute and Orchestra feature Emmanuel Pahud; also on the program, Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica") and a Werner Henze sonata. 10/19 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $24–$79.

★ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center
The premiere of Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's clarinet concerto featuring David Shifrin, plus Handel and Mozart. 10/20 at 5 and 10/22 at 7:30. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $27.50–$37.50.

★ Vladimir Feltsman
Celebrated Moscow-born pianist performs Schumann and Mussorgsky. 10/20 at 2. • Colden Center, Queens College, Flushing (718-793-8080); $34.

★ The Met Chamber Ensemble
James Levine conducts new music: Cage, Feldman, Babbitt, Carter, Wuorinen, and Kirchner. 10/20 at 5. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $92.

Sequitur
Ensemble performs Lukas Foss's *Time Cycle,* Ligeti's *Poème Symphonique* (for 100 metronomes!), Cage's *4'33",* Joan Tower's *Clocks,* and other works. 10/20 at 8. • Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $15.

★ Sonic Boom Festival
New music at the Knitting Factory. Performers include Continuum, ModernWorks!, the Da Capo Chamber Players, Ethel, and the New York New Music Ensemble. 10/20, 4 to 10. Visit sonicboomnewyork.org. • Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3006); $10.

Opera

★ Metropolitan Opera
Bellini's *Il Pirata* gets its first Met staging in decades, with Renée Fleming as Imogene in her first bel canto role at the Met. Opens 10/21. *La Cenerentola* closes 10/17. Umberto Giordano's *Andrea Chénier* with Plácido Domingo, Puccini's *Turandot,* and Bizet's *Carmen* are onstage, too. Call, or visit metopera.org. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$280.

★ New York City Opera
New production of Chabrier's *L'Étoile,* opens 10/22. Verdi's *La Traviata,* R. Strauss's *Salome,* Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* and Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* are up as well. Call, or visit nycopera.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $25–$110.

★ "Three Tales"
Digital opera about the effects of technological progress has its New York premiere. (See box.) 10/16, 10/18, and 10/19 at 7:30. • Brooklyn Academy of Music, Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave. (718-636-4100); $25–$45.

★ Opera Orchestra of New York
Eve Queler conducts a concert version of Bizet's little-known *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* (*The Pearl Fishers*), starring the Russian tenor Daniil Shtoda. 10/20 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-799-1982); $24–$110.

Performance

Future Shock

"The speed with which technology has moved from the twentieth to the twenty-first century is so tremendous—it's like, have we lost control?" says video artist Beryl Korot. She's talking about her second collaboration with minimalist composer Steve Reich, her husband of 26 years, who quickly elaborates on her point. "My father was born in 1904 and talked about gas lamps in New York City and trolleys being driven by horses up Broadway." From his landmark 1965 tape piece, *It's Gonna Rain,* to his two Grammys, Reich has managed to win accolades from the avant-garde and the mainstream alike. In **Three Tales**—a digital-video opera that has its New York premiere Wednesday as part of BAM's Next Wave Festival—Korot and Reich use the crash of the *Hindenburg,* the nuclear-bomb tests that destroyed Bikini Atoll (and permanently displaced the inhabitants), and Dolly the cloned sheep to examine the implications of technological advancement. Images are projected onto a screen behind live musicians, and the final segment has linguist Steven Pinker, Sun Microsystems co-founder Bill Joy, and evolutionary biologist Stephen Jay Gould (making one of his last appearances before his death in May) sharing their views. It's obvious that the couple aren't Luddites—it's just that "whatever we get, there's a price attached," says Reich. "There's no free lunch." (See "Opera.") A.Z.

TECHNO MUSIC: Three moments from "Dolly," the third act of Reich and Korot's *Three Tales.*

Dance

★ American Ballet Theatre
Premieres include *A Tribute to George Harrison* (Reinking, Welch, Parsons, Weir), a new James Kudelka ballet set to Meyer's Violin Concerto, a Lar Lubovitch work celebrating Richard Rodgers's centennial, and a Robert Hill ballet set to Lowell Liebermann. Revivals include Tudor's *Offenbach in the Underworld, Symphony in C, Fancy Free,* and *The Garden of Villandry.* Through 10/27. • City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $30–$75.

★ Ronald K. Brown/Evidence
Walking out the Dark explores the complexities of family relationships, especially between siblings, using elements of West African dance. Through 10/20. Call for details or visit dtw.org. • Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (212-924-0077); $32.

★ Ballet Preljocaj
Contemporary French company presents two works by Angelin Preljocaj: the multimedia work *Helikopter,* set to Stockhausen with video by Holger Förterer, and a new take on *Rite of Spring.* 10/16–10/19 at 7:30. Visit bam.org. • Brooklyn Academy of Music, Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100); $20–$50.

★ Xavier Le Roy
Hungarian dancer Eszter Salamon performs the French choreographer's (and former molecular biologist's) 1998 *Self-Unfinished,* a solo about loss of identity, with music by Diana Ross. 10/16–10/18 at 8. • The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793); $20.

★ "Double Play Dance"
The Wally Cardona Quartet and Seán Curran Company bring downtown dance, uptown. 10/17–10/19 at 8. • Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $21.

"Shall We Dance"
Bebe Neuwirth hosts a Richard Rodgers tribute with Sandy Duncan and dancers from American Ballet Theatre, New York City Ballet, Lar Lubovitch Dance Company, and others. 10/21 at 7. • City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $40–$75.

★ Grupo Corpo
Brazilian company combines elements of ballet, African rhythm, and Latin flair in *21* and *O Corpo.* 10/22 and 10/24–10/26 at 7:30. Visit bam.org. • Brooklyn Academy of Music, Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave. (718-636-4100); $25–$45.

★ David Parsons Dance Company
Sexual tension plays out in the kitchen and the office in *Too Many Cooks!* and *Tango Oficina,* set, respectively, to Esquivel and Piazzolla. Also: the magical *Caught, The Envelope, Union,* and last year's Miles Davis nod, *Kind of Blue.* 10/22–11/3. Call for details. • Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $40.

Ground Rules This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Concerts

Badly Drawn Boy
10/19 at 7:30. Folk-rocker touring in support of an upcoming album, *Have You Fed the Fish,* whose music is heralded as eccentric but is more sleepy than anything else. • Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171); $19.50.

★ David Bowie
10/16, 10/17, and 10/20. The last three shows of Bowie's tour of the five boroughs. • 10/16 at Colden Center at Queens College, Queens (718-544-2996); $35–$45. 10/17 at Jimmy's Bronx Cafe, 281 W. Fordham Rd., the Bronx (718-329-2000); $75. 10/20 at Beacon Theater, Broadway and 74th St. (212-307-7171); $37–$77.

★ Wilco
10/17–10/18 at 7:30 (10/17 is sold out). More risk-taking and inventive than most alt-country (see "Heavy Metal Drummer" on their recent album *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*), though the hosannas from critics can be irritating. • Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171); $25.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
10/17: Koko Taylor. 10/18–10/19: Jack Bruce and the Cuicoland Express. 10/22: Jason Bonham. 10/23: Sam Moore. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
10/16: Scott Henderson Trio. 10/17: Neshama Carlebach. 10/19: David Johansen and the Harry Smiths. 10/23: "Remembering Rory Gallagher." • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

★ Bowery Ballroom
10/16: Kim Richey. 10/18: The Greenhornes. 10/19: "Def Jux" presents: El-P; Mr. Lif; Copywrite; Cage. 10/22: Taproot. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Connolly's Pub and Restaurant
Saturdays at 10:30: Black 47. • 121 W. 45th St. (212-597-5126).

★ Irving Plaza
10/16: Sleater-Kinney; the Yeah Yeah Yeahs. 10/18: Yonder Mountain String Band. 10/19: Apples in Stereo; Clinic (see box). 10/20: Billy Bragg. 10/22: "Vanity Fair" presents "In Concert New York" with Missy Elliott; Tweet; Howie Day; a tribute to Aaliyah. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
10/16: Nora York. 10/17: "Cause for Amusement": An Evening of Literary Humor to Benefit the NYU/Bellevue Program for Survivors of Torture. 10/18: Rene Risque. 10/21: Diamanda Galas. 10/22: Ambulance. 10/23: Natalia King. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
10/16: Pan American. 10/17: Acid Mothers Temple; Kinski; Oneida. 10/18: Supersuckers; Detachment Kit; the Star Spangles. 10/19: The New Year; Victory at Sea; Goldenboy. 10/20: "Sonic Boom Festival." 10/21: "Cordero CD Release Party" with Gavin R. Russom and Delia R. Gonzalez; Cordero. 10/22: New Bomb Turks; Square Johns. 10/23: Ohia; Damien Jurado, T. W. Walsh. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Maxwell's
10/16: Junior Watson. 10/17: Tift Merritt; Glory Fountain. 10/18: New Bomb Turks; the Snakes. 10/19: Granian. 10/23: St. Paul. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
10/16–10/17: Richard Buckner. 10/19: The Sights; Natural History. 10/20: Early Day Miners. 10/21: Bona Roba; the Standard. 10/22: Ben Taylor Band. 10/23: James McMurtry. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Northsix
10/16: Kinski. 10/17: Bitch and Animal. 10/18: Local H. 10/19: Supersuckers. 10/20: New Bomb Turks. 10/23: Skeleton Key. • 66 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-5103).

S.O.B.'s
10/16–10/17: Gato Barberi. 10/18: Sweet Mickey. 10/23: Atmosphere. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Village Underground
10/18: Eric Andersen; Aztec Two-Step. 10/19: Odetta. 10/23: Reverend Horton Heat. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

"Warsaw"
10/18: Clinic (see box); Apples in Stereo; Animal Collective. • Polish National Home, 261 Driggs Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (toll-free, 866-468-7619).

The World
10/16: Glassjaw; American Nightmare. • Broadway and 43rd St. (212-398-3439).

Clubland

APT
Mondays: "The Minty Fresh Living Room" with Bobbito Garcia. Tuesdays: "iPod Party" with Andrew Andrew. Wednesdays: "Little Ricky's Rib Shack" with Rich Medina. Fridays: "Undressed" with Ursula 1000. Saturdays: Chairman Mao and Citizen Kane. • 419 W. 13th St. (212-414-4245).

Arc
Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive-house maestro D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: "Made Saturdays," trance and progressive house spun by the likes of Deep Dish. • 6 Hubert St. (212-226-9212).

★ "Bang the Party"
Lori and E-Man's sweaty Friday-night house party returns to Manhattan after several years at Frank's Lounge in Brooklyn. Expect lots of tambourine-toting dancers and plenty of house and disco classics. • Opaline, 85 Ave. A (212-726-1322); $10.

Centro-Fly
Thursdays: Eclectic music with "?"; Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-627-7770).

Club Shelter
Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's long-running deep-house party "Shelter." • Club Shelter, 20 W. 39th St. (212-439-4141). $.

Luxx
Fridays: "Mutants" with D.J. Larry Tee. Saturdays: Tee spins electroclash at "Berliniamsburg." Sundays: "House Music Sessions" with D.J. Raji K and D.J. Gomi. Sundays: More Larry Tee with "NYFC." Mondays: "Cult Movie Mondays." Tuesdays: D.J. Miss Guy spins rock and metal at "Hell Bent for Brooklyn." • 256 Grand St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-1000).

The Roxy
Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s, including Razor, of Razor and Guido. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Jazz

Birdland
Mondays from 5:30 to 7:30: Scott Whitfield Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays from 5:30 to 7:30: David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Fridays from 5:30 to 7:30: Lew Anderson's All-American Big Band. 10/16: "Great Women in Music Presents": Carmen Lundy with the John Hicks Trio. 10/17–10/19: Jerry Gonzalez and the Fort Apache Band. (See box.) 10/21: Charli Persip and Supersound. 10/23: Barbara Carroll. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Ground Rules In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start later than promised. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. $ = cash only.

Talent

Clinical Study

CLUB MED: Liverpool's Clinic, at Warsaw and Irving Plaza this weekend.

Liverpool's **Clinic** is widely called the prototypical new British band: Its lyrics express a shy dreaminess, and its music is so ambient and woozy it never dares to rock. So it comes as a shock when bassist Brian Campbell declares, "All our influences are American." Who might those influences be? "How long have you got?" he shoots back. Even more surprising to those expecting Clinic to be the next Radiohead (Thom Yorke is a big fan) is the group's affinity for dub reggae. "We listen to a lot of Augustus Pablo," Campbell says. "We think that music put through a reverb sounds a million times better." Indeed, songs like "Harmony," from the band's recent album *Walking With Thee,* employ the hypnotic sound of the melodica, the preferred instrument of dub icons like Pablo and Lee "Scratch" Perry. While they might share a sonic sensibility, Clinic's live show is hardly as retiring as performances by the ganja-addled dons of dub. Onstage, the band's members dress in surgeons' gear and bring the intricate textures of their albums to life. "When most bands come to town, they hit record stores or clothing shops," Campbell explains. "We go down to the local hospital and pick up scrubs." (Clinic plays at Warsaw on October 18 and Irving Plaza on October 19.) E.B.

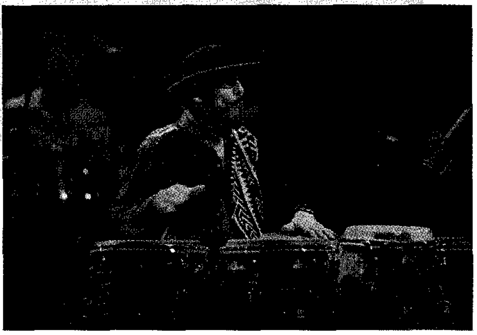
PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON EVAN.

Performance

Bronx Bomber

Like Chucho Valdes and Gonzalo Rubalcaba, multi-instrumentalist **Jerry Gonzalez** makes passionate, percussive music that's equal parts Dizzy Gillespie and Tito Puente. Gonzalez, however, is one of the few players to have actually *played* with the likes of Gillespie, Puente, McCoy Tyner, and Eddie Palmieri. From October 17 to 19, the ever-versatile Gonzalez brings his equally dexterous Fort Apache Band—which can move from blues to salsa in a heartbeat—to Birdland. (See "Jazz.")

KING CONGA: Jerry Gonzalez leads the Fort Apache Band.



Blue Note
Through 10/20: The Conga Kings. 10/22–10/25: Dizzy Gillespie Alumni All-Stars. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cajun
Mondays and Thursdays: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks. Tuesdays: Stanley's Washboard Kings. Wednesdays: Eddie Davis and His New Orleans Jazz Band. Fridays: The Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Saturdays: The Red Onion Jazz Band. Sundays: Peter Eckland Quartet. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

★ "Highlights in Jazz" presents: "Back by Popular Demand"
"Highlights in Jazz" brings some of its most popular performers back to the stage. With Derek Smith; Carrie Smith; Ken Poplowski; Jay Leonhart; Byron Stripling. 10/21 at 8. • Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St. (212-346-1715); $25.

Iridium
Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Through 10/20: Freddie Hubbard Nonet. 10/22–10/27: Dee Dee Bridgewater Big Band. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

★ "Jazz at Lincoln Center" presents: "The World of Roy Haynes"
10/16–10/17 at 8. The legendary drummer is reunited with players Chick Corea (10/16) and Pat Metheny (10/17). • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25–$55.

★ "Jazz Insights" Presents: "The Legacy of Charlie Parker"
Through 11/5. Jazz and lecture series hosted by Arnold Smith. Tuesdays from 7:45 to 9:30. 10/22: Peter Yellin. • New School University, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5690); $35.

Jazz Standard
Sets at 7:30 and 9:30. Through 10/20: Cyrus Chestnut Trio. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Tonic
Sundays: "Klezmer Sundays." 10/16: Guy Klucevsek: "The Well Tempered Accordion." 10/17: Jamie Saft and American Matzos. 10/18: White Out with Jim O'Rourke. 10/23: Transfert Bordeaux. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Village Vanguard
Mondays in October: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 10/20: Bobby Hutcherson Quartet. 10/22–10/27: Kenny Barron Sextet. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Carolines on Broadway
Mondays: "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 10/16 and 10/23: Nick DiPaolo. 10/17–10/20: Paul Mooney. • 1626 Broadway, nr. 49th St. (212-757-4100); $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar
Through 10/20: Colin Quinn; Mitch Fatel; Godfrey; Robert Kelly; Pete Correale. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Dangerfield's
Through 10/20: Jim David; Jessica Kirson; Russ Meneve; Nancy Redman; Gregory Carey; Billy Burr. • 1118 First Ave., nr. 61st St. (212-593-1650).

Jim Breuer; Dave Chappelle
10/18 at 8. *SNL* alum does scarily accurate riffs on frat-boy culture; Chappelle does amped-up, Chris Rock–like screeds. • Comedy Garden at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and 34th St. (212-307-7171); $35.

★ Jon Stewart
With Richard Lewis; Jim Gaffigan. 10/19 at 8. Stewart is the headliner, but Lewis is the draw: His hilarious appearances on HBO's *Curb Your Enthusiasm* this season take his dyspeptic Jewishness to new heights. • Beacon Theater, Broadway and 74th St. (212-307-7171); $25–$35.

Cabaret

★ Cafe Carlyle
Sundays through 11/10: Alex Donner. Mondays through 12/30: Eddy Davis New Orleans Jazz Band featuring Woody Allen. Tuesdays through Fridays through 12/31: Bobby Short. • Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

★ Feinstein's at the Regency
Through 10/19: Ann Hampton Callway. The food-and-beverage minimum is $40 per person at all 8:30 shows and $25 per person at 11. • 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

Judy's
10/16: Carol Shedlin in "Fresh as a Daisy." 10/17: Thayer Hochberg in "Then and Now" with Paul Katz. 10/18: Matt Leahy on "Rules of the Road : A Love Story." 10/19: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "A Brand New Us." 10/20: Ellie Dorino. 10/21: Audrey Lavine in "At Home With Arlen." 10/22: Tony Messina spends "An Evening" with Kenny Ascher. 10/23: Tennie Leonard returns in "A New Show!" • 169 Eighth Ave., nr. 18th St. (212-929-5410).

Neue Galerie New York
10/18: Theo Bleckmann. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-628-6200).

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WOLFF *Continued from page 17*

lieve, unique. She has vast, if eccentric, talent. For presentation, for look and feel, for brandedness, for media itself (I'd argue that it is so hard to make a successful magazine of any sort that if you do, you deserve a type of immunity). What we lose, if we lose Martha, is an extraordinary example of how to profitably express yourself. Martha is, I have to say, inspirational.

HEF COULD BE INSTRUCTIVE HERE.

Hef got into trouble in the eighties. It was gaming-commission stuff. His empire teetered. He lost the Playboy Clubs—the empire's jewel.

Hef was as identified with Playboy as Martha is with Martha.

In many ways, Hef and the Playboy concept are the real precursors to Martha—not only live the lifestyle, but Omnimedia-ize the lifestyle. Playboy, too, like Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia, in a moment of hubris, became a public company. This was an error—the greed factor, which is why, of course, Martha is in her present mess. Having a public company means that the world is going to be judging the monetary value of your identity instead of the quality of your talent.

What was necessary for Hef and Playboy—and what may now be necessary for Martha and her enterprises—is a period of debranding. (This may be a larger trend in an overbranded world—AOL Time Warner is considering getting rid of the AOL.)

Playboy became a kind of generic concept of airbrushed girls rather than a heroic concept of a new lifestyle. Likewise, Martha will have to turn into a well-executed upper-middle-class design-accessory company rather than the incredible story of Martha herself.

Come to think of it, Martha, like Hef, should probably put her daughter in charge of the company.

If she's going to be indicted, the deal she should really try for while she still has bargaining room is house arrest (not unlike Hef in the Los Angeles mansion)—she could make a deal for six months and then go into a well-decorated, albeit lonely, exile.

But she'll still be Martha—who paid the price for iconhood.

It won't turn out the way she'd hoped it would (although, in her wildest dreams, could she have imagined she'd ever come this far with the whole Martha deal?), but in a down market, the job is just to come out ahead—even by a little. ■

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK VARTOOGIAN.

SMITH *Continued from page 33*

were plenty busy—such open-ended hunting would have gone against ingrained NYPD culture. Detectives consider a case closed when "good" arrests are made.

Indirectly, however, the mind-set that shaped the Central Park and Reyes investigations led to one of the crucial improvements in the nineties NYPD. When Bill Bratton arrived as police commissioner, he promoted an eccentric, brilliant transit detective named Jack Maple to become his chief strategist. Maple, who died in 2001, became justly famous for Compstat, a system of mapping crimes—first with pushpins, then with computers. Maple got less publicity for an equally important change. He pushed for cops to question suspects for leads on any and all other crimes. Good cops already did this, but Maple made it a priority. Sheehan might never have gotten Reyes to implicate himself in the Central Park attack, even following Maple's principles. But he might not have been satisfied with tying Reyes to the Lourdes Gonzalez murder.

Changing police culture is very much on the minds of Peter Neufeld and Barry Scheck. Two weeks ago, Neufeld flew from New York to Billings, Montana, to welcome Jimmy Ray Bromgard back to freedom. In 1987, Bromgard was found guilty of raping an 8-year-old girl. In late September, Bromgard became the 111th wrongfully convicted person to be cleared by DNA testing, two thirds of them by Neufeld and Scheck.

"A guy in California just got out, and there will be two more guys next week in Savannah," Scheck says, staring into the distance and trying to do the math in his head. "And soon there will be five more in New York, right?"

Neufeld and Scheck launched the Innocence Project in 1992. Right now their mostly volunteer law-student staff is scrambling to file petitions on behalf of thousands of Florida inmates who've been granted a brief window of time for DNA reviews. The second chance came after a death-row inmate named Frank Lee Smith died awaiting a DNA test that would have cleared him.

But the Innocence Project's agenda is far broader than applying DNA testing to old cases. "Twenty-three percent of the post-conviction DNA exonerations involve false confessions or admissions," Scheck says over a glass of red wine in a bar around the corner from his prodigiously messy Greenwich Village office. "And that's just after conviction. There are thousands of cases where people have been exonerated by DNA after they were arrested but before they were convicted. Many of those cases involve false confessions. The DNA work has pointed clearly and dramatically to this problem of false confessions."

The Innocence Project's solution is to videotape all conversations between police and suspects who are in custody, and Bill Perkins has introduced a City Council bill. "It's a bad idea," a city prosecutor says. "There's so much give and take between detectives and suspects. The smart guys get them something to eat, they talk to them, they schmooze them. You'd be looking at videos that last for hours and hours." There is also the philosophical question of how much a general public that wants to see bad guys locked up is prepared to know about what happens in an interrogation.

Already, though, Scheck and Neufeld have helped make New York's courts more accurate than most. In 1994, they lobbied Governor Mario Cuomo to create a state Forensic Science Review Board that would certify and regulate all crime labs. Then they nudged the city to spend $33 million to upgrade its crime lab in Queens. "Now New York leads the country in trying to run down cold cases with DNA," Scheck says.

During the first Central Park trial, Scheck advised defense lawyer Mickey Joseph, who represented Antron McCray. "The next time I heard about this case was in June, when I was called by a reporter for the *Times*, who told me that we, the Innocence Project, had received a letter from Matias Reyes," Scheck says. "Except that we hadn't. Oddly enough, he had written to Lynne Stewart and asked her to send the letter on to us." Since then the duo has been consulting with Warren and Wareham and prodding the process forward.

"It would be a terrible shame if this whole reexamination did not result in doing something to prevent false confessions," Scheck says. "The Central Park case has all the earmarks we've seen in our other cases of false confessions. And in all these cases, we find that the real assailant committed many crimes."

MATIAS REYES WAS BORN IN FAJARDO, PUERTO Rico, and spent most of his early years there with his father while his mother lived in New York. At 7, Reyes told a psychologist hired by his defense lawyer, his life took a dark turn: He was sexually abused by two male strangers. "Given what Reyes did later on in life, this fits the pattern," says his former lawyer Richard Siracusa. "Then he came to live with his mother in New York. There was a little problem when he was 15 or 16."

Siracusa knows depravity; in practice for 28 years, he's represented serial killers. But the lawyer pauses before continuing: "He and a friend sexually abused Reyes's mother."

Reyes returned to his father's house. His mother moved out of state. "He comes back from Puerto Rico after a couple of years, when he's about 17," Siracusa says. "I don't think he ever saw the mother again. He lives over a grocery store, by himself. Then he decided to become a serial rapist."

Until then, Reyes was a muscular but unimposing five-foot-seven-inch anonymous young man, a ninth-grade dropout stocking shelves in a bodega beneath his apartment on Third Avenue at 103rd Street. Reyes told a psychologist hired by Siracusa that he snorted cocaine daily but that "I always say no to violence."

On November 1, 1991, Reyes appeared in court for sentencing. When it was his turn to speak, Reyes began by calling Judge Thomas Galligan—the same man who'd presided over the Central Park trials—a "motherfucker," then yelled, "I didn't kill anybody. I'm tired of this shit. The attorneys this court give me don't do nothing for me." Reyes wheeled and punched Siracusa in the head, knocking his lawyer to the ground. "He put a couple of court officers out for a few months—dislocated shoulder, a broken bone," Siracusa says. "He was kicking and screaming the whole way out. I still remember that look on his face, a face out of your nightmares. He totally changed—it was like the devil. He's a pure psychopath."

Dr. N. G. Berrill, the psychologist hired by the defense, spent three days examining Reyes. "He was like a wounded child, a defective human being," Berrill says now. "Not psychotic, but someone whose impulse control was poor. He's manipulative. I wouldn't put money on anything he says."

REYES MADE AT LEAST ONE TRIP THROUGH Central Park between the night he raped the jogger and his return this spring. In August 1989, he was arrested in the lobby of a building at Lexington and East 91st. From there, detectives drove him to the office of the Sex Crimes unit, inside the 20th Precinct on West 82nd. The police car crossed through Central Park.

Sitting in the backseat, looking out the windows at the park on both sides of him, did Reyes worry that the cops would link him to the jogger case? Or did he think, *They grabbed those other five suckers—at least I got away with one*? Did the notion flicker through his warped mind that maybe he should take credit for the jogger attack, too?

He might have spared a whole city—and perhaps five particular teenagers—years of pain. But instead he kept his secret, because Matias Reyes had no conscience. What's hardest to believe in this long and sad saga is that he's grown one now. ■

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

"Studio 360"
Host Kurt Andersen discusses notions of artistic success with journalist Lynn Hirschberg and others. • 10/19 at 10 A.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM; 10/20 at 7 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

"Music Around the Mediterranean: Part Two"
The series shifts from Western Europe to Balkan and Turkish traditions. • 10/19 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"The Next Big Thing"
On Dean Olsher's show, Ian Frazier and Jamaica Kincaid reminisce about their *New Yorker* salad days. • 10/20 at 11 A.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM and at 1 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

Lectures and Panels

"Turner in the Frick Collection"
Eric Shanes analyzes five major oils in the collection by British landscape painter J.M.W. Turner. • 10/16 at 5:30 P.M. The Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); free.

"Who's Invisible Now?"
Poet and essayist Geoffrey Jacques talks to CUNY's James de Jongh about Ralph Ellison's use of musical themes. • 10/16 at 6 P.M. The Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (212-755-6710 for required reservations); $5.

Steve Reich and Beryl Korot
The composer and the video artist discuss their collaboration on the documentary-opera *Three Tales*, which premieres at the Next Wave Festival the same night. • 10/16 at 6 P.M. BAM Rose Cinemas, Theater 3, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4111); $8.

"China in the Twentieth Century"
SUNY Purchase associate professor Renqiu Yu lectures on the seismic shifts China has undergone in one tumultuous century. • 10/17 at 6:30 P.M. American Museum of Natural History, 2 W. 77th St. (212-769-5200); free.

"A Hero of Our Own"
Sheila Eisenberg talks about her recent book on Varian Fry, who saved a thousand Jews during World War II—among them Marc Chagall, Marcel Duchamp, and Hannah Arendt. • 10/20 at 2 P.M. Museum of Jewish Heritage, 18 First Pl., Battery Park City (212-509-6130); $7.

David Halberstam and David Remnick
Two Pulitzer Prize–winning journalists talk about journalism and world affairs. • 10/20 at 7:30 P.M. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

"The Melodies of Melanctha"
William Gass, the award-winning novelist and critic, talks about his formative encounter with Gertrude Stein's *Three Lives*. • 10/22 at 6:30 P.M. New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

The Written Word

Manning Marable and Leith Mullings
Two prominent writers on African-American society discuss their latest collaboration, *Freedom: A Photographic History of the African American Struggle*, at two venues this week. • 10/16 at 6 P.M. Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500); free. 10/21 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Marie Ponsot
The poet reads from her new collection, *Springing*, and talks about how art can reflect and respond to world crises—part of the three-part series on the topic. • 10/16 at 6 P.M. New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5488); free.

Richard Conniff
The journalist and nature writer discusses his amusing new zoological field study, *The Natural History of the Rich*. • 10/16 at 6:30 P.M. South Court Auditorium, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

"Prose in General" Debut
Four writers kick off the new season. Frederic Tuten presents his new novel, *The Green Hour*; Lawrence Chua's latest work is *Gold by the Inch*; Martha Southgate is the author of *The Fall of Rome*; and Henry Flesh's most recent book, *Michael*, is an illustrated homoerotic novel about the end of the world. • 10/16 at 7 P.M. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (212-254-2924); $5 suggested donation.

Rick Atkinson
The historian reads from his new book, *An Army at Dawn: The War in North Africa, 1942–1943*, part one of his planned "Liberation Trilogy." • 10/16 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Gary Krist
The author reads from his novel *Extravagance*. • 10/17 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Michael Ondaatje
The author of *The English Patient* and other celebrated novels talks about his new, nonfiction effort, *The Conversations: Walter Murch and the Art of Editing Film*. • 10/17 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

"Brit Lit"
Standout British and Irish writers—among them Paul Muldoon, Glyn Maxwell, and Mimi Khalvati—discuss the recent wave of literature from the isles—part of "Fuse Week," featuring international poetry throughout New York. • 10/17 at 7 P.M. Baruch Center for the Performing Arts, 150 E. 25th St. (212-431-7920; "Fuse Week" info: rattapallax.com/fusion.htm); free.

Jennifer Donnelly
The New York writer reads from her novel, *The Tea Rose*. • 10/17 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 267 Seventh Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-832-9066); free.

David Rieff
The journalist reads from his new book, *A Bed for the Night: Humanitarianism in Crisis*. • 10/17 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

"Cause for Amusement"
An evening of literary humor with Melissa Bank, Augusten Burroughs, Matthew Klam, and David Rakoff (with Jonathan Ames moderating) benefits the Bellevue/NYU Program for Survivors of Torture. • 10/17 at 7:30 P.M. Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200); $20.

Umberto Eco
The famous Italian novelist reads from his latest book, *Baudolino*, in Italian while author and critic Jay Parini reads from the English translation. • 10/17 at 8 P.M. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $16.

Zadie Smith
The snide sensation behind the award-winning, best-selling novel *White Teeth* reads from her eagerly awaited second one, *The Autograph Man*. • 10/18 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Adam Haslett and T. Cooper
Haslett reads from his best-selling collection, *You Are Not a Stranger Here*, Cooper from her novel, *Some of the Parts*. • 10/20 at 7 P.M. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Amitava Kumar
The author and critic reads from his new book, *Bombay-London-New York*. • 10/21 at 6:30 P.M. Melville Gallery, 213 Water St. (212-748-8735); $3 suggested donation.

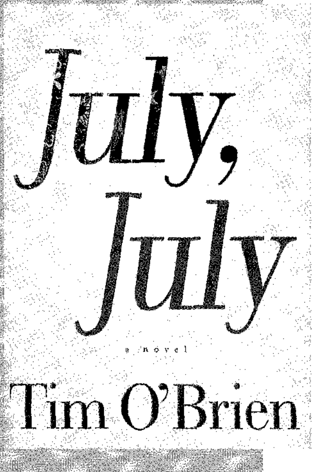
Thomas Steinbeck
The son of the American master talks about his new collection of stories, *Down to a Soundless Sea*. • 10/21 at 7 P.M. Half King, 505 W. 23rd St. (212-462-4300); free.

The McPhee Sisters
Three siblings with new books celebrate with a group

In Print

When Boomers Go Bust

"Ultimately, every global catastrophe is an amalgam of minor human catastrophes," says Tim O'Brien. He's seen and written about both, as a Vietnam foot soldier who turned his experiences into searing novels like *The Things They Carried* and *In the Lake of the Woods*. His latest book, **July, July** (Houghton Mifflin; $26), featuring an ensemble cast attending a college reunion of the class of '69, focuses largely on his generation's personal catastrophes (divorce, cancer, regret, sunken expectations). But what links the characters' fateful stories is a supernatural, shape-shifting figure inspired by last year's terrorist attack. "I couldn't directly write about it," says O'Brien. "But I wanted to get a voice of history in there, saying 'Things have been bad, and they're getting a lot worse.' " That voice first materializes as Johnny Ever, a wartime hallucination that gives wounded Vietnam grunt David Todd a shot at survival only if he accepts a life of disappointments. "It's the voice of history *and* the voice of conscience," says O'Brien. "All of us know what it feels like to talk to ourselves at night, to sometimes think, *I know it's not gonna work out, but I'm going to marry her anyway*. It's a subconscious knowledge we don't want to face." The Vietnam experience may be fading in O'Brien's work, but his other major trauma—a series of events leading to near-suicidal depression in 1994—looms large. "I really can't deny it," he says. "The sense of betrayal and loss has always been a theme. I don't really care much about bombs and bullets, but I do care about a moral pressure they put on the human heart." O'Brien reads this week at Barnes & Noble and the 92nd Street Y. (See "The Written Word.") B.K.



DOOM GENERATION: Tim O'Brien's eighth novel tracks Vietnam-generation anomie.

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Happening

The Land Down Under

With a nascent bar and restaurant scene, hundreds of homegrown studios, and (finally!) a developing waterfront, Brooklyn Heights' shabby neighbor may be completing its much-hyped Soho-ification. And the **D.U.M.B.O. Art Under the Bridge Festival** continues to mature along with it: This week's sixth annual event once again bathes the area in video projections, late-night music (from Organic Grooves and the BQEasys), and a plethora of installations. But this year, it genuinely takes to the streets—with outdoor dance and street theater, a colorful "Parade of Concepts," and roving performance artists, like an electric-chair barber and an actor impersonating the borough president who, we're promised, will have a staged run-in with the real—and famously hammy—Marty Markowitz. (October 18 through 20; see "Events.")

D.U.M.B.O. ARTS CENTER

CLIP ART: Nelson's "Electric Chaircut," at last year's D.U.M.B.O. festival.

reading. Jenny McPhee presents her first novel, *The Center of Things*, Martha McPhee reads from her latest, *Gorgeous Lies*, and Joan McPhee Sullivan talks about her new book, *An American Voter*. • 10/21 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Tim O'Brien
The award-winning author reads from his new novel, *July, July*, with *Versailles* author Kathryn Davis on Monday and alone the following day. (See box.) • With Davis: 10/21 at 8 P.M. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $16. Alone: 10/22 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Special Events

Tours

Upper East Side Autumn Art Tour
Seven galleries—including Salander-O'Reilly, Leo Castelli, and organizer Michelle Rosenfeld—stay open throughout the evening, offering art and refreshments. • 10/16, 5:30 to 8:30 P.M. Michelle Rosenfeld, 16 E. 79th St., and nearby galleries (212-734-0900 for info); free.

Art Walk NY
Eight neighborhood tours—through Harlem, Chelsea, downtown, Tribeca, the Village, Williamsburg, Greenpoint, and the Lower East Side—take you inside myriad open studios, with proceeds going to the Coalition for the Homeless. • 10/19, 2 to 5 P.M. (call 212-243-7300 for details and tickets); curated tours $125; self-guided $75.

Central Park in Autumn
The city's day or two of foliage will probably coincide with a seasonal tour of all the usual park spots. • 10/19 at 12:45 P.M. and 10/20 at 12:15 and 2:30 P.M. (call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place); $12.

Benefits

"Great Performances" Opening-Night Gala
Pianist András Schiff and the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra perform classics following a cocktail and dinner reception. • 10/16 at 5:30 P.M. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Broadway at 64th St. (212-875-5316); $1,000 and up.

"Change for Kids" Talent Extravaganza
A gala benefiting public-school arts programs offers the talents of Stanley Tucci, Fisher Stevens, Steve Buscemi, and others, as well as tastings from Po, Noche, and Chicama. • 10/16, reception 7 P.M., performances 8:30 P.M. Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-989-3009); $100 to $500.

Eighth Annual Next Step Gala
Bebe Neuwirth and Sandy Duncan are among the stars performing a Richard Rodgers dance tribute benefiting Career Transition for Dancers. • 10/21 at 7 P.M. Performance at City Center, W. 55th St., dinner at Sheraton New York Hotel, 811 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-582-6690); performance $40 to $75, with supper, $550 to $1,000.

Fifth Annual "Tomorrow Is Tonight" Gala
Ben Stiller and Kristen Johnson host the gala dinner and auction for Project A.L.S. • 10/21 at 7 P.M. Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-946-4581); $500 and up.

Exhibit

"O Canada!"
The museum salutes the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation with screenings from David Cronenberg and Atom Egoyan as well as radio and television featuring news, documentaries, drama, and the greatest Canadian export—comedy. • 10/18 through 2/2/03. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (mtr.org for schedule); $10.

Other Events

Two International Antiques Shows
A free shuttle bus transports bargain hunters between the International Fine Art and Antique Dealers Show in midtown (featuring 71 dealers) and the 100-exhibitor Gramercy Park Antiques Show taking place the same weekend. • International Show: 10/18, 10/19, and 10/21 through 10/24, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; 10/20, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (212-642-8572); $15. Gramercy Park Show: 10/18 and 10/19, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; 10/20, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 26th St. (212-255-0020, also provides shuttle); $12.

D.U.M.B.O. Art Under the Bridge Festival
Three days of various arts and shenanigans attest to the scene's vitality. (See box.) • 10/18 through 10/20. Main exhibit at D.U.M.B.O. Arts Center, 30 Washington St., Brooklyn (718-694-0831 or dumboartscenter.org); mostly free.

Fifth Annual Falconry Extravaganza
In case you missed last year's, here's another chance to witness a dozen birds of prey responding to their handler's every whim—along with a discussion of the ecology and biology behind the practice. • 10/19 at 1 P.M. The Great Lawn, Central Park at 80th St. (800-201-PARK); free.

Sports

MS Bike Tour
The eighteenth annual installment of this charity ride—expected to raise more than $1.5 million—involves 5,000 cyclists on routes of 30, 60, and 100 miles. It's a worthy-enough cause that we can almost forgive the organizers for having the two longer routes run through New Jersey. • 8/20 at 7:30 A.M. (check-in at 6:30 a.m.); South Street Seaport (212-463-9791); preregistration $26, day-of $40.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF D.U.M.B.O. ARTS CENTER.

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Events

For Children

Inside the Artist's Studio
The Children's Museum of Manhattan is going all out on its latest exhibit: "Art Inside Out." Interactivity abounds. (See box.) • Through 12/31/03; Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. (212-721-1223 or cmom.org); $6.

Classic Animal Magnetism
The Little Orchestra Society launches its season with the Lolli-Pop series for kids ages 3 to 5. The 50-minute introductory classical-music concerts feature Bang the Lion, Bow the Panda, Buzz the Bee, and Toot the Bird, each representing a section of the orchestra. The program includes Tchaikovsky's *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*, Mozart's *Turkish Rondo*, and Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*. • 10/19 at 10:30 A.M. and noon, 10/20 at 1 and 2:30 P.M.; Hunter College, Kaye Playhouse, Lexington Ave. and 68th St. (212-971-9500); $40.

Getting Buggy on the LES
Through the use of colorful puppets and a dreamlike world, *La Cucarachita Martina* (Martina, the Little Roach) tells a musical tale of a bug who takes a journey to find love (join the crowd, Martina). A bilingual production, in Spanish and English. • 10/19 and 10/26 at 3 P.M.; Los Kabayitos Puppet & Children's Theatre, 107 Suffolk St., second fl. (212-260-4080 ext. 14); $11 grown-ups, $9 kids.

Halloween Helpers
Trick-or-treaters are invited to an afternoon of giving. At Dream Halloween New York, a benefit to help the Children Affected by AIDS Foundation, kids can be part of "Slime Time Live," watch performances by Broadway Kids, a dance troupe, and a kids'-comedy ensemble. Haunted-house tours, goodies, and lots of costumed characters are part of the gala for a good cause. • 10/20 from 2 to 6 P.M.; Chelsea Piers, Pier 59 Studios at 18th St. (212-533-1375); $250 grown-ups, $150 kids 12 and younger.

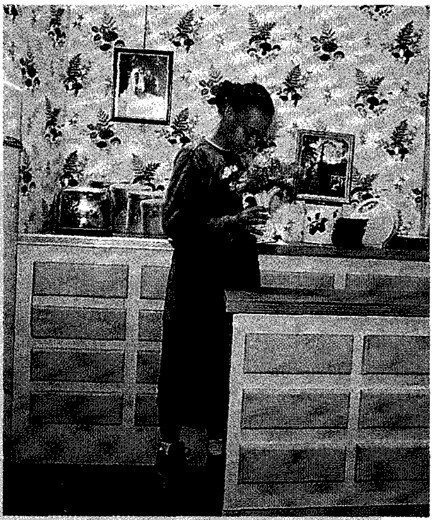
Pumpkin Patching
Creatability, a new play space in Yorkville, offers a one-hour Halloween-pumpkin-carving class. Safe tools, goodies, and the rotund orange fruit are supplied. • 10/19 and 10/27 at 10:30 A.M., 12:15, and 2 P.M.; Creatability, 500 E. 88th St. (212-535-4033); $15.

Back in the Olden Days
Take a theatrical time-machine journey with an inventor, traveling through generations of America's exciting history. In *History Time Henry*, stops include the writing of the Constitution, the Suffragettes Movement, Rosa Parks's bus ride, and the first U.S. landing on the moon. Original songs and audience participation are part of the show. From Vital Children's Theatre Company. Reservations suggested. • 10/19 through 11/23; Vital Children's Theatre Company, 432 W. 42nd St., third fl. (212-592-4508 or vitaltheatre.org); $14.

Architecture and a Danish
In conjunction with the Arne Jacobsen exhibit, the Scandinavia House (always a child-friendly place) presents *Furnish for Fun*. Kids will learn about the famous architect and how he had his hands in everything from the design of the building to its interior furnishings and décor. Arts-and-crafts session included. For ages 5 to 10. • 10/22 from 3:30 to 5 P.M.; Scandinavia House, 58 Park Ave., nr. 38th St. (212-847-9740 or scandinaviahouse.org); $10.

Happening

Hi, Art



DOG DAYS: A visitor to CMOM's newest show, "Art Inside Out," explores the Wegman exhibit.

The idea was germinating in Andrew Ackerman's mind for a while: Bring contemporary grown-up art to an audience of kids. "The school of thought was, *It can't be done*," says the executive director of the Children's Museum of Manhattan. Sure, the museum had regular, albeit small and low-key, exhibits of kids'-book illustrations on the fourth floor, but they're more like wall décor than like full-fledged learn-something exhibits. It took an 8-year-old in a focus group to come up with the concept of walking into a painting (*Dragon Tales* meets *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*?). That *aha* moment became CMoM's **Art Inside Out**, which brings William Wegman, Elizabeth Murray, and Fred Wilson together to show kids how art gets made. To begin, visitors are greeted by a cardboard Wegman dog dressed as a security guard. The Wegman pavilion itself is a re-creation of a fifties house, where dogs are whipping up treats in the kitchen and roaming around other rooms. Kids can make their own Wegman-like videos and photographs; manipulate shapes on touch screens to make abstract pictures; and mix and match statuary features, Mr. Potato Head–style. "The whole goal here is to provide kids with the idea that there are many ways to be an artist," says curator Deborah Schwartz. "We want them to think of all the processes and decisions that go into a work of art." Great for parents too, and even teens. (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATE LACEY.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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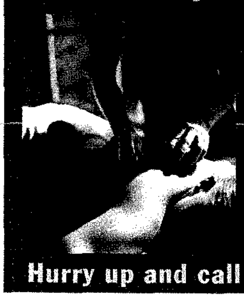

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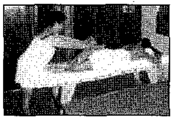

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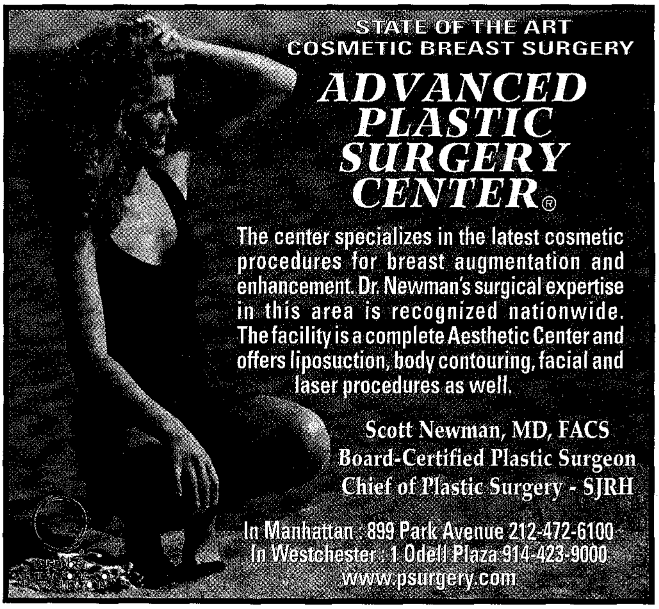

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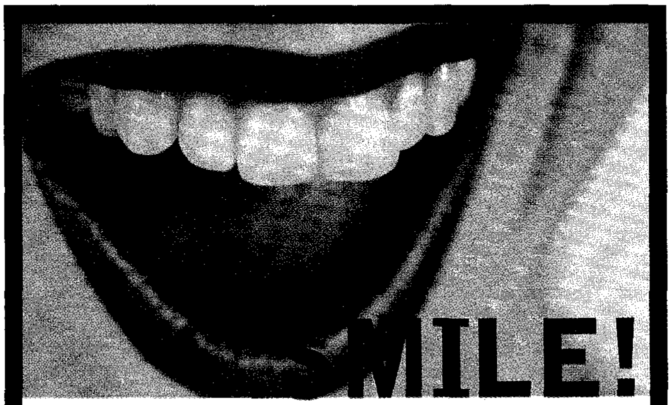

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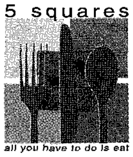

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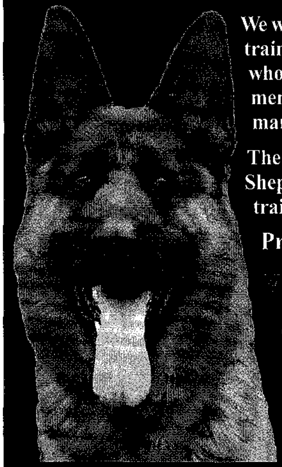

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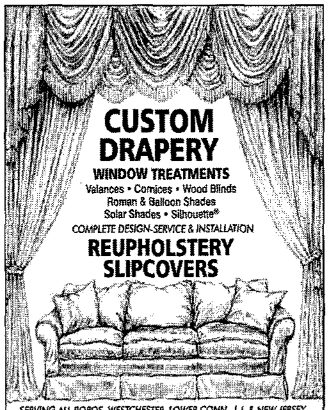

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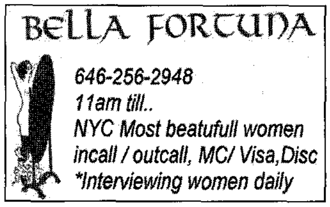

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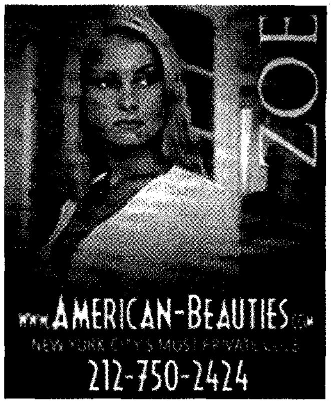

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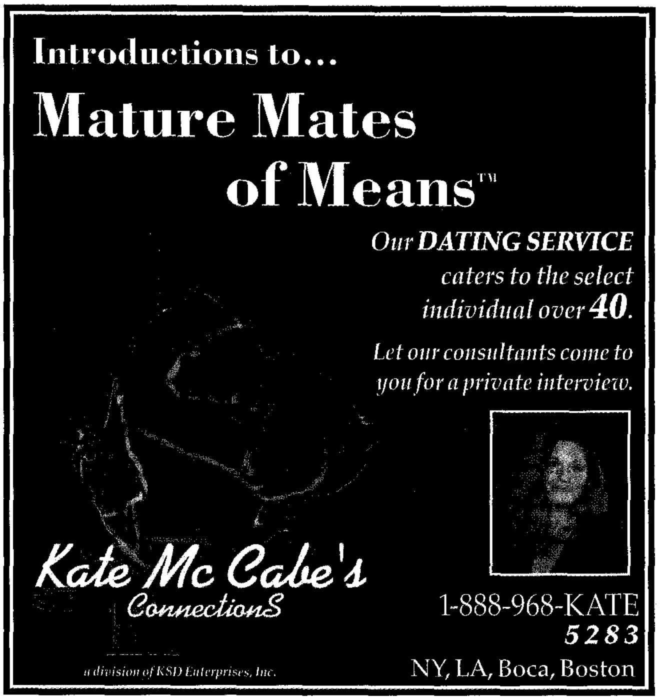
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The Opportunity Of A Lifetime—For the right woman. Outdoors celebrity, world-recognized big-game hunter, blue-water fishing, author, seeks relationship towards marriage. Travels worldwide. Occupation: buying and selling corporate aircraft. 50 years old, 5'9", and 193 lbs, in-shape. 12-year-old son. Live in Southampton, NY on three acres. A woman who is in-shape, athletic, adventurous, and love of nature is mandatory. Do not respond if you are an imposter. Seeking a relationship with 30-40-year-old woman who loves to hunt and fish. If mud, wet smelly gun dogs, early to bed and early to rise, are not you, then don't respond. Recent photo a must. 3134 ✉☎

CT Society Lady—Seeks gentleman (60-75), appreciative of a lady who is elegant and proper yet sexy and passionate. Includes a vintage waterfront home, country club life, weekends in CT, future and commitment. Please be willing and able to afford this lifestyle. Note/photo a must! 3154 ✉☎

Boy Genius, PhD—Chairman/CEO Wall Street bank, published author, looks 30, green eyes, brown hair, 5'10", 155 lbs, very handsome, athletic, refined, passionate, affectionate, romantic, charming, generous, considerate, honest, sophisticated, social, masculine, excellent taste in everything, finds humor in most anything. Works half the year in NY, vacations half the year at second home in Paris. Loves dinner out, mornings in, laughter, photography, sailing, cinema, travel, arts and fashion. Is ready to meet one-in-a-million (soul mate), super-intelligent, beautiful, precious, sophisticated, feminine, passionate and slender woman, 29 (+/-), 5'7" (+/-), for the time of our lives and the answer to our dreams. Exchange confidential photos, meet for cafe. ny10021paris75006@yahoo.com 3065 ✉☎

Woman Seeking Man—Gorgeous ex-model, 27, looking for a very successful, handsome single male, 30-50 years old, who is ready to be treated like a king. Must be financially independent. 3140 ✉☎

As Sexy As Samantha—As successful as Miranda, as smart as Carrie and as ultra-feminine as Charlotte. Bright, sensual, professionally accomplished, 40-something brunette, Jewish (nonreligious), warm, curvaceous and loving, seeks brilliant, kind, upscale professional mensch as successful as Big and as sensitive as Aiden. jersiepeach@aol.com 3106 ✉☎

Successful Jewish Physician, 49—In central Jersey. I am good-looking, fit and athletic. I seek a committed, romantic relationship with a down-to-earth, slim female, 30-45, who loves to laugh. I love tennis, golf, working out, movies, restaurants and sharing happiness with the right woman. Please send photo with reply. 3152 ✉

Warm, Compassionate Bachelor—Affluent senior executive. Loving, fun and sometimes a little bit dangerous... You too? If so, we must meet! Male, 40, 6', 205, dark hair, seeks long-term relationship with female, 25-40, with tall, willowy features. 3144 ✉☎

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Warm, Witty, Pretty Woman—Early 40s, seeks attractive, funny, compassionate man for long-term relationship. Note. 3153 ✉

Attorney, 60 Plus—Good-looking, trim, athletic, seeks an attractive, shapely and independent lady. Photo/phone. 3119 ✉

Lovely PhD—Warm, funny, attractive, offbeat, caring, 50s, seeks wise, heady, kind, decent, very bright male, 55 plus. 3167 ✉

Classical Pretty Blond—With green eyes, great intellect, good figure, loves NYC and all it offers, seeks a professional man, healthy, attractive, intelligent, 60-70, with passion, pizzazz and personality. 3175 ✉☎

Handsome Jewish Guy—50, 5'8", slim attorney, many interests, good sense of humor, financially stable, seeks slim Jewish gal, 30s-40s, for love, marriage and family. Photo, please. rjpwy@yahoo.com 3158 ✉☎

Older Woman Wanted—Tall, slim, attractive, blue eyes, single white male, 40, seeks a mature woman, 50 plus, for fun times and intimacy. 3136 ✉☎

Dream Woman—Beautiful blond, green eyes, dazzling smile, film and theatrical producer with Warren Beatty and Off-Broadway musical rock show, seeks early-50s, handsome, successful actor/musician or professional/businessman who loves the arts. 3161 ✉☎

Goodbye Rat Race—Handsome, fit, affluent post-grad, living on beach in FL (57), seeks fit college grad, 40ish, for travel, golf, maybe kid(s). Send photo. 3150 ✉☎

European Lady—Lovely, nurturing, seeks cultured, secure man, 60 plus. 3132 ✉

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Young, Sexy And Single—Eye-catching, astonishing look - intelligent grad student, biracial female. Seeks a prominent, distinguished, accomplished, highly successful, exceedingly financially capable, older gentleman for a relationship that would be fun and beneficial for both. Loves to be spoiled and pampered. Possibly long term. Age and race are open. 3166 ✉☎

Sultry, Slim Brunette—Seeks fit, loving soulmate, 53-63, for future. Photo. 3086 ✉☎

Rose Garden—Passion, friendship and more. Rubenesque woman, over 35. 3170 ✉

What A Catch! "Looks", "Brains", Male—PhD, 64, seeks sweet, tall, trim, leggy lady. Lincoln Center, arts, travel. Photo!! 3122 ✉

Humor And Compassion—If these are important to you as to me, this slim, attractive, youthful woman would like to meet you. We can celebrate my turning 50. Note/photo, please. 3149 ✉

Company President, 39—Tall, very handsome, educated, warm, nurturing Jewish male - seeks female, slim, no kids, for relaxed, sustaining relationship. 3108 ✉☎

Easygoing, Confident MD—Tall, handsome, single, white, 45, brown hair, blue eyes, northern Nassau, seeking attractive young lady for committed relationship, adventure, travel and fun. Photo ensures reply. 3120 ✉☎

Handsome, Young-Looking—Gay white man, 50 (8 outside, 10 inside), looking to meet gay white man, 40-53, 5'9" plus, for serious, committed relationship. Interests in the arts a plus. Note/photo. 3159 ✉

The Real Deal—A successful surgeon, 47, with rugged, very good looks and a soft heart, seeks the company of a younger, attractive female, possibly foreign or Hispanic, for a sincere and meaningful, one-on-one relationship. Photo essential. 3168 ✉☎
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	13 Blue Man Group 8:00 pm Bowling & Bars 9:00 pm	14 White Water Rafting 9:00 am Brooklyn Museum 12:00 pm Guided Hiking 2:00 pm
orkshop	20 Ski Trip Weekend 6:30 pm	21 Metropolitan Museum 3:00 pm Bourbon Tasting 8:00 pm
e Justine ch Volleyball	27 Salsa Dance Workshop 8:15 pm	28 Long Island Wineries 10:00 am Rock Scrambling 10:00 am Chelsea Galleries 2:00 pm

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Man Seeking Woman—Handsome, very successful investment banker/broker, 36, well-educated, traveled, knows how to treat a lady. Looking for an exceptionally beautiful lady, 23-35 years old. Must be slim, intelligent and ready for a life of adventure and luxury in a committed relationship, possibly leading to marriage. 3151 ✉☎

Good-Looking Jewish Male, 61—Seeks woman for a permanent, warm relationship. Interested in theater, movies, travel, music - including country. Nonsmoker. Phone and photo a must. 3139 ✉

Let's Share Our Lives—Affectionate, caring, romantic, fun-to-be-with businessman, 6'3", 185 lbs, in-shape, 64. Enjoys ballet, quality conversation, active sports lifestyle, *nonsmoker. Looking for that one* special woman to establish a relationship built on trust, with a ton of chemistry. Current photo exchange. 3135 ✉☎

Ex-TV Newscaster—Now CT businessman, 5'10", fit, hazel eyes, seeks 30-plus beauty. Photo, please. 3172 ✉

Very Attractive, Successful—Asian woman, 40s, seeks fit, warmhearted professional man, 38-55, for friend/companionship and romance. 3156 ✉☎

Successful Professional—Widower, young-looking 60s, good health, sense of humor and many interests. Seeking Christian woman, 62 or less, for a lasting relationship. She will be petite, warm, attractive, nonsmoking and sincere. Prefer Manhattan, Queens or Nassau County. Note/photo/phone. 3173✉

We're Not Here For A Long Time—We're here for a good time! Let's enjoy it together! Highly successful NYC CEO, intellectually endowed, unencumbered, nonsmoker, caring, nurturing and affectionate. 160 lbs, 5'11", 73 - look 63 (daily workouts keep me energetic and salubrious). Seek special woman for both emotional and physical intimacy in a committed, exclusive relationship, 40-50, highly intelligent, rational, vivacious, affectionate, modern and evolved - with a desire for the best that life has to offer. No replies without photo. POB 6832, New York, NY 10150

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Catch Me If You Can—Sexy, smart, pretty, slim, red hair, hazel eyes, warm, down-to-earth, outgoing, successful professional, Manhattanite. Formerly married, 52 years, fit, lively - loves hiking, travel, theater, music and art. Seeks bright, warm, successful, adventurous soul mate to share travel and other fun experiences. Photo and note. 3133 ✉

Such A Wondrously Attractive Woman—A cross between Sigourney Weaver and JoBeth Williams: poised, sensual, warm-spirited, with a certain shy grace that lights up a room. Slim body, exquisite face, fun humor, no artificiality. Interested in people and the world around. Easygoing, good company, dazzling cook (makes divine bouillabaisse), *something of an oenophile. Drawn to beauty* in nature, art, theater, music. Delights in generating/exchanging ideas, playing piano, hiking, travel to unexplored places. Seeks nonsmoking, vital, successful professional (49-64) with warmth and sense of discovery. rbycath@aol.com 3171 ✉☎

Single White Male—Professional, 50, *seeks female for relationship.* 3090 ✉☎

Jewish LI Female—Pretty, trim, kind, witty, charitable, animal lover. Now 55 - look 45, feel 25! Seek man, 50 plus. 3143 ✉☎

Professor From Havana, 71—Seeks woman of substance, forever. 3145 ✉

Honest Choice For Two—Respectful and youthful, 38-year-old Jewish male, 5'10", fit, active and easygoing. Missing of late the feelings of companionship and intimacy like me? Thinking about finding an honest and *truthful understanding in common with* one healthy, attractive woman who is positive and has inner confidence to know they are comfortable with staying single, and who would be willing to enter into valued friendship and exclusive intimacy, for a unique, open-ended relationship. Photo. 3169 ✉☎

Exceptionally Beautiful—Exotic, biracial bikini model seeks one very successful, affluent professional gentleman for a satisfying, stable relationship. 3164 ✉☎

Financially Secure, Educated Man—Low-key, 60s, healthy, slender, seeks tall/very tall Jersey lady, to 50s, brainy, mentally and physically strong/very strong. 3137 ✉☎

Great Gay Man—47, 6'1", 165 lbs, good-looking, fit, creative professional, Wasp with varied interests, good values, and a great sense of humor. Seeks masculine, attractive, fit professional man with wit. Note/photo, please. 3174 ✉☎

Cool Chic—Early 40s, fun, smart, happy, attractive, in-shape attorney seeks 45ish, 5'10"ish man with honor, integrity and wit, upbeat and down-to-earth, for real relationship. Photo helpful. Marmin457@aol.com 3148 ✉

Pretty, Shapely Professional Woman—50s, seeks mature man - smart, outgoing, warmhearted, for conversation, dining, arts, romance and shared good times. 3104 ✉☎

Successful, Self-Made Man—50s, great sense of humor, two homes, variety of interests - sailing, horses, etc. Looking for cultured woman, 40s-50s, in great shape, no baggage. 3160 ✉

Head Full Of Curls—Heart full of warmth, 5'6", Manhattanite, seeks intelligent, educated man, 50-60, for companionship and cuddling. 3142 ✉☎

Passionate, Warm, Loving, Voluptuous—Actress/film student, 38, looking for relationship minded man, 34-48, for shared good times and romance. NYC locale. 3146 ✉☎

NYMESSAGE

Time To Have A Child—Looking for an accomplished, successful, articulate, A-1 Heterosexual man who is highly distinguished in both appearance and achievements - a man who would like to father a child (or two!). I am very attractive, feminine, very well-educated, well-traveled, petite, slim, dark-haired and -eyed professional woman, aged 40 years (look much younger). I am really fit, playful and responsible. I love life. I have a big heart and am a person of utmost integrity and decent family values. I have enjoyed a successful career and am now ready for the next part of life's journey. Would you consider being part of this journey? Please reply with a detailed letter and photo. 3155✉

Tall, Handsome—6'2", 49, single male, financially and emotionally secure, athletic, likes skiing, boating, hiking - seeks energetic, attractive female, 32-40, for marriage/family. Photo and phone. 3163 ✉☎

Wanted: Gentleman, 65-74—Cultured, tall, successful, warmhearted, fit, witty, for romantic, long-lasting relationship and travel to Europe with this cosmopolitan, like-minded Manhattan lady. 3123 ✉☎

Attractive, Slim European Widow—Seeks cultured Christian man, 60-70. 3157 ✉

Equestrian—Divorced Jewish male, 6'1", slim, nonsmoker, 67, seeks white female who enjoys the look, likes horses. 3127 ✉☎

Gorgeous Indian Girl—32, slim, sexy, *seeks slim, attractive, bright male, 29-38.* 3118 ✉☎

Looking To Spoil You—Divorced, white, highly successful and hard-working plastic surgeon, 45, Jewish, two children, very handsome and gym-fit, looking to spoil a single/divorced, head-turning white female, 25-39, for a long-term relationship. Must *be gym-fit, very pretty and affectionate.* Nonsmoker. Photo necessary. 3162 ✉

Only Fabulous Need Apply—Looking for fabulous man - kind, caring, successful, fit, Jewish, 35 plus. In return: 5'4", blond, beautiful, fit, caring woman, 35. Photo, please. E-mail: lmerill@hotmail.com 3130 ✉☎

64 Or 46 - You Decide—Sexy, sweet and sincere, petite Jewish widow who loves walking, swimming, biking, dancing, dining, theater, boating, fishing, music, travel, plus more, seeks similar Jewish male, 60s. Must be kind, sweet, considerate and financially secure. Note and phone. 3115 ✉☎

Handsome, Wealthy, Jewish—Professional guy seeks professional woman in medicine, law, college teaching, etc., in 30s or 40s, wanting marriage and children soon. E-mail SHARPGUY4U@aol.com 3131 ✉☎

Jewish Gem—Dynamic, enchanting and beautiful, early 40s, with playful spirit and the soul of a woman, financially and emotionally secure, sense of humor and a heart of gold. Seeking kind, secure, successful male under 50, to enjoy cultural and recreational pursuits, laughter and love. 3111✉☎

I'm Planning An Exotic Trip—Me: beautiful, vivacious, interesting, classy, romantic, 5'5", Upper East Side lady. You: 60ish gentleman, retired professional, loves theater, concerts, arts. A mensch. Wants to meet and be with someone very special. meetehs@aol.com 3129 ✉☎

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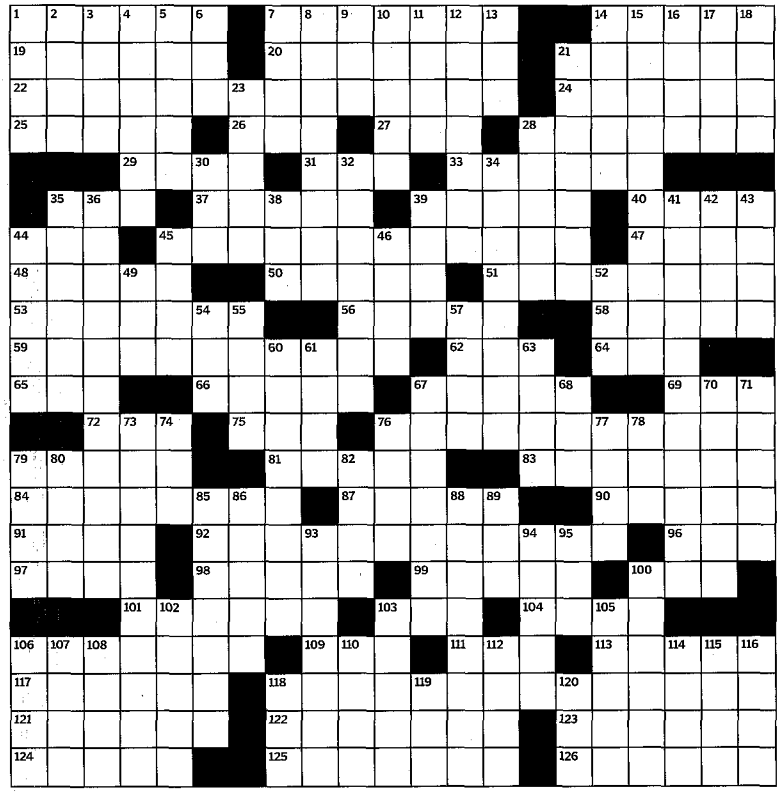


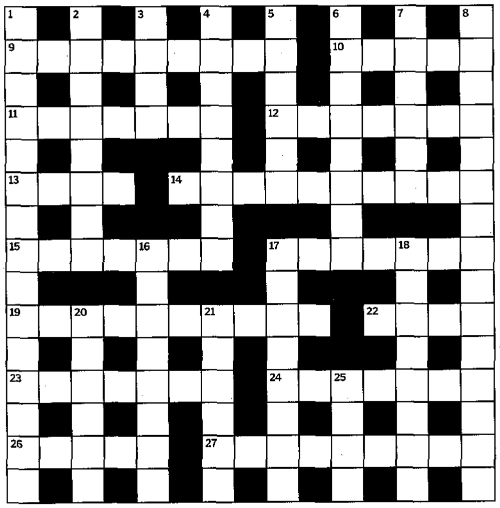
ACROSS

1 Braggart
7 Billfolds
14 Lock of hair
19 Mrs. Robinson's daughter
20 Namesakes of a Biblical prophet
21 Of group singing
22 Peg-legged pirate of fiction
24 Ophthalmoscope's target
25 Exec's scribe
26 Buckeyes' school letters
27 Pro —— (for the time being)
28 Dutch Guiana, today
29 Needle holes
31 G.I. cops
33 Actors' parenthetical comments
35 One of Turner's networks
37 Voting-machine feature
39 Nimble
40 Ending for young or old
44 Jackie's second
45 Famed frigate
47 Where Tipperary is
48 Papier's go-with
50 Prevent, at law
51 On the outside
53 Distrustfully
56 Relieves tension
58 Somewhat soused
59 Chaplin classic
62 From —— Z
64 Davy Jones's milieu
65 Olive of the comics
66 Dog tag, for short
67 Statement of belief
69 Scot's refusal
72 Edible tuber plant
75 Sun ——-sen, Chinese leader
76 Pit vipers
79 Gomorrah's partner
81 Athenian lawgiver
83 Hollywood hopeful
84 Property, as in a "keep off" sign
87 "—— ed Euridice," Gluck opera
90 City of northern France
91 Out of kilter
92 Shiny wrap
96 Wasser, when frozen
97 "Lang" follower, in a year-end song
98 Roger of Yankee renown
99 Spats
100 Caustic substance
101 Best on the music charts
103 Paper Mate product
104 Throw a tantrum
106 Memorable Garbo role
109 Have debts
111 Ostrich look-alike
113 With all one's might
117 TV puppet Kazootie
118 Definitive Jean Harlow film
121 Not alfresco
122 Be magnetic
123 No longer "to let"
124 Six-pack buys
125 Afternoon performance
126 Evaluate

DOWN

1 Hardens into a mold
2 Very much
3 Of sound mind
4 Kind of ring with a monogram
5 Get pleasure from
6 Early auto
7 Takes the blue ribbon
8 Presumptive ones
9 My ——, Vietnam village
10 Sprightly cadences
11 Roof overhang
12 Gift-givers in an O. Henry title
13 Russian abbr., once
14 In that place
15 Cook's revolving appliance
16 47-Across, to poets
17 Yemeni capital
18 Clean sweep, at bridge
21 Least refined
23 Did watering
28 Coffee-maker trademark
30 Room extension
32 Enter a strong objection
34 Evade
35 Like rubbish
36 Kids' TV channel
38 Contend
39 Horned vipers
41 Pop-music locale
42 Eventful time periods
43 Depend (on)
44 Ex-Senator Alfonse D'——
45 Wine: prefix
46 Ark architect
49 Crone
52 Martians and such, briefly
54 Half CCCII
55 Small whirlpool
57 Gunfighter at the O.K. Corral
60 Restore confidence to
61 Second word of the Golden Rule
63 Pindaric poems
67 Disprove an argument
68 Scrap for Spot
70 Penguin region of Antartica
71 '50s V.P. candidate Kefauver
73 Rival
74 "What a good boy ——!"
76 Campy humor
77 Carnegie, e.g.
78 Joseph C. Lincoln's "Cap'n"
79 Saratoga, Bath, etc.
80 Parisian airport
82 Superman's girlfriend
85 Stitchery piece with a message
86 Happify
88 Position of distinction
89 Away from the job
93 Camera company
94 "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle ——"
95 Between Stein's roses
100 Flawed cars
102 Sundry assortments
103 Dish for lab cultures
105 Junior hurricanes
106 Baby's bunk
107 First-quality
108 Style
110 Light-bulb unit
112 Uttering no sound
114 Upfront bet
115 Caesar's bad day
116 Beatty and Buntline
118 Non-stick spray for the skillet
119 007 creator Fleming
120 Undies item

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Rover



ACROSS

9 In which villains get the lowdown? (9)
10 Money, half from a political party. (5)
11 Critic and attention-seeker. (7)
12 Not a cosmetic for Niobe! (7)
13 He manufactured lace. (4)
14 Record missing? It's broadcasting. (10)
15 Brodie's changed strip. (7)
17 Lice cut in pieces, found with fingertips. (7)
19 Tree used in footwear manufacture? (10)
22 After the water-carrier comes the one with scales. (4)
23 Place where giant's troubled about gold. (7)
24 A flat recently found in Pau. (7)
26 Drive out the pearl-fisher . . . (5)
27 . . . where a lover goes into the sea. (9)

DOWN

1 Skis fall and land awkwardly here. (8,7)
2 She blocks one's inside. (8)
3 Top dog, by the sound of it. (4)
4 Arsenide compound left in the UK. (8)
5 Very small modification made to mica. (6)
6 Branch out on photography session. (8)
7 Interesting game for tourists to watch on this. (6)
8 Fine ships for sea dogs? (5,10)
16 Place for cultivating fruit and some cereal. (8)
17 One employed to sweep the tables. (8)
18 Monsters scare him off. (8)
20 One at home in an oyster bed. (6)
21 One paw could be an arm. (6)
25 Pulpit made of bamboo. (4)

SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES APPEAR ON PAGE 87

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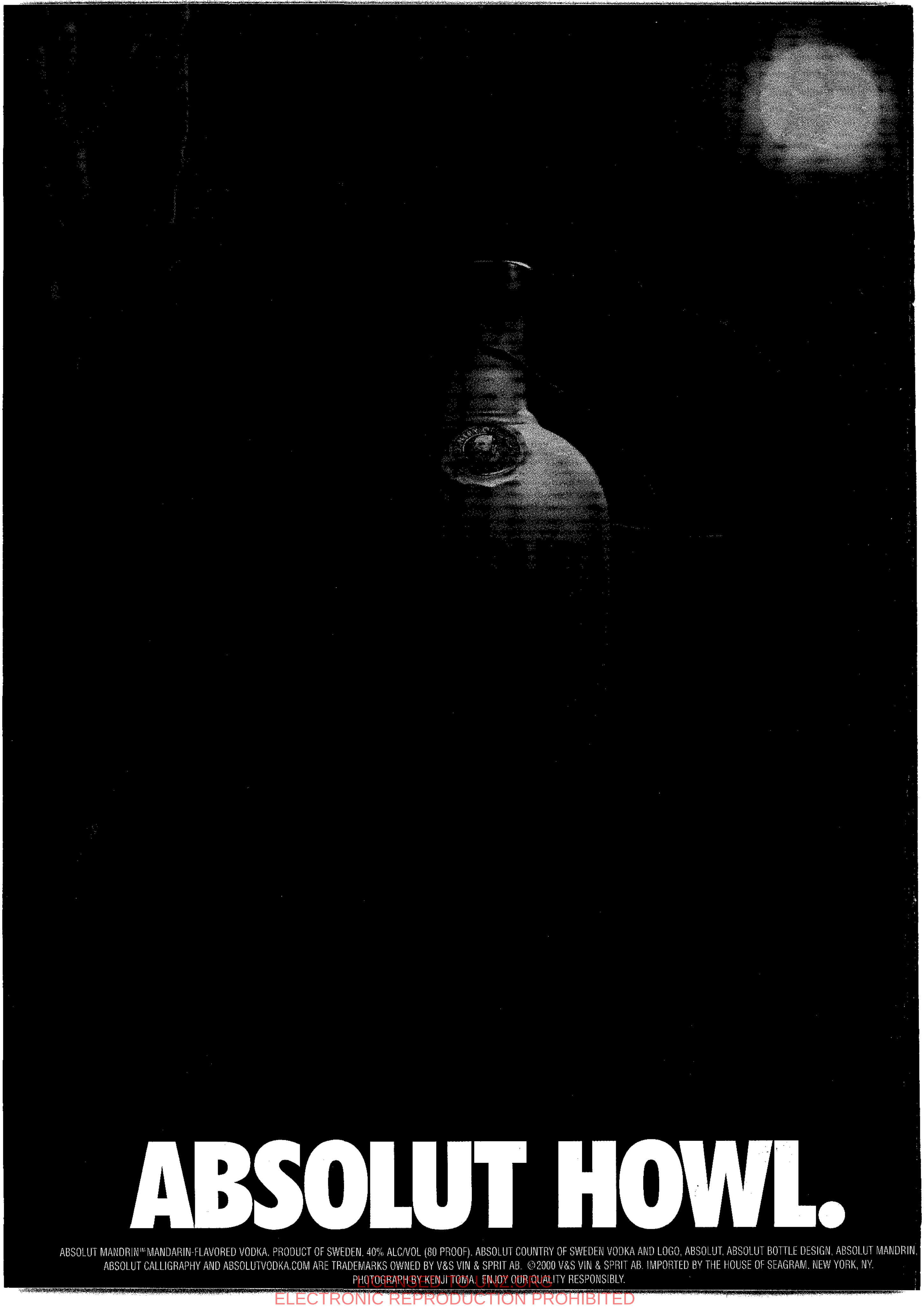

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